

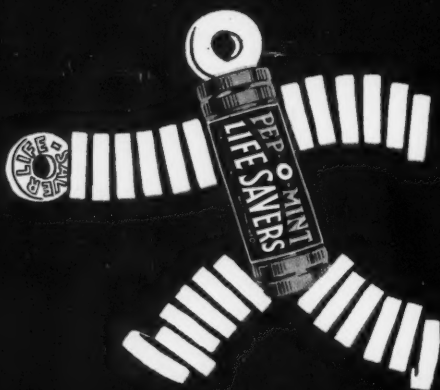
May

25 Cents

# Cosmopolitan



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# COSMOPOLITAN

*America's Greatest Magazine*

## This Month

Cover: "P-e-e-p! P-e-e-p!"  
**Harrison Fisher**

*Am I a Good Citizen?*

**Meredith Nicholson**

*Looking Backward*

**Edgar A. Guest**

Decorated by W. T. Benda

*The Kicker*

**Rupert Hughes**

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

*What Is Life?*

**Thomas A. Edison**

Illustrated with Photographs

*Star-Dust*

**Fannie Hurst**

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

*A Rendezvous in Pelham Bay Park*

**Gouverneur Morris**

Illustrated by M. L. Bower

*The Perfect Plan*

**Will Payne**

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

*The Stage To-day*

Photographs in Artgravure

*The Man Without A Worrry*

**Dana Burnet**

Illustrated by P. A. Carter

*In Chancery*

**John Galsworthy**

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

*The Face in the Fog*

**Jack Boyle**

Illustrated by Lee Conrey

*The Truant Husband*

**Albert Payson Terhune**

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

*The Race-Track of the Dollar*

**Frank R. Adams**

Illustrated with Photographs

*Kindred of the Dust*

**Peter B. Kyne**

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

*The Man Who Married A Hotel*

**P. G. Wodehouse**

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

## Next Month

**"I can tell you  
many things—"**

THESE were the first words which that mysterious I fluence—whether a disembodied spirit or only her other self—moved Jennifer's pencil to write. They first started Basil King upon an earnest, serious study of *Life after Death*.

His investigations led him to write, with Jennifer's assistance in receiving messages from Henry Talbot in the Beyond, that remarkable series of articles which appeared in COSMOPOLITAN under the title of *The Abolishing of Death*.

Now Basil King has gone even further. He has advanced in his knowledge and investigations. He has received many amazing communications. And he has put his whole heart and soul into a new series of articles, more extraordinary than his first, to be published in COSMOPOLITAN under the title of

## *The Everlasting Doors.*

The first of the series will appear in the June number of AMERICA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE. It plumbs deep into that which all are seeking—soul-comfort.

JUNE COSMOPOLITAN will also contain stories and serials by a list of writers whose names insure the highest standard in the writing world—John Galsworthy, Peter B. Kyne, Fannie Hurst, Rupert Hughes, Arthur Somers Roche, Holworthy Hall, Will Payne, Meredith Nicholson, Frank R. Adams, Frank Ward O'Malley, and P. G. Wodehouse. Their work is illustrated by the world's greatest illustrators.

COSMOPOLITAN has set up a standard of quality which no other magazine has ever attained.

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All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal or making a request for a change of address, please give us four weeks' notice. If you wish your address changed, please be sure to give us both your old and new addresses.

**Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York**

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'Neath the pine trees on the hillside,  
Stands a girls' camp Teela-Wooket,  
Teela-Wooket, Summer home-land,  
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Coming from the far off cities.

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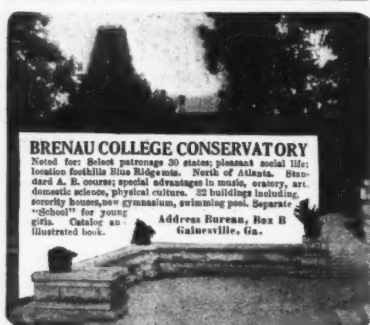
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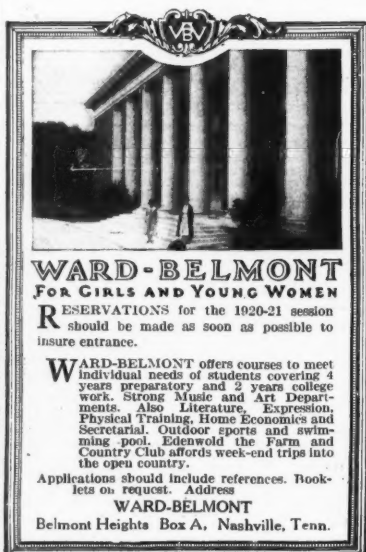
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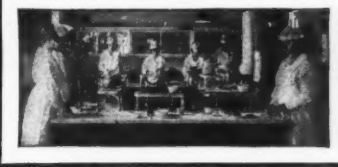
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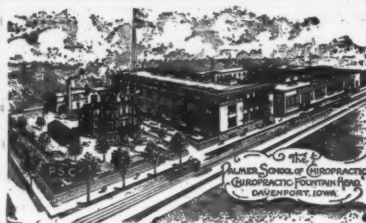
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## The Sargent School

For Physical Education. Established 1881. Address for booklet: MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge. DR. D. A. SARGENT.

## Battle Creek Normal School of Physical Education

Physical Education for Women. Summer Camp Session, July 5—Aug. 13. Accredited Girl Scout School for Captains. Certificates. Regular courses, including aesthetic and folk dancing under Miss Louise Baylis, Chalford medal holder. MICH., Battle Creek, Box 6. C. WARD CRAWFORD, M.D.

(Continued on page 182)



# How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

## The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

**O**F course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in an hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did. And as he went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked from the crowd the sixty men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake.

What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

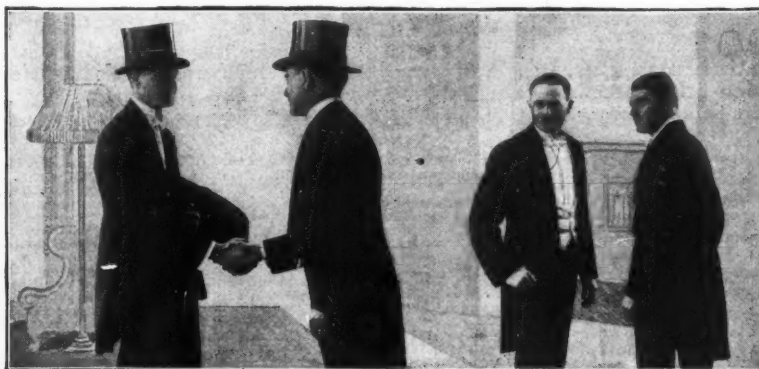
"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck! And so did the other six. Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:



"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles can be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add, that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy on old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office. Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so

much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100 per cent in a week and 1,000 per cent in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute.

Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all particulars.

### Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you

have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes triple, your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examinations.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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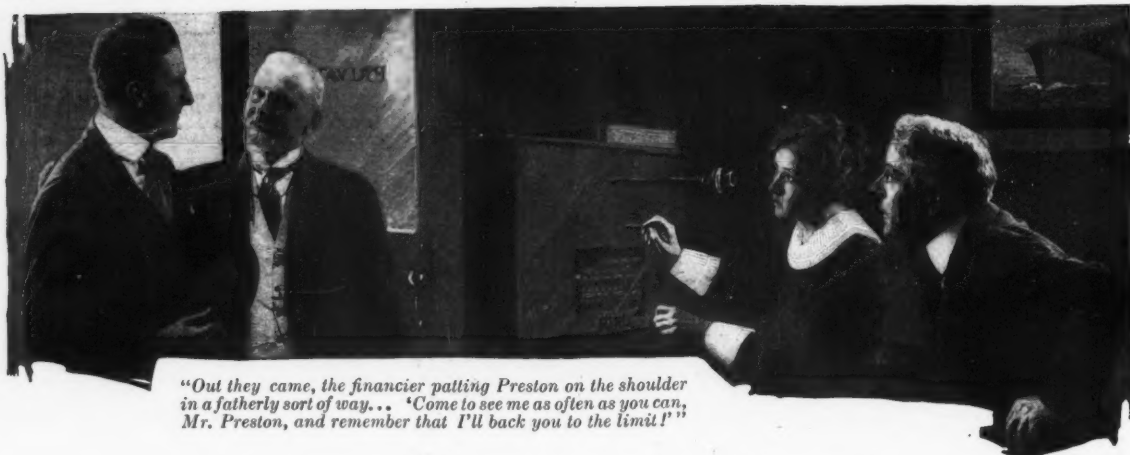
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By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford
- ☐ Mastery of Speech  
By Frederick Houk Law
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship (37)  
By Arthur Newcomb
- ☐ Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency  
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Con.—5-20



"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way... 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!'"

## The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it WAS done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt that handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting, when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:25 train out of Chicago we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at the stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was THE man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They

seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But not! In less than an hour out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words. "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!"

At the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be! So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room; told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. It's amazing! There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work."

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible... but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. When you talk people listen and listen eagerly. You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasm. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business, ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There is no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, you've got to know how to talk convincingly.

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

You needn't send any money—not a cent. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course, "Mastery of Speech," will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

But if it pleases you, as it has pleased thousands of others, then send only five dollars in full payment. You take no risk. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By George Creel

**P**ELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 500,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the senses of which they are conscious; how to discover and to train the senses of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 alone there were 500,000 Pelmanists, figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing, and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency.

The famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it over their signatures. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were taking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F. Benson were writing columns in praise and interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life, far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centres of individual being. It was an astonishing phenomenon, virtually compelling my interest, and I agreed gladly when certain members of Parliament offered to take me to Pelman House. A growing enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will-power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind wandering and wool gathering.

Viewed historically, Pelmanism is a study in intelligent growth. Twenty years ago it was a simple memory training system.

The founder of Pelmanism had an idea.



GEORGE CREEL

He went to the leading psychologists of England, and also to those of America, and said: "I have a good memory system. I think I may say that it is the best. But it occurs to me that there is small point in memory unless there's a *mind* behind it. You gentlemen teach the science of the mind. But you teach it only to those who come to you. And few come, for psychology is looked upon as 'highbrow.' Why can't we popularize it? Why can't we make people train their minds just as they train their bodies? Why can't you put all that you have to teach into a series of simple, understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education?"

And the eminent professors did it! Pelmanism to-day is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone it recognizes the absolute interdependence of these powers and trains them *together*.

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

The course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." They are sent one at a time and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over, with pen and ink, by a staff of trained instructors. There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application*. Pelmanism has got to be *worked at*.

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening."

You can take a pill for a sluggish liver, but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is

not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles.

Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just as the arms stay weak or grow flabby, when not used, so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

Pelmanism is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely. Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

I say deliberately, and with the deepest conviction, that Pelmanism *will* do what it promises to do.

Talk of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but with my own eyes I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies, refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough."

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

One may utilize Pelmanism as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational or cultural—but the advantages of the training touch life and living at every point. (Signed)

GEORGE CREEL.

The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study.

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it. It is free. Use the coupon or a postcard and send for it now—TO-DAY, or call personally. PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 326, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA  
Suite 326, 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, your free booklet, "Mind and Memory."

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All correspondence strictly confidential.

COSMO-MAT



# Under Searching Eyes—

Do you ever wince inwardly?



**A**N unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring? Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—But these things can be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as the old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that are carried

into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

## How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this special treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against any reappearance of the blemishes.

The booklet containing full directions for each one of the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using it tonight.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

## Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you the trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap,

Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1005 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1605 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



# COSMOPOLITAN

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## *Am I a Good Citizen?*

By Meredith Nicholson

**"KEEP** out of politics!" is a warning given constantly to young men who show an inclination to interest themselves in public affairs. The civic standard is low in any community where a reputable citizen who seeks office encounters suspicion, reproach, or obloquy. The full powers confided to the people presuppose the participation of all citizens in the business of government.

Every citizen is "in" politics. The Constitution of the United States puts him there, and his conscience grants no exemptions.

I have heard men boast that they never perform jury service, or that they have a "pull" that gains them some other immunity. A corruptible public official finds his job unprofitable unless he is able to enter into partnership with another bad citizen.

If I am more concerned with my privileges and immunities than with my duties, I am skidding; I am on the way to becoming a bad citizen. If I neglect to vote because it is inconvenient to meet that obligation, or I assume that my neighbors will protect me with their ballots, I am a dodger and a slacker.

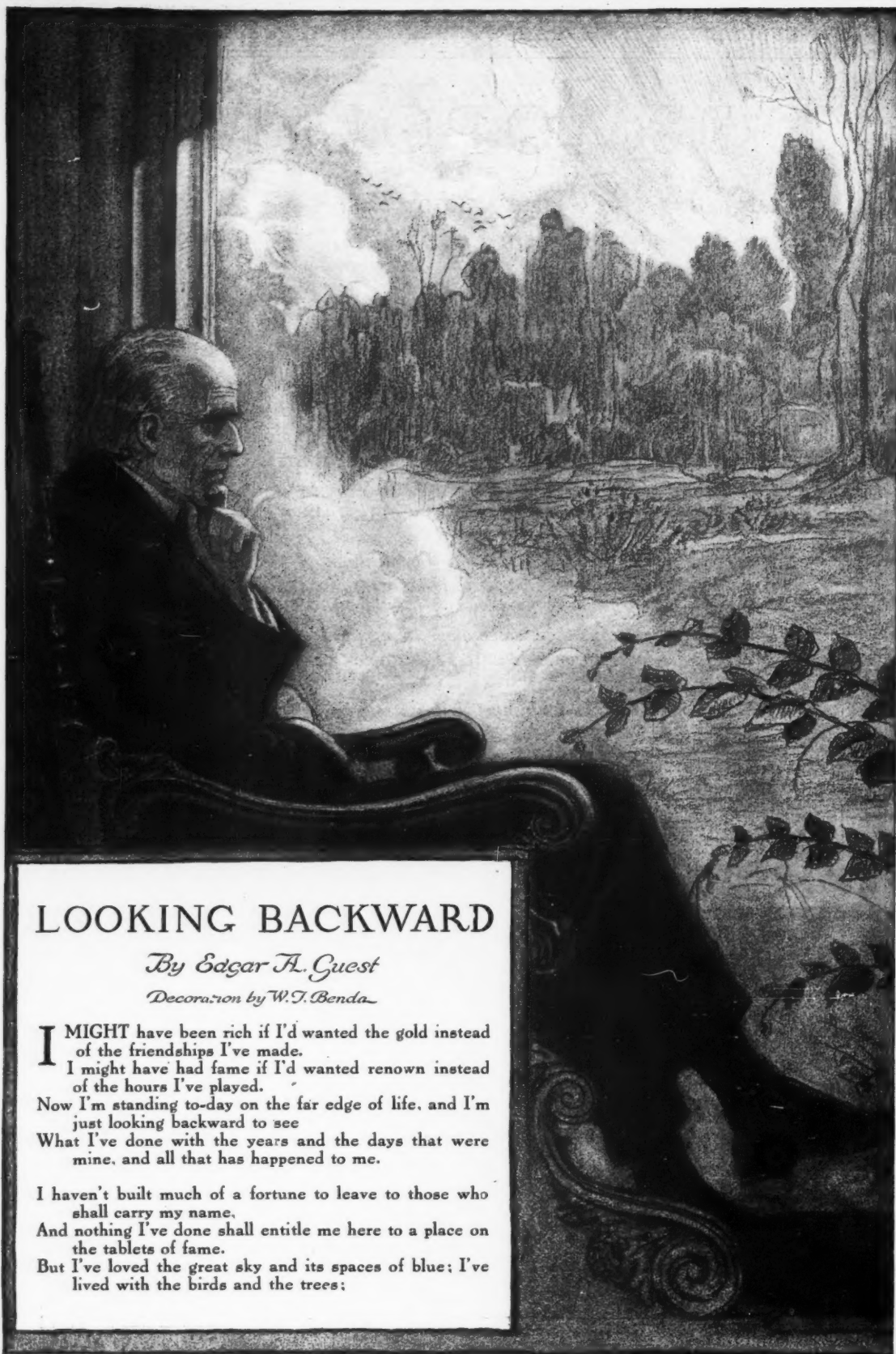
Blind confidence in government by good luck is bound to bring disaster. The constant vigilance and intelligent action of all the people is essential to enlightened, capable government.

Am I a good citizen? is the first question in the American catechism. Government is a complex business, but citizenship may be reduced to three essentials: understanding, loyalty, and service.

This morning I saw a boy scout walk to the middle of the street, pick up a piece of paper, and deposit it in the litter-box at the next corner. He didn't have to do that; it was my business quite as much as his. That lad exemplified the good citizenship that is always on the job.

In the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem, every man labored "over against his house." In like manner, an American citizen's duty to his country is immediate and personal, and lies at his own door.

When I say to myself, "I hold an inalienable partnership in this nation; its prosperity and happiness rest with me," then I have caught the spirit of true Americanism. Then indeed I am a worthy citizen of this mighty republic and a contributor to the forces that make for its perpetuity.



## LOOKING BACKWARD

*By Edgar A. Guest*

*Decorated by W. J. Bender*

**I** MIGHT have been rich if I'd wanted the gold instead  
of the friendships I've made.  
I might have had fame if I'd wanted renown instead  
of the hours I've played.

Now I'm standing to-day on the far edge of life, and I'm  
just looking backward to see

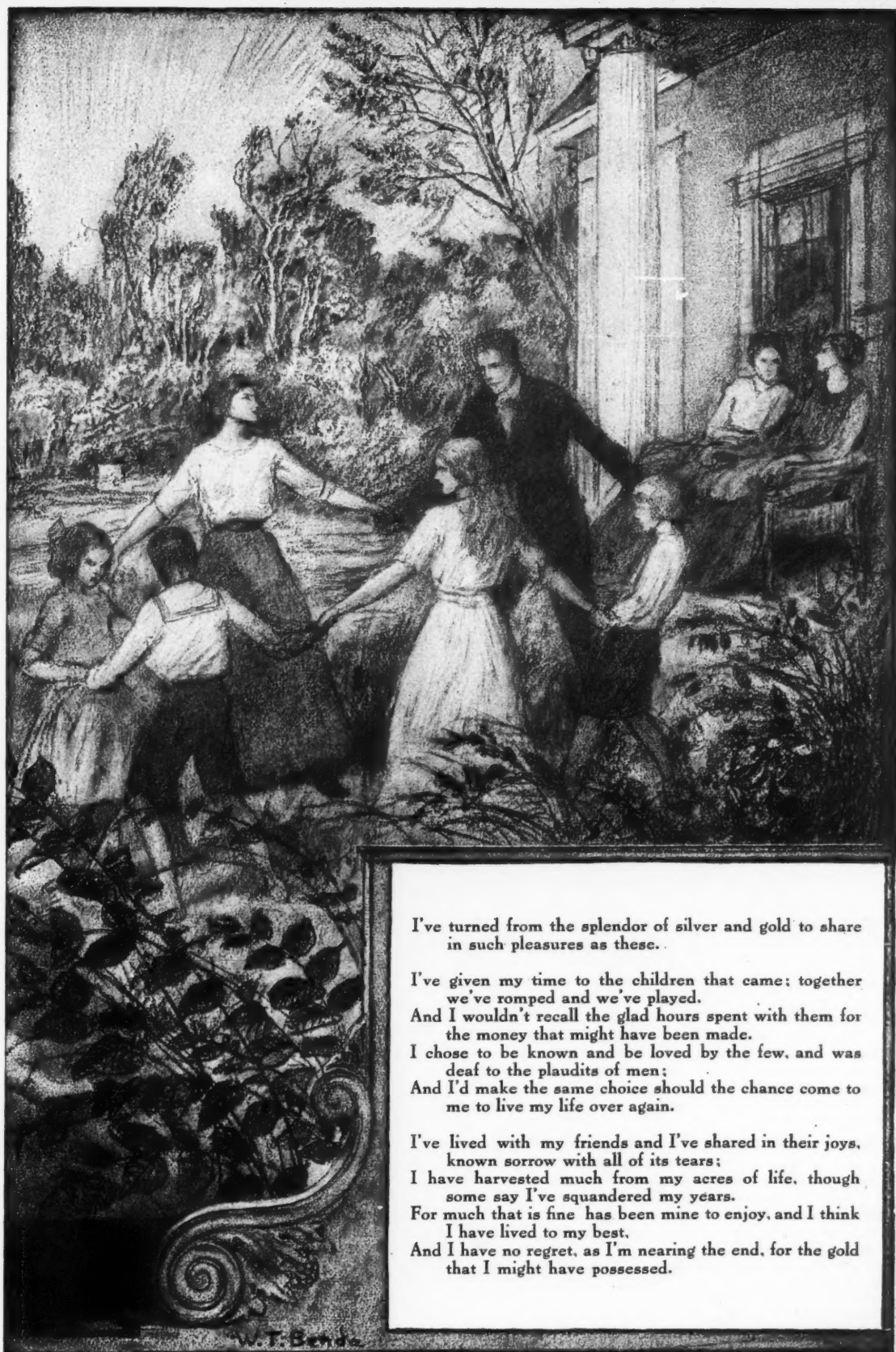
What I've done with the years and the days that were  
mine, and all that has happened to me.

I haven't built much of a fortune to leave to those who  
shall carry my name.

And nothing I've done shall entitle me here to a place on  
the tablets of fame.

But I've loved the great sky and its spaces of blue; I've  
lived with the birds and the trees;





I've turned from the splendor of silver and gold to share  
in such pleasures as these.

I've given my time to the children that came; together  
we've romped and we've played.

And I wouldn't recall the glad hours spent with them for  
the money that might have been made.

I chose to be known and be loved by the few, and was  
deaf to the plaudits of men;

And I'd make the same choice should the chance come to  
me to live my life over again.

I've lived with my friends and I've shared in their joys,  
known sorrow with all of its tears;

I have harvested much from my acres of life, though  
some say I've squandered my years.

For much that is fine has been mine to enjoy, and I think  
I have lived to my best.

And I have no regret, as I'm nearing the end, for the gold  
that I might have possessed.



Strately was instantly in arms. "What do you mean by letting our little

**W**HERE is he that has grown so old and is so full of strength, success, and self-sufficiency that he never suffers a panic of childish eagerness to run home to his mother?

If there is such a man, his name was not Will Roake. Roake's plight was not helped by the fact that he had no home and no mother to run to.

He never had had a home or a mother—or, at least, for no longer a time than it took his mother to get him born before she died. His father had died some months before.

Big Bill Roake looked as little like a frightened child as it is possible for a human being to look.

Yet he felt like one.

He was an unquestionable success financially. He was, indeed, what his enemies called a "capitalist," as if the mere word were damnation complete. He had become a capitalist through the usual infernal process of seeking extra pay by extra skill and extra output—the only excuses Roake's stodgy brain could imagine for extra pay.

In the earlier days, the blowing of the whistle had meant little to him except that it cleared the shop of the loafers, the shirkers, the clock-watchers, and the stupid human derricks and monkey-wrenches that need a boss apiece to show them what to do and make them do it.

Eventually, Roake had become a hirer of many instead of one of many hires. Incidentally, he encountered strikes of every sort in all directions. He was thwarted, baffled, dismayed, a mere child in the presence of a midnight in industry. He saw

## The Kicker

ghosts and ogres everywhere. He was sick at heart and stomach. He was weak enough to resolve to do what capitalists are not supposed to do—strike!

He would never have turned so craven if he had not been suddenly overwhelmed by this storm of longing to go home—or, at least, to the town he had spent his boyhood in.

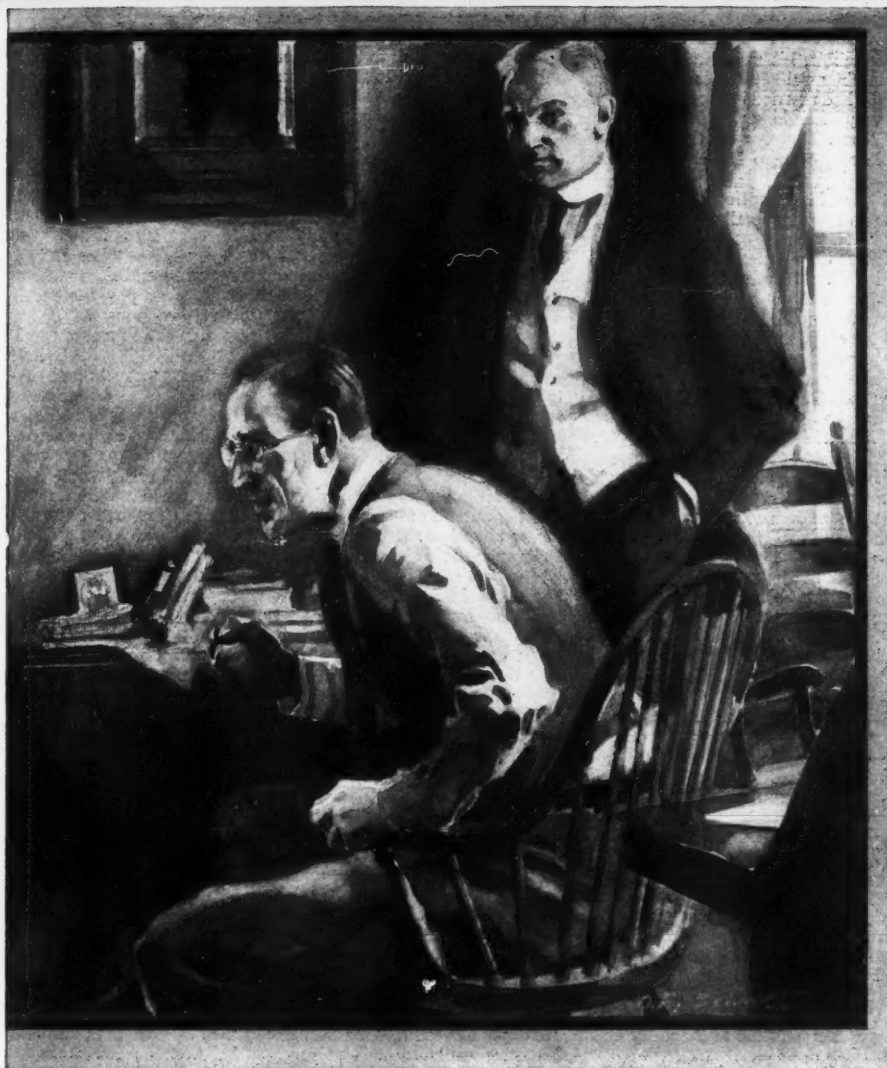
There was a woman in it. No one could have suspected that. Roake hardly realized it himself. She had been lurking in his heart all his life, but her still, small voice had not made itself heard in the uproar of his ambitions and the racket of his factories.

And then—as on a very silent midnight hour one hears in his ears the chuff-chuff of his heart pumping the blood about the body—he heard, in this hush of industry, the giggle of his childhood sweetheart, Zeffie Colkins.

She seemed to call to him out of the dark:

"Oh, Wi-ill! Oh, Will Ro-oake! Come on home!"

He was in that overstrained mood when occult follies are convincing, and he wondered if this meant that Zeffie had just died. He was tempted to wire Carthage to ask somebody there if Zeffie were still alive; but he had lost all touch with the town for so long that he could think of no one to ask so startling a



ones go into that home? You know what I think of that thief, Ambler"

## By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

question of. He did not even know Zeffie's last name, for it was improbable that she had stayed unwed all these years.

After a period of pitiful bewilderment that kept him swaying like a sick bull, he made a sharp resolution and telegraphed to the Carthage Hotel to reserve him a suite of rooms.

He never dreamed how famous a man he was in Carthage, or how much of a sensation it made there when the news spread that the town was to see again in the flesh—the man they had seen so much in the newspapers as "our former fellow citizen," "the pride of Carthage," and "one of our most famous sons."

If he had dreamed that a Committee of Welcome was hastily formed to greet him at the train, he would certainly never have taken the train, but he knew nothing of it till he stepped right into it.

He looked very much the successful business man as he dropped from the train, but he did not look at all the sentimentalist revisiting a shrine to ease an old heart-hunger.

Of course, a man cannot be a successful business man unless he is a sentimentalist and a dreamer of romances. Poets, painters, novelists, sculptors, preachers, essayists, and philosophers can ease their souls of their ideals and go about in freedom, but men

without the gift or the medium of expression must let them feed innerly. Such mutes suffer in brave silence, like the Spartan boy with the stolen fox.

Hard-hearted and wooden-headed critics make fun of the Tired Business Man, "the T. B. M.," as of many other sorrowful majesties they do not understand; but a figure still more common, still less blessed with sympathy, is the business man with a thwarted dream and all his poetries smothered within him like banked fires.

The somewhat portly, capitalistic giant, William Roake, of Wm. Roake, Inc., was a furnace of smoldering coals, as pitiful and baffled a soul as the ragged little Bill Roake he had been when he left Carthage in a freight-car because he had no railroad fare and had lost his job as a delivery-boy in a drug store.

Carthage people, who were so proud of his return now, had hardly known when he left. Only one person had missed the inconsiderable urchin, and that was the almost equally unimportant girl urchin—old Poke Colkins' kid, Zeffie. Even her father had not heard the sobs she smothered in the rough ticking of the hot pillow that tasted of the sea-water of despair. Wil Roake had not heard them, of course, or imagined them. He would never have left Carthage if he had known that he meant anything to her, but would have lingered on and found a job somewhere. And, years after, he might have married Zeffie and shared the dubious blessings of mediocrity with her instead of having all the dubious blessings of success to himself.

He told nobody that he came back to find her. He that was so fearless of plutocrats and labor-czars was shy as a rabbit



when he thought of that other rabbit, his sweetheart of yore. He who had such foresight in financial strategics had never taken the pains to find out if Zeffie had married in the mean while, the very long mean while, the very mean long while.

In any case, here was Will Roake stepping off the train in the unusual and uncomfortable rôle of hero in his own home town.

He glowed with the cordiality of his reception. It was like a dip in the fountain of Youth to be so generally hailed by his first name, though it dismayed him a trifle to see how much older his contemporaries in boyhood were than he felt himself to be.

He refused to talk about himself. He talked about his old friends. This had the effect of tact, but it was curiosity. He asked nearly every question but the one he had come to get the answer to. He asked about nearly everybody he had ever known except the being he was most interested in.

He had a busy day, and was guest of honor at a big dinner. He spoke in the handsome new Y.M.C.A. building. He praised, for their valor in France, heroes who had been unborn when he left town. And at last he found himself alone—alone from people, but crowded with memories.

He stole out to be with the ghosts of old. He wandered through deserted streets to her old home. It had been very grand to his boyhood eyes. Now it was hardly more than a hut. As a child, he had been wont to set out for school very betimes, so as to pass her house early enough to see her come forth, swinging her schoolbooks and always pausing to run back and call through the door, "Goo'-by again, mamma honey!" Then she would swing her face round and—by golly!—it would light up the whole street; it would perfume the world. It swung round like the pinky, snowy trumpet of a morning-glory on the vine on her pa's front porch—the vine that used to turn the worm-eaten, point-peeled post it sanctified into a temple-column.

Zeffie's curls were always spilling goldenly out of the cornucopia of her big hat. Her face shone among her curls. There was always a rose of dawn in her creamy cheeks. The young, smiling mouth of her was rosy about her little teeth—like grains of Indian corn when the shuck is pulled back before it is nearly ripe. Her limber, slender body was supple as a willow whip. She did not often walk—not even to school—but always went skipping, and humming, "Hippety-hop to the barber shop, to get a stick of candy."

In the redemption of memory, she was amazingly alive. She glistened in the dark now as in a shaft of sunlight plunging across the gloom—she floated in it, all made up of gold, as if the motes that gild a sunbeam had gathered together to form a visible lyric, a melody for the eyes, dancing, with curls lashing her little shoulders. He heard her shouting to girls ahead of her: "Oh, Su-see! Oh, Ka-tee-ee! Wai-ait for mee-ee!"

Some of those girls were mothers now; some of them lay embalmed and coffined in the park of the dead.

Where was Zeffie? What if she had danced out to the cemetery and gone down into the ground, like the little Greek maid, Persephone, that Roake had read about? He read a great deal, and good books. Now he heard Demeter calling her daughter: "Persephone! Persephone! Persephone!" And now it seemed to be Zeffie's mother calling her—"Zeff-ee-ee!"—as he had heard her called home when she had played too far and supper was ready.

He had thought her pretty then; he had called her "awful pretty." He had told her once to her face that she was "awful pretty." It had broken out of him with the gush of a hemorrhage, and left him weak and ashamed. It had hurt him more to tell her that than it had hurt him when his first business venture went to smash and he had to go before a congress of angry creditors and say, "Gentlemen, I can't even pay you ten cents on the dollar."

The shame of this had made him. He had finally paid a hundred cents on the dollar with interest, and had fought his way through the slough of bankruptcy to the harsh peaks of high fortune, where the agonies are no less bitter but only more public.

Now, as he hovered about the graveyard of his youth, evoking that pink wraith from her grave, he saw how terribly beautiful she had really been. Her prettiness had been "awful," with all the solemn meaning of the overdriven word.

He groaned with her remembered grace. He realized that, while youth may love youth and admire young beauty, the dazzle of youth can only be understood by eyes grown so old that its radiance hurts and blinds.

This hovel had once been the palace of his princess—in the days when even her no-account father, Poke Colkins, the clientless lawyer, had been so rich compared to the teamster uncle who had raised the orphan, Will Roake, that only the democracy of public-school

life had enabled Will to talk to Zeffie. Yet he had known her and had been privileged to whisper answers to her when she blushed and stammered in abject confusion before a problem in mental rithmerrick, to play tag with her after school and slap her on the back, or in some game of high-spy to find her cowering like a laughing dryad behind her ancient oak, and race, yelling with her, to the goal. He remembered that, somehow, he usually stumbled and let her beat him home. His heart ached with a parental love of the two children he and she had been, and he was wonderful with delight in that tiny idyl from the classics of his life.

And now her palace-home was a hovel, with a "For Rent" sign on it. The very sign was weather-wrung and despondent. Who that would rent such a place would ever pay the rent? Yet, to Will Roake, it was such a fane as a few columns and a fragment of a pediment might be to a Grecian exile finding them among the weeds of Sicily.

He turned away and walked the slumberous streets and out to the town's small park, where the flower-beds were afume with fragrance, and a great plot of petunias sent up waves of incense. It surprised his feet to find how soon he reached the edge of town. In his barefoot days, it had been a journey to brag about and rest up from.

Old fatigues, remembered suddenly, weighed on him now, and the burden of his exile from the Eden of childhood was very heavy upon him. He went back old and tired, and was glad of the respite of sleep.

The next day, he had people to meet. But he wanted to meet Zeffie Colkins. He met nearly everybody else—boys he had fought and whipped or been whipped by, girls he had kissed or been smacked by, girls whose hair he had pulled, and girls he had never dared speak to. They all spoke to him, reminded him who they were, or offered to bet him anything he liked that he couldn't remember their names.

It was amazing how well he did remember them. A voice over his shoulder: "Hello, Bill! I bet you don't remember me," would search the files of his memory so rapidly that before he had turned he was answering, "Hello, Jim!" or "Tom," or "Limp," or "Snub."

It was delightful to call the roll of his old regiment of friends. And they were all his friends now. He was not cynical, because success had endeared him to many who had thought little of him in his obscurity. Why should they have cared for him then? Why should they and he be denied now the pleasantest rewards of knowing or being a victor in the knockabout of life?

He kept patrolling the streets and meeting nearly everybody who was alive. He heard about many who had died, and their reward was a little hush, a little shake of the head at the mention of their names.

Roake began to believe that half the townfolk had perished. He dared not ask if Zeffie were one of them. Nobody mentioned her; she must have died under a chill tombstone, or died into some man's name.

Suddenly he met her, came upon her as he stepped back to let her pass out of a grocery store. She was encumbered with bundles and so absorbed in trying to remember if she had bought all she came for that she did not look up. He had time to recover from the start she gave him and to make swift reconnaissance of her features. She was a morning-glory still, but wilted, shriveled, tarnished, drooping, in all the pity of a yester-flower.

The old cry sprang from his lips:

"Hello, Zeffie!" And now it was he that said the phrase: "I bet you don't remember me."

"Why, Will!" she gasped. "How-da-do? I heard you were coming back—read about it in the paper. I'm surprised you remember me at-tall."

"O God!" he groaned, and almost startled a bundle out of her arm. In Carthage, gentlemen do not swear before ladies so carelessly as in the cities. He lied splendidly. He so wanted it to be true that it sounded true when he paid the tax on his courtesy. "You're looking fine! Just the same old—young Zeffie—pretty as ever. Not a day older."

The look she gave him lashed him as her curls had once flogged her cheeks. It was a reproach both for the presumptuous gallantry and for the heedless irony. She cast her eyes down in a regret that never spares a homely woman who has been beautiful. He stood rebuked and resentful at fate; then he said,

"How's your—mother?"

"Why, didn't you know? Yes; she passed on—five years ago next December. Yes; just two years after pa died, she—left us."

"Oh, that's too bad—that's too bad! I'm mighty sorry. Where you living now?"

"With my husband, of course."



The old cry sprang from his lips: "Hello, Zeffie!" And now it was he that said the phrase: "I bet you don't remember me." "Why, Will!" she gasped. "How-da-do? I heard you were coming back"

"Oh! You're married, then?"

He said it with such emphasis that she looked a bit hurt, as much as to say, "Did you think I was born for an old maid?" She was too meek to imagine him amazed at his own infatuated folly of hope that such a treasure should have been left ungarnered. He stammered,

"Er—who did you—er—who's the lucky man?"

"Lucky man!" she sighed. "Miles Stratey—you must remember Miles?"

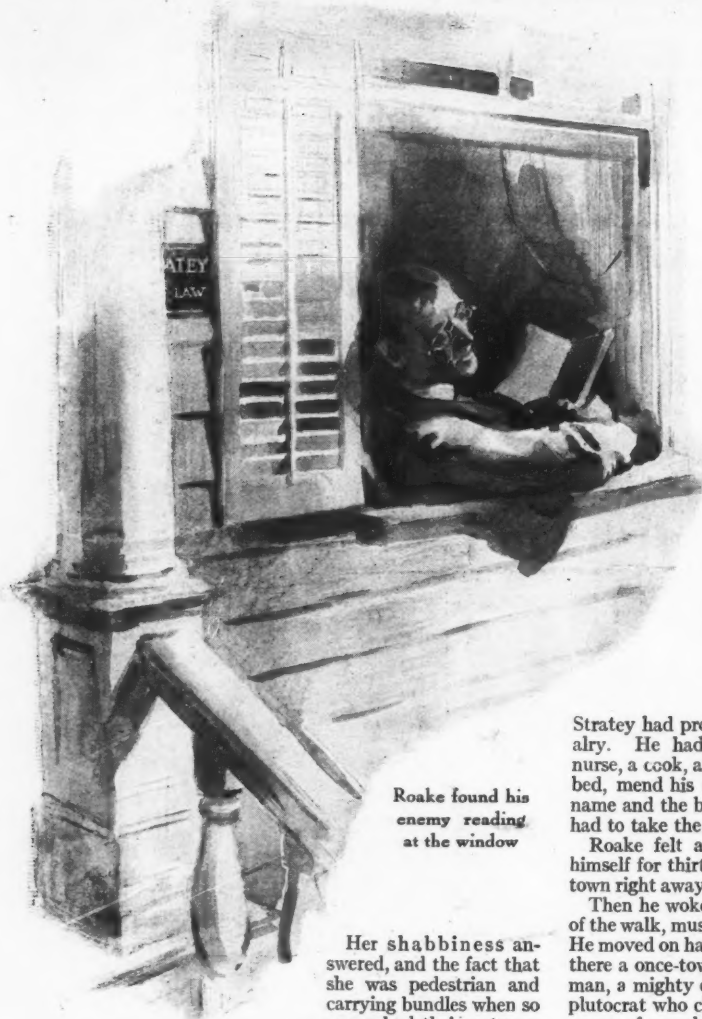
Now Roake snapped,

"You didn't marry the Kicker?"

She had forgotten the old nickname. It shocked her.

"I married Mr. Stratey," she said, with much dignity. He loved her an impossible more for defending the wretch who had got her. And he groaned aloud again,

"O God!" She stared at him as if he had come back mad, irresponsibly insolent. He tried to recover his manners. "How's he getting along?"



Roake found his enemy reading at the window

Her shabbiness answered, and the fact that she was pedestrian and carrying bundles when so many had their automobiles or, at least, their

surreys and buggies. It was evident to Roake that Stratey was not getting along very well, or else was denying his wife comforts that belonged to her. Roake set him down as either a failure or a miser. But Zeffie made no apologies for him.

"Oh, he's doing very well—considering. Of course, he don't make much money. He's interested in higher things—yes; public welfare, improvement of labor conditions, and all that. He's doing right considerable in politics—yes; for the reform ticket."

"The Kicker a reformer?" Roake asked, suppressing a smile.

"Oh, yes. He's unearthed a good deal of graft in town, and no end of evil everywhere. He's shown up the ring that's been running the town and bleeding the people. Oh, yes; he's doing a good deal of good. His motto is: 'Run the rascals out!'"

Roake laughed.

"There won't be anybody left in town—will there?—if he runs 'em all out."

Zeffie laughed, mainly because he did, then caught herself. Rascality was no laughing-matter. To the Kicker, nearly everybody was a rascal or worse—and he loathed nearly everybody. He loathed some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time.

Roake had found a little of the rascal in everybody—dishonesty in the solemn moralists as well as the cynics. The reformers as well as the plunderers were shifty in their moves, and reckless with slander. The poor laborers were not above or beneath the cheats and persecutions they denounced in the capitalists. Everybody was a rascal more or less, now and then, in Roake's experience; but he did not despair of humanity for lacking perfection, and he believed that the main thing was to keep the wheels going

and the shops open. Zeffie's laughter startled her.

"I must be getting on home. The children, you know, and Mr. Stratey—"

She did not say that what really hurried her away was the realization that it did not look well to be standing out on Main Street talking to a man who remembered her when she was a little thing in short skirts and long curls. If Miles should come along! What would he think? What-wouldn't he say? She fled in a panic very different from the haste she had shown when she had been afraid that she would be late to school.

Roake watched her shamble, the fluent prosody of her motion changed to an angular gait as if her legs were crutches. This was what had become of the child that went swinging a school-strap of books and hippety-hopping to the barber shop for candy, and on beyond into oblivion.

Roake could not forgive himself for going away and for staying away. The town honored in him not its biggest success but its most grotesque failure. He was the fool that goes far off to earn enough to buy something at home, and gets back after some one else has stolen it. He might wiser have stolen it himself in the first place.

That she should have married the Kicker, of all people! Among all the grudges Roake had cherished against Stratey, he never included the suspicion that he could possibly one day steal Zeffie. He had never dreamed of Stratey loving anybody, even Zeffie, enough to assume the responsibility of her support.

Stratey had probably been untouched by any altruism or chivalry. He had hired a general wife of all work, a waitress, a nurse, a cook, an audience—some one to set his table, warm his bed, mend his clothes, and run his errands. He gave her his name and the boon of his society in lieu of wages. And she had had to take the job because there was no other.

Roake felt as Judas must have felt. He would have sold himself for thirty pieces of copper. He decided to get out of the town right away.

Then he woke to the fact that he was standing in the middle of the walk, musing. He wondered if he had been muttering aloud. He moved on hastily and turned into a bank for refuge, and found there a once-tow-headed cub who was now the president, a rich man, a mighty dealer in mortgages and promissory notes, a vile plutocrat who charged people money for merely protecting their money, for enabling them to meet their pay-rolls and build their houses, and rescue their farms from ruin and their factories from incompletion or abandonment.

Roake greeted him with effusive raillery.

"Well, how's the old Pierp Morgan of Carthage?"

"Don't call me that, for the Lord's sake!" Ambler growled. "That's what Stratey calls me."

"Not Miles Stratey, the dear old Kicker?"

"The old stinker! He's turning the town inside out. We used to think this was a very decent little place, but he's shown us up as a den of thieves. There isn't a man here that you'd call rich, and not a man that's willing or able to work that you'd call poor, but Stratey has proved that everybody who pays his bills stole the money from everybody who doesn't. The fact that a man has brains or muscle and uses 'em proves he's a villain, and the fact that a man is a loafer or a fool proves that he is a down-trodden producer being robbed of the fruits of his toil. Whew—we ought to tar and feather him!"

"Why don't you?" said Roake hopefully.

"Oh, everybody is afraid to make a martyr of the skunk. And, besides, he's got such a nice little wife—nobody wants to bring any more trouble on her poor head."

"Who was his wife?" said Roake, disingenuously.

"Zeffie Colkins. She's certainly short on luck. Her old father was about as much use as a caterpillar, and her husband's about as much use as a wasp. You ought to remember her. Prettiest girl in town when we were kids."

"Oh, I remember Zeffie," Roake confessed. "And she married Stratey?"

"Yep. And might have had me or Jim Tansey or Doctor Ledew or Judge Cooper. But she picked Stratey!"



"Doesn't he—doesn't he treat her right?"

Ambler shrilled a sardonic,

"Huh!"

Roake closed his eyes and gripped the chair-arms in anguish. He had felt that way once when a dentist had driven a probe into a live nerve, and then had tried to extract it by the simple device of twisting the end of it round a wire and yanking it off in shreds. Lightning strokes of pain had sickened Roake then; and now he felt no less shattered.

He resolved to stay in Carthage and fight for Zeffie. He would take her away from Stratey and make her his own. He would wrap ermines about her and carry her to a mansion, give her servants to wait on her, and jewelers, and designers of automobiles. He was insane enough for a moment to think of elopement or abduction.

## II

It looks pretty in the books to rescue unmarried ladies from ogres and giants, but to rescue married ladies from their husbands lacks glamour and legal authority. Still, Roake had rescued many a business from ruins, and why not his dream?

He talked a while with Ambler before he left the bank, but he hardly knew what he said or heard said. His big brain was in executive session, inventing schemes and voting them down as impracticable or unprofitable. As usual, before he took up a campaign, he examined the books, sent for the files, investigated the good-will, invoiced the stock, considered the size of the market, the vigor of competition. He considered Zeffie's happiness as a trust fund to be invested.

He began quietly to acquaint himself with all there was to know about Miles Stratey. In a small town, nearly everybody knows nearly all there is to know about nearly everybody. It is not easy to keep one's own secrets there. And nobody else will keep them.

There was one secret Miles Stratey had kept from everybody all his life, and that was the name or praise of any person, opinion, deed, or institution that satisfied him.

He was open and aboveboard—generous to a fault—with his criticisms, quite frank and explicit about his criticisms. He was one of those noble persons who feel it rank hypocrisy to withhold from an acquaintance any helpful censure. Praise, on the other hand, he withheld with Stoic self-restraint.

"Praise to the face is open disgrace," he used to say. But he never stated what dispraise to the face might be.

Stratey was the victim of his own soul, and he ought not to be blamed for it. He did not select it, or his parents, or his neighbors. But he took care that his neighbors and his parents should be victims with him of his genius for discontent.

Naturally, the parents that had been thrust upon him did not satisfy him. From the merest infancy he had scolded them, and he had sworn at his father and played Hamlet with his mother before he could talk. Only one thing was harder to get him to do than to "take his dinner," as his mother phrased it, and that was to go on the bottle. He was the hardest and longest weaner in the history of her long family.

But when he learned to talk! Such lectures, orations, denunciations! His father said he had the making of the prosecuting attorney ever known in that county. He was always appealing from one parent to the other. When pa Stratey came home from work, Miles had a budget of complaints to make against his mother's misbehavior for the day. By the time bedtime came, he had a long indictment against his father to present to his mother.

He was a long while on his knees o'night, because he had so many things to ask God to forgive his father and mother and sisters and brothers for.

He often said that, if he had not been born with a strong char-



He put on a loathsome mask of hypocrisy as he greeted Stratey with a labored gusto: "Well, well, Miles; and how are you? How's my old boyhood's pal?"

acter, he would have been ruined by the harshness and unsympathy of his parents. In spite of all the help he had tried to be to them, he had found them ungrateful. He had overheard them in colloquy once. His mother—his own mother!—had said to his father: "Land of livin', but that child's got me nearly distracted with his cantankerousness. There's nothing I can do to suit him."

And his father had said: "He's the devil's own. I could stand his bein' such a bully, but if he wasn't the cry-babiest little pest I ever did see!"

At first, Miles had thought they were speaking of one of the other children, and had agreed with them—whichever brother they had in mind. A phrase or two more, and he learned that they spoke of him! He gave them up as hopeless after he had simply worn out heaven and his knee-caps on them. His brothers and sisters conspired against him all the time, and now he had caught his parents. The only thing that sustained him in his dismay was the pride of martyrdom—the best advertised and most spectacular and, perhaps, the most useless brand of public service there is.

## III

THESE intimate domestic tragedies of the Stratey homestead were unknown, of course, to Will Roake. (Continued on page 134)



COURTESY OF  
AMERICAN  
MUSEUM OF  
NATURAL  
HISTORY

Animal-built "sea-bush" that seems to bear out the theory that life is the work of an aggregate of units

## What Is Life?

*Startling and revolutionary theories about ourselves, where we come from, and how we are made: the sum of years of thought by America's great inventive genius*

An authorized  
interview with

*Thomas A Edison*

**I** BELIEVE all the old and accepted theories of the origin of life to be fundamentally wrong.

Down in Florida, where I have a place, there is a bush which grows in the ocean—that is, it seems to be a bush. Really it is animal matter built into bush form by the efforts of thousands of insects; it is the work of highly organized individuals massed in a crowd for the purpose of the building. The uninformed who see it, native whites and negroes, believe this insect-aggregate to be a vegetable individual—a sea-tree.

Almost all men, even those whom we accept as best informed, make a similar mistake with regard to that which we denominate as a man, or a cat, or an elephant. We think the man a unit, that he is just a man; we think the cat a unit, that it is just a cat; we think the elephant a unit, that it is just an elephant.

I am convinced that such thinking is basically in error. Like the "bush" in the sea near my Florida home, the man, the cat, the elephant are collections of units. The insect-built "bush" seems to be a unit, an individual. The man does. The cat does. The elephant does. But it is only seeming.

Each is made up of many individuals gathered in a community, and it is the community. The unit which makes it up may be

too small even for the microscope to see. Everything which we can see is a manifestation of community, not of individual effort.

The mystery of life would be inexplicable were it not for this. We say a man dies. Perhaps, in a sense, the term is accurate when the aggregate which we have called a man ceases to function as an aggregate and therefore no longer can be called a man; but the expression is not at all accurate if by it we mean that the life which kept that man at work or at play ceases to exist. Life does not cease to exist.

The life-units which have formed that man do not die. They merely pass out of the unimportant mechanism which they have been inhabiting, which has been called a man and has been mistaken for an individual, and select some other habitat or habitats. Perhaps they become the animating force of something else or many other things.

The theory which generally maintains about the origin of life seems to me to be unreasonable. We can't get something out of nothing. Life can't make life. Life is. It is not made.

Another thing which continually puzzled me, for a long time, was that nature seemed to be so horribly cruel. I could not account for it. Finally, I have come to the conclusion that it is not true.

It is only apparent. Really, those things which seem to be manifestations of nature's cruelty are merely episodes of competition between groups which covet one another's machines, one feeling that the possession of another's might help it better to meet the exigencies of the environment with which it finds itself surrounded. Take the supposed cruelty of the shark toward the cod for example; it probably is the effort of the vast swarm of individuals which make up the shark to obtain for its own purposes the mechanism of the group which inhabits the cod, has built the cod, and has given it the appearance and the functions of what we call "individual life." Real life is not lost at all in such a struggle. Thus, I believe that really it is not cruelty at all when the battle brings a complete and not merely a partial victory, when the victim is "killed," as we erroneously say and think, and not wounded and left "living" and in pain.

That is the only theory which seems reasonable to me with regard to that which we have denominated the "life-and-death struggle."

Then, if the individual is not the unit, what is? Obviously, the unit must be the smallest complete entity among those which make up the aggregate which we erroneously have called the individual. Very well. Then how small can a unit be and how complicated?

That must depend upon the fineness of matter. Smallness of units must accord with the ultimate fineness of matter. And life is individual to the unit and not to the aggregate of units. It is probable that the units are so small that, as yet, no microscope powerful enough to distinguish them as individuals has been created.

If we accept this as fact, another question arises: Is matter fine enough to permit units of such minute size to be very complicated?

We need not worry about that. The electron theory gives to it a reply which is wholly satisfactory. I have had the matter roughly calculated mathematically and have at hand the data of the calculation. I am sure that a highly organized entity, consisting of millions of electrons, still remaining too small to be visible through any existing microscope, is possible.

Ink your finger, as the police might that of a criminal, and then press it upon paper, thus recording the many tiny whorls which indent its skin. Then seriously burn it, so as to take the skin all off, and when it heals—that is, when the skin forms anew—ink it again and again press it upon paper. It will record whorls precisely similar to those which you had burned away. Who built the new in duplicate of the old? Nature?

No. Nature would not take the trouble to remember such unimportant details. The new were built by the units of the swarm, and the exactness with which the old were reproduced is due to the fact that the swarm has memory.

If a bridge falls, we rebuild it. If there should come along an outsider, say a man from Mars (whence Marconi thinks he recently may have received signals), with eyes so coarse in their functioning (a reasonable thought) that he could not see anything so small as a human workman, but acute enough so that he could see

the ruins of the old bridge and the new structure erected to take its place, he would say that the old bridge had died and nature had grown a new one. Again, if this creature, unable to see anything as small as a man, but able to see big things, like our larger ships and, say, sky-scrapers, were to examine our world, he would think the ships and sky-scrapers were natural growths. He never would dream that man had built them, for he never would be able to see man. The fact that we attribute to nature so many creative achievements is proof of our ignorance and the inadequacy of our power of observation.

The individuals in the aggregate which we call a "man," the members of the swarm which (to some extent by chance) have collected to make that man, are ninety-five per cent. workers and five per cent. directors. The workers cannot loaf or stop, even though something may compel them from their habitat, that which has been the

"body" of a "man." They must go to something else to build, as, for instance, to corn, a tree, grass—whatever may be—always working under the direction of the higher type among them. These, by the way, will be responsible, as they dominate or fail to, or in accordance with their aspirations, for the character of that which now is built.

In the case of a "man," for example, he may be "bad" or "good," in accordance with the trend of these dominant individuals or in accordance with the majority quality of the individuals which have gathered, more or less by chance, in the swarm which makes him up. He is "good" if "good" individuals are more numerous in it and dominate, and "bad" if the reverse occurs. The (Continued on page 148)



Thomas A. Edison





JANIE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

# Star-Dust

The remarkably intimate story of  
a girl who dared to lead her own life

*SHE is Lily Becker, of St. Louis, Missouri. Her youth has been filled with glorious dreams of love and achievement. She hates her commonplace environment. She has yearned, from babyhood, for freedom. Yet she permits her dull, ordinary parents to marry her to dull, ordinary Albert Penny, who works in a hardware establishment. Suddenly she revolts and, without a word, disappears. Now she has set out to conquer New York—to pull herself “out of the rut.”*

XV

**T**HERE is a sense of detachment from this old plane of ours that goes with travel, not unlike that instant when the pole-vaulter's feet are farthest off ground. It seemed to Lily after a while that both her starting-point and her destination had fallen away. She hung in abeyance. She was the unanchored streak of a rocket through space.

The sleeper was quite empty save for a medley of drummers' talk and the rattle of chips from the smoking-room and an old man in a skull-cap who dozed incessantly. Even the porter dozed. She sat the day through without responding to calls for meals, the rain falling steadily, like a curtain. At six o'clock, the lamps were already burning, and a rash of little lights began to break out over the landscape.

"Some day," she mused, "I'll look back upon all this and laugh. I'll tell it in a newspaper interview. Lilian Ploag—no; Luella Ploag. Ploag. No-o; Luella—Luella Parlow! Not bad. Luella Parlow!"

She asked a passing porter the time.

"Six forty-six!"

She slept fitfully, waking with little exclamations, and once came so suddenly out of a doze that she awoke sitting bolt

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## Fannie Hurst's

### *First Novel*

Illustrated by  
James Montgomery Flagg

upright, bumping her head against the top of the berth. Cup her hands as she would against the window-pane, she could not see out, but it seemed to her that dawn must be imminent. She felt for her little watch, leaning to the streak of light the curtains let in. Ten forty-five! Not yet midnight! She lay back on the gritty bed, trembling.

At eight o'clock, and for only the third time in her life, she breakfasted in a dining-car. It was well crowded, the old man in the skull cap across the aisle from her gouging out an orange. She ordered with a sense of novelty and thrift, passing on from grilled spring chicken, Bar le Duc, and honey-dew melon to eggs and bacon. A drummer with a gold-mounted elk's tooth dangling from his chain ogled her; so she sat, very prim of back, gazing out over flying villages. She was cruelly conscious of self, and throughout the meal kept the tail of her glance darting at her surroundings, dropping a piece of toast once and apologizing to the waiter, continuing to smile in an agony of strain after the incident.

Finally, the head waiter, who had been hovering, to Lily's discomfiture, directly at her shoulder, steered a young woman with a great deal of very fuzzy light-brown hair about her face to the empty seat opposite. She had a certain air of *chic*, was modishly dressed. With the ripple of a thrill over her, Lily registered her as "typical New Yorker." As a matter of fact, she was the wife of a teacher of physics in the Brooklyn Manual-Training School, returning from a two weeks' visit to her mother-in-law in Indianapolis.

A patter of conversation sprang up between them.

"Would you mind passing me the sugar?"

"Why, certainly not!"—from an eager Lily.

"Going all the way to New York?"

"Yes."

"Live there?"

"No; do you?"

"Yes; since my marriage."

"Do you like it?"

"New York is not a point of view, my dear. It's a habit. Your system comes to demand it. You know it's bad for you, but the fumes are delicious."

"What fumes?"

"The fumes of the metropolis, my dear. The perfumes of wealth. The next best to being Mrs. Four Hundred—herself is to walk past her home and see her step out of her automobile."

"I suppose so, if wealth is what one craves most."

"It isn't a craving in New York; it's a necessity. But to those of us to whom life is pretty much of a compromise anyway, there is something in mere propinquity to wealth that is like smelling into a tumbler with its sides still wet from some rare old charreuse. It isn't filling, but it's heady."

"That's exactly the way I feel about life—it's worth going after if you only get the aroma. If I can't be Venus, then let me the star-dust that is nearest to her!"

It seemed to Lily that she was suddenly talking to her own kind. New York spoke her language.

J.M.F.

"Fearful coffee! I always say the only place outside my own percolator I can get a decent cup of coffee is the new Hudson."

"The Hudson?" Is that a good hotel?"

"Yes; splendid. Are you alone?"

There occurred to Lily a swift talent for the moment.

"Certainly," she said, shaping her own voice into a petard against the little clang of surprise in the voice of her *vis-à-vis*, "I always travel alone. I'm a professional."

"Really!"—her glance running over the somewhat florid details of the corn-colored linen. "With that fine chest, I'll warrant you're a singer."

"Right."

"I wonder if you know Margaret Mazarin."

"Indeed I do, from hearsay."

"Well, we virtually gave Margaret her start. Madge Evans is her real name. My husband grew up next door to her in Indianapolis. She practically used to make our apartment her home. One day, when she was about as close to bed-rock as a girl could be, my husband said to her: 'Madge, if the managers won't give you a hearing, why don't you try some of those agencies in the Pitman Building in Longacre Square? I see all sorts of musical and theatrical agencies' signs on the windows.' Bless us, if the very first one to which she applied didn't give her the position that indirectly led her straight to the Metropolitan! Some one connected with one of the biggest patrons of the opera heard her singing down at a little old ten-twenty-and-thirty theater and got her an audience right off."

"Oh," cried Lily, her face ardent, "if only—I—some day—"

"Yes," continued her companion, dipping into her finger-bowl and pushing back; "Madge always says it was that suggestion from my husband, a mere chance one, gave her a start."

"Wonderful!"

They paid each their check, leaving small, womanish tips beside their saucers.

"Well, I hope some day to have the pleasure of hearing you sing. Are you in concert?"

"Oh, yes; concert."

"I must watch for your name"—digging down into a reticule for a bit of cardboard. "Mine is Towser—Mrs. Seymour Towser. What is yours?"

"Mine? Lily Penny," she replied, her whole body flashing to rescind the word no sooner than it was spoken. "Lily Penny Parlow."

They swayed their way through the chain of cars, Lily's coach running two ahead of her companion's.

"Well, good-by, Miss Parlow; I hope we meet again some day."

"Good-by," said Lily, making her way relievedly through two more cars of aisle.

Once in her seat, she withdrew hastily from her valise a small red memorandum-book, glibly inscribed, "Mid-West Insurance Company," plying a quick and small chirography onto its first page:

Pitman Building, Longacre Square.  
Hotel Hudson.

The day which, for Lily, began with the tickle of aerial champagne petered out humbly. Quite without the precedent of the previous trip to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Chicago, train-sickness set in, and the remainder of the day was spent hunched, with her face to the prickly hot plush of the seat, her hair and linen suit awry, and not a spot on the pillow mercifully proffered by the porter that would remain cool to her cheek.

It was well past nine o'clock, and two hours behind schedule, when a very limp and rumpled Lily followed the weary straggle of weary passengers through the Jersey City station to the waiting ferry. She found a place at the very bow and stood there beside her bags, her face to the sudden wind of fresh air, her prostrated sense seeming to lift.

There was something Trojan, Illiadic, in the way in which they moved out presently to bay. The first tang of salt air, that rotten, indescribable smell of the sea, tickled her nostrils. It was all she could do to keep from being drunk with it. She felt skittish. She wanted to kick up.

They slid into slip. Chains dropped. There was a sudden plunge forward. A few automobiles and a line of horse-cabs backed up against a curb—the one-horse variety that directly antedated the general use of the taxi-cab. A porter shoved her bags into one of these, the driver leaning an ear down off his box.

"Where to, miss?"

"Hotel Hudson," she said, sitting back against the leather tufting.

It was ten o'clock when they finally drew up at the side entrance of the hotel in a street disappointingly narrow but which seemed to burst, just a few feet beyond, into a wildly tossed stream of light, pedestrians, and, above all, a momentum of traffic that was like the fast toss of a mountain-stream. The cab-fare was overwhelmingly large. Her bags disappeared; she followed them, immediately enveloped in an atmosphere of upholstery, mosaic floors that seemed to slide from under her, palms that leaned out of corners, crystal chandeliers, uniforms, rivulets of music. The Hudson awed her, the very Carrara magnitude of the walls, the remote gold-leaf ceilings, light-studded, the talcu odor of *de luxe*. She wanted to back out of that lobby of groups of well-dressed loungers. To turn. To run. Instead, she wrote her name on the register, marveling at her steady chirography.

Luella Parlow, Dallas.

A narrow clerk scanned the bulk of her baggage, unhooked some keys, and called, "Front!" She was mildly taken for granted, and her assurance stiffened.

"Bath?"

"What are your rates?"

"Three-fifty and up."

"Yes—bath."

He shifted among his keys, and she noticed that, when she returned the pen to him, his hand lingered just too long. She had a way of lifting her eyebrows to express her archest scorn. The smile on the clerk's face did not die, but neither did it widen.

She shot upward in an elevator. She padded her way through long hallways deeply carpeted to eat into footfalls. It seemed to her they must have rounded a city square of those hallways, door after door after door as imperturbable as eyeless masks and yet which somehow seemed to look on.

"Anything else, ma'am?"

"Nothing." She interpreted the boy's wait and felt for a ten-cent piece. He shifted the key to the room side of the door and went out.

She was alone in a twelfth-story room that enhanced her aerial sense of light-headedness. She looked at the bed. Curly birch, with a fine sense of depth to its whiteness. There was a glass top on the dresser with a lace scarf beneath it which appealed to her sense of novelty. Also, an extra light above it, which she jerked on, peering at herself in the mirror.

There were soot-rims about her eyes, and, when she removed her hat, her hair was glued to her brow in its outline. She leaned to the mirror, baring her teeth to scan their whiteness, turned her profile as if to appraise its strong, sure cast, swelled her chest after the manner of inhaling for an octave, letting her hand ride on it. Then she undressed slowly, luxuriating in a deep hot bath that rested her as she lay back in it. She even washed her hair, wrapping it finally in one of the thick Turkish towels, and then leaned out of her window for a while, her body well over the sill, and the air, with a cool, washed quality to it, flowing through her night-dress. She looked down on what she thought must be the bosom of Broadway. Actually, it was Forty-fourth Street. An ocean of roofs billowed under her gaze.

A telephone-directory on the desk caught her eye. For an hour, she pored over its pages, names that had blazoned themselves incandescently from the pages of musical reviews and magazines mixed in casually with the clayey ones of mere persons. A thrill shot over her with each encounter. The book began to exhale an odor of sanctity.

It was two o'clock when she turned off her lights, just enough glow from the hallway pressing against her transom to reassure her. The sheets were fragrant with cleanliness, and she let her body give to the delicious sag of the mattress. She felt washed, light, drowsy, cast aside her pillow, wound her arm up under her head, sighed out of deliciousness, and slept.

At seven the next morning, she was out on Broadway, all swept clean, and caroling with the song of the car-gong. It was like strolling the pages of an illustrated magazine. Some one jostled her and smiled around very closely into her face. Suddenly, her eyebrows shot up. It seemed to her that the face under the gray derby hat was as coldly and as bonelessly fat as an oyster. Her two hands could have met round the little neck which was tightly encased in a soft blue collar held with a gold-bar pin. She quickened her step and, what with the lifted brows, promptly lost him.

She stopped finally at a florid lace-and-glass-fronted restaurant on Forty-third Street with a mimeographed breakfast menu up

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Lily opened her lips again, her eyes fixed on the unseen last two rows of the unseen top gallery, and, by miracle, finding a pitch that left her plenty of range

against the window. Her food went down through a throat constricted against it. Her tightness would not relax.

At half after eight, she was back once more in her room, changing from the tan linen into a pink mull, heavily inserted, too, and throwing up quite an aura of rosiness about her. She had only the tan hat, too wide and too floppy of brim, but it had a picturesque value, which is a greater selling quality than *chic*. Eying her reflection in the mirrored walls of the elevator, she felt as

pinkly blown as a rose, and looked it. A head or two turned after her youth. At the desk, she inquired for the Pitman Building. Just opposite! A policeman held up traffic to let her cross. She picked a name off a third-story window. "Barnett Bureau—Musical Service," and rode up to it.

By one of those astonishing flukes of beginner's good fortune, upon the occasion of this very first effort, Lily obtained.

A ground-glass door opened into a room the size and bareness

of a packing-case and crammed to its capacity with a roller-top desk, a stenographer at a white-pine table, a cuspidor, a pair of shirt sleeves, a black mustache, and a blacker cigar.

Entering, Lily was surprised at the measured tempo of her voice, and the manner in which she permitted her eyebrows to arch ever so superciliously.

"I'm looking for an engagement," she said.

The jaw ate in half an inch more of cigar and swung round in the swivel chair.

"Voice?"

"Yes; high soprano."

He ran a swift cocked eye over her points and turned to the white-pine table.

"Send her down to Visigoth," he said to the stenographer, who took up where he left off.

She was as blond and as bland as a summer's day. A pompadour dipped down over one eye. She was herself caricatured. She and Lily exchanged that quickest of inventories, woman for woman.

"Sign here." Lily signed.

"Ten dollars."

"Why?"

"Our rules. Ten dollars a year, bureau membership, and fifty per cent. of first two weeks' salary."

"But what if—"

"We always place sooner or later."

"But in case—"

"Take this card down to the Union Family Theater, Union Square, and ask for Robert Visigoth. It's a two-a-day. If you don't do business with him, come back tomorrow morning."

A quick dozen of questions rushed to Lily's lips, but, instead, she laid down a new ten-dollar bill, crammed the slip into her palm through the hole in her glove, and went out.

The Union Family Theater was the first of a succession of variety houses that was to spread, first to Harlem, then Philadelphia, and later gird the country like a close-link chain. Vaudeville prefaced with stereopticon views, designed to appeal to the strictest respectability of the most strictly respectable audiences in the world.

The high-class Rialto houses might pander to low-class comedy and Broadway take its entertainment broad, but Robert Visigoth laid the corner-stone of subsequent fortunes when he decided that a ten-twenty-thirty vaudeville audience that smells sour of perspiration and strong foods demands entertainment as pink and as sweet as a baby's heel and that a gunman in the gallery will catcall his prototype on the stage.

Robert Visigoth, attorney at law, whose practise had suddenly, by one of those arbitrary twists as difficult to account for as the changed course of a river, assumed a theatrical twist, had

taken over, on cleverly obtained backing, the Union Family Theater from an insolvent client. Within a year, it had made a disappearing island of the law office, flowing over and finally submerging that enterprise in the swifter waters of the new.

At the end of two years, Bruce Visigoth, a younger brother



She awoke in her little damp dungeon of a dressing-room with a spangled jockey-cap, Robert Visigoth

by ten years and snatched from the law the very day he graduated into it, was already in Chicago, launching, under the auspices of The Enterprise Amusement Company, the People's Family Theater, Popular Prices—the sixth link of the chain.

When Lily found out the elder of these brothers, he was standing in the black auditorium of the theater holding an electric bulb made portable by a coil of cord and directing the reverberating hammering-down of an additional brace of three orchestra chairs, for which room had been found by shifting the position of the bass drum.

A hairy old watch-dog, tilted back against the brick side of the building and smoking a pipe, inspected her slip of paper and led her through a black labyrinth of wings and properties.

An aroma lay on that blackness that, in some indefinable way,

"I'm from the agency," she said at once, holding out the slip. "Come out here," he said, "where I can see you." Some daylight flowed in through a slightly open fire-exit, and she caught at a last moment of darkness to straighten her hat.

"Sing?"

"Yes."

He shoved open the iron door so that more light flowed over her.

"Why," he said, "you're a big girl, aren't you?"

"I don't know," she said, through a little laugh of embarrassment, and noticing that, regarding her, he wetted his lips.

"That part's all right. What I need is a good, refined ballad-voice. Understand? The kind that can sing the 'Suwanee River' as if the only thing in the world that mattered is that old plantation down there. Understand?"

"I see."

He spoke through a slight patois, New Yorkese, but which she misjudged for Virginian. He was in inverse ratio to her stock idea of theatrical manager. Both brothers were to become more and more subject to this soft indictment.

Born in one of those old morose houses in lower Lexington Avenue, each had lived there until he obtained his degree of LL.D. from New York University. It had been a sedate, a mildly prosperous, even an historic home. A vice-president of the United States had once owned it. Then Major O. Higginbotham, and, finally, for fifteen years of tenancy, the Visigoths.

One evening, Horace R. Visigoth, of the law firm of Visigoth, Visigoth & Higginbotham, did not answer his wife's soft question of him across the green-shaded reading-lamp of their library table. His head was quite sunk forward in a sheaf of proofs. He was dead. One month later, his wife failed to awaken to Pauline Visigoth's frenzied attempts or to even a dexterous physician's

respiratory methods. The year following, Pauline Visigoth married the dexterous physician and moved to Chicago.

The Lexington Avenue house succumbed to a quick sale, and in attempting to divert the law business out of the clayey rut of quiet old conservatism, the Enterprise Amusement Company was ultimately to be born.

Robert Visigoth, twenty-nine at the time, betrayed little of the heritage his name suggested. His Teutonic blood pretty well laid, he was a trifle too short and a trifle too heavy, and with none of his mother's lean patrician quality, to which both his young brother and older sister had fallen heir.

Suggesting future rotundities and a reddishness of complexion



a trick bicycle-rider in sateen knickerbockers fanning her standing and looking down at her

quicken her, set her nostrils quivering, and ran along her entire being like a line of fire. Suddenly, she was on a stage for the first time in her life, a bunch light only half revealing it to her. Through the megaphone of cupped hands and the dimness of the auditorium, a voice came at her.

"Come down here, around through the left box."

She groped her way to a steel door, stumbling down two unsuspected steps, and was suddenly in the carpeted silence of an aisle. Robert Visigoth came toward her, the electric bulb held high, and dragging the yards of cord behind him.



that was presently to purple, at this stage his chin was undoubled and as square as a spade and, as so often happens to chins of this potentiality, punctuated absurdly with a dimple, and he wore a little clipped edge of black mustache, which he tried to twirl.

Busy at the mannerism, if not the act, of twirling that hirsute adornment of upper lip, he continued to observe Lily.

"You understand? What I need is a real heart-to-heart voice."

"I'm quite good at ballads."

"Quite good or darn good?"

"Darn."

"Experience?"

"I'm just in from as far west as—St. Louis."

"Now, what I want is a turn that hasn't struck the Middle West yet. Understand? It originated right here in this theater. There is a firm of music publishers in this town makes up slides of its songs, and all you have to do is stand beside the screen and sing to the stereopticon illustrations. Understand? You don't have to follow the pictures. The pictures follow you. It's sure fire if it is handled right; only, the girl we had on last week must have wrapped her vocal cords in sandpaper. The secret of the whole thing is to make them—out there—live the song. Understand?"

"I see."

"Every woman in the audience has to be the sweetheart and every man the lover you are singing to them about. And to do that, the first one to live that song must be you. Believe in yourself before you expect the world to. If you come in here and tell me you sing *quite* good, it won't be easy to convince me of more if you begin to warble like Melba. Now, you go up there and let me hear a bar or two. Take care of the last-row gallery, and the first-row orchestra will take care of itself. Shoot!"

"I—haven't my music with me—my repertoire—"

"Nonsense. Just a bar or two—'Suwanee River'—anything with heart in it. Give us some foots up there, Rob."

Through the blackness, Lily moved as if she were sleep-walking in it. Little needles of nervousness were out all over her, and, absurdly enough, there walked across her vision the utterly irrelevant spectacle of old black Willie with her feet bound in gunny sacks and the pencil nubs in her hair, and just as irrelevantly her mind began to pop with little explosive, ejaculative prayers.

"O God, make him take me! O God, make him take me!"

The bunch-light had been dragged down center-stage. She stood beside it, opening her mouth as if to muster voice, then closing it. She looked appealingly in the direction of the hammering-down of the seats.

"Never mind that. Sing to the top row of the gallery."

A fearful recurrence of yesterday's train-sickness rushed over her. Lily could have crumpled to her knees, had even a sense of wanting to faint, but, instead, she opened her lips again, her eyes fixed on the unseen last two rows of the unseen top gallery, and, by miracle, finding a pitch that left her plenty of range.

"Way down upon the Suwanee River—"

"Louder!"

Far, far away,  
There's where my heart is turning ever,  
There's where the old folks stay.

All the world am sad and dreary,  
Everywhere I roam.

Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
"Far from the o-old folks—at ho—"

"That will do."

She stood with her mouth an O on the unfinished note, hand to the little rise of her bosom.

"Meet me around in my office back-stage." His voice was like a call in a fog, retreating and retreating. She followed it. They met in a narrow patch of broad daylight.

"I'm afraid," she began, her voice breaking on a gulp; "I'm afraid I didn't—"

"You did very well," he said kindly. "Little off key, and your voice won't set the world on fire, but it has a tremolo quality that may be rotten bad singing but it's the right stuff for the act."

She thought, with a swoop of perception, that in this she discerned the astuteness of a buyer too clever to praise the article he contemplates. She felt lighter, as if some of her had melted in the ordeal.

"Yes"—trying to seem to pro and con.

"Come down to-morrow at ten, and I'll have a man down to go over next week's slides with you. Something pink on the order of what you are wearing will do, only fluffier. Rough up your hair a bit, too. No; leave it slick like that,

but something fluffy in a hat or a sunbonnet with a pink bow under the chin. Right there—under that little chin."

Her head flew up from his touch.

"I see."

"Manage it?"

"I think so."

"You what?"

"I know so."

"Good! Never let a think show through your answer. Yes or no?"

"Yes."

He tweaked her chin again.

"Watch out somebody doesn't steal you on your way home, big girl!"

"To-morrow at ten," she repeated, going out into sunshine that smote her with the sting of hot lances. The tweak from his hand lay back somewhere, branded none too pleasantly into her consciousness.

## XVII

AND so it came about, through events of surprisingly simple shaping, that her first week in the metropolis found Lily integral to it.

She liked the consciousness that, unless she appeared at the Union Family Theater at two-fifteen and at eight-fifteen, she was breaking into the continuity of a sequence of events in which she had her place.

She was already, in the rush of assurance that followed her sense of earning capacity, regarding the Union Family Theater merely as a means to an end, and in spare time had registered at two concert bureaus, read off the same building of plate-glass windows, and had purchased the score of "Carmen," humming Michaela's aria in bed of mornings. There was a letter she had once obtained from Max Rhinehardt, addressed: "To whom it may concern: Miss Lily Becker has studied with me for a period of three years. I consider her voice a lyric soprano of fine quality." Evidently it concerned no one. The clerk at the concert bureau tossed it aside without comment. Visigoth, when he read it, one day in the wings, returned it in just that manner.

She was secretly ashamed of her professional début in a rôle that would not have survived the ridicule of even Flora Bankhead's easy standards. Many a time, together at matinées, they had giggled and munched chocolates over acts that hardly rivaled hers for sentimental appeal of about one dimension. Plenty of length and no depth.

To a series of colored views thrown upon the screen, Lily sang from dark stages, into the warm musk and stale-linen-smelling theater, a ballad as slow and sweet as taffy in the pulling.

Dressed up in her gingham gown,

Just to come with me to town.

How the sun was shining down!

It seemed to bless our lit-tul wedding-day.

## CHORUS

Darling Sue—e dear,

How I miss your laughing!

Seems to me I hear it in the same old way.

Darling Sue dear, don't believe I'm chaffing.

Bless your heart, I love you in the same old way!

Lights! Revealing Lily in the pink mull and dangling sunbonnet beside the blank, white screen. They liked her, invariably demanding encore—this time, the words and score of the chorus thrown upon the screen, and, to Lily's importuning and pretty encouragement, the house joining in.

By arrangement with the publishing house, this exploitation of song-hits cost the Visigoth brothers nothing. In fact, the little novelty soon came to supplement one of the eight acts on the program, thus eliminating a number.

Each week, a new song-score bordered in hearts and flowers was thrown upon that darkness, the audience eager to find a hum to it.

Lily's second song, "Mamma, Why Are You So Sad To-night?" went even better than the first, and it so pleased Robert Visigoth, who, in those years, had his ears to the ground of the daily audience, to hear them filing out whistling and carrying it on little tra-la-las, that he called Lily into his office the first day of the second week to announce a five-dollar raise in salary.

She had been in the habit of oozing past him rather hurriedly in and out the dark passages, conscious that his touch was ever



"If you do, I—I'll bite! I'll bite—you hear?" "Do it," he said, grasping her then in the shadow of the storm-door, and kissing her so on the open lips that, to evade him, she had to wriggle down to her knees

ready to slide down her length of arm, or his knee to find out hers and press it if he sat down beside her as she waited in the wings.

It was before the realty aspect, the buying, leasing, and selling of theater property, had engulfed him, and his presence round the theater, often shirt-sleeved, was hardly a matter of moment.

However favorably he differed in aspect from Lily's preconception of the managerial genius, her inhibitions concerning him were strong. She always sat on the edge of her chair in his presence. To accept so much as a slip of paper from him meant that his touch would trail to the last long-drawn second. His eyes had a habit of focusing, seeming to move in a bit toward the tip of his nose, and grill intimately into her being. And, then he wetted lips as if his mouth were watering.

"You need to be waked up," he said, once, to her. "You're like a great big sleepy cat."

She jerked away from his touch and his reference, hurrying from the theater, as always, immediately after her act, which came first on the afternoon and evening bill. She was thoroughly ashamed of what she was doing, putting each performance quickly behind her.

Six hundred and twenty-two dollars still lay in the chamois bag against her bosom, but the additional five dollars a week to her salary were a saving prop against the not infrequent sag of her spirit.

She was listed at half a dozen agencies, but nothing presented itself. Her first hotel bill, twenty-eight dollars, sent her scurrying, against further and deeper inroads into the chamois bag, to an immediately adjoining side street of brownstone fronts as without identity as a row of soldiers, all of them proclaiming the furnished room to that great sandstorm of New York transients which blows in and out of them in nameless whirl.

The room which she finally obtained at three dollars a week was a third-floor front, shaped like a shoe-box, with an aisle of walking-space between the cot and wash-stand and as dank to her and as shiver-inducing as a bathing-suit donned at dawn. But the matting on the floor smelled scrubbed; the bathroom at the head of the stairs contained a porcelain tub instead of the usual horror in painted tin, and the place was free from those scavengers of bed-slats and woodwork which, often as she inspected from room to room, had crawled, to her agonized flush, across a landlady's very denial of them.

Robert Visigoth had a habit of appraising this ready blush of her. It never rushed hotly to her face but what he noted it in persiflage.

"Look at her blush!" he cried, one afternoon, as they both stooped to recover her dropped hand-bag, their heads bumping so that they sprang apart in laughter.

"The idea, Mr. Visigoth—I'm not blushing!" she cried, stinging with her inability to control the too ready red.

He ran his hand over the smooth glaze of her hair.

"Don't!"

"Let's see if it will muss. I'll wager it's painted on."

"It grows that way," she said levelly.

"I like it! Clean as a whistle. Interesting. In fact, you're a

mighty interesting young woman, if you want to know it, Miss Luella Parlow."

"What is the song for next week, Mr. Visigoth?"

"My Pretty, My Pretty," he said, his intimate eyes watching her wriggle, with a sense of being ridiculous, on the hook of his glance.

"I never know how to take you," she flared, infuriated, and rushed toward the door.

"Take me—with you."

"Really, now—this—is too absurd!"

"Where are you going?"

"Home, of course. I have all this time to myself between now and the evening performance. Why waste it sitting around with the dog-and-trapeze acts."

"Where do you live?"

"West Forty-fourth Street, near Eighth."

"Hm-m-m," he said, with a new easiness of manner that alarmed her. "Selfish little girl! All this time to yourself."

"You would be surprised how it flies."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, no end of odds and ends. Wash out things. Read. Sew. Practise. Write."

"What do you write? Letters to suitors? Lucky chaps!"

"Nonsense!" she said, coloring.

"A girl like you must have a string of them after her."

"No; I write. You see, I've always sort of wanted to write fiction. Magazine stories. I like to scribble in my spare time."

"Story-writing? You can't serve two masters in this profession."

"Oh, and then I practise." It was here she had shown him the letter addressed "To whom it may concern." "I haven't a piano, but you would be surprised how helpful it is just to memorize the rôle from the score."

"What rôle?"

"I know four. Michaela is my last. I haven't memorized all of her aria yet, but half the time I'm singing her with my mind, if you know what I mean. I once had twelve lessons on Marguerite. With study, Mr. Visigoth, and perhaps some more lessons with one of the big teachers here, do you think I have the slightest chance for opera or—concert? You can be frank with me—do you?"

He patted her.

"Too much ambition will make that satiny head of yours ache."

"Then let it ache."

"What you need more than lessons is some one to wake you up. That will do more for you than all the training money can buy. You need a rousing good love-affair. Love—that's the secret!"

She walked past him now, swinging open the stage-door.

"You can be so nice, Mr. Visigoth, and so—horrid."

He followed laughing.

"I'll walk a ways. Which way you going?"

"Home."

They strolled into the sirupy warmth of a late Indian-summer afternoon. At each crossing, he took her arm, closing gently into the flesh.

"Yes, my little lady; that's what you need."

"What?"

"To be waked up."

"Oh, there you go again! Is there no limit to sex self-consciousness? I want to be a person in my work. An individual. Not first and foremost a woman."

"Why, my dear girl, you talk like a child! Sex is the very soul



At the first flight down, Lily experienced her first and by no means fragrant encounter in these hallways



of art. The greatest songs have been sung and the greatest pictures painted because men and women have loved. Don't tell me a great, big, handsome creature like you doesn't realize that!"

"Well, just the same"—with feminine subjectiveness—"I mean to make my way as an individual first and a woman second. I give nothing to you men, and I ask nothing except a fighting chance. I don't believe in all this pay-the-price business. I don't recognize you as the arbiters of my destiny. I'll pay my price with my ability, and if I can't pay up that way, then I deserve to fail. Woman can fight back at the world with something beside her sex. I intend to prove it."

He closed tighter over her arm.

"I like you when you tilt at wind-mills, Miss Don Quixote, and I like the way your eyes turn black."

"There—you are at it again!"

"Certainly; it's the law of life."

"You mean it's the law of men. Why should you set the price of our success? We women are going to batter down the monopoly."

"You're a regular little holy terror for woman's rights. Come in here for a drink and tell me about it."

They were approaching the rapids of Broadway, the quickened torrent of the pleasure-zone that leaps high in folly even under sunlight. Sidewalk humanity quickened and had a shove to it. A tall building stood like a colossus, breakwater to the tide. Rec-tor's invited.

"Come in for a drink," he repeated.

She threw him a north-west glance with what, for her, amounted to quite an adventure in coquetry.

"Aha!"—in the key of burlesque. "Either I sully these fair lips with alcohol or to-morrow I awake jobless."

He was visibly annoyed, dropping her arm and hurrying past the mirrored entrance.

"You flatter yourself."

She bit into her lips, again with a sense of her ridiculousness, confessing, in her stress and against the old inhibition, a state of being unwell.

"It isn't that, and you know it! I'm done up these last few days. Feeling seedy. It must be this Indian-summer heat."

"Poor pussy!" he said, again good-humored.

It was true that a recurring sense of dizziness would sweep like a sudden wave over her, in street-cars, even in bed before she rose mornings, and that very afternoon, as she sang into the murky darkness, a terrifying sense of it had threatened her.

She tried to guard against these nervous recurrences by resolutely permitting no thought of her yesterdays to crop into her to-days. Except that, daily, she visited the Public Library, reading over St. Louis newspapers of last week's vintage, and never failing to glance at the death-notices. For one week, an advertisement under "Personal" appeared, which, every time she encountered it, was sure to blur over her vision with quick tears:

Lily. Come home. All is forgiven.

She attributed some of her state of nervousness to the condition of mind this little paragraph invariably induced. To

bear out this conviction, she even omitted the visits to the library for three or four days, but still the flashes of discomfort persisted.

They had stopped at the stoop of her lean-looking rooming-house.

"So this is where you live," he said, half a smile out and his lids well down.

"Yes," she said, unconsciously defiant, "and, for my purpose, it's fine."

"No doubt."

"Clean, quiet, and reasonable."

"I see," he said through the same smile that was somehow



A woman dragged suddenly out to the head of the stairs, by the actual scruff of the neck, the ridiculous figure of a male.

hateful to her, and, after a moment of apparent indecision, raised his hat and walked off.

The following evening, without waiting for the second refrain of chorus or the lights to flash up, and creating some confusion down in the orchestra, Lily left the stage rather hurriedly, her hand groping ahead of her as if to ward off muzziness, and, her very first step into the wings, crumpled up quietly in a faint.

She awoke in her little damp dungeon of a dressing-room, a trick bicycle-rider in satene knickerbockers fanning her with a spangled jockey-cap and immediately rushing off for her act, Robert Visigoth standing and looking down at her.

Embarrassment flooded her. She insisted upon standing immediately, smoothing herself down and brushing at the wet spots where the water had trickled away from her lips.

"Why," she said, through a gasp of apology, "of all things! Why, I have never done such a thing in my life! It was the heat. Oh, how silly of me! How unutterably silly!"

He pressed her down into a chair.

(Continued on page 162)

*The story of an  
impoverished  
gentleman*

By  
Gouverneur  
Morris

**P**ELHAM BAY PARK will bear inspection. It is even beautiful on a gray day at low tide, or in winter, stripped of leaves. It is more beautiful, though, when the day is bright blue and the bay itself is brimful of streaming water. But on a night of stars and fireflies, it is like a fairy-land.

It was the beauty of just such a night which caused Doane to hesitate. And the fact that there were no mosquitoes.

There was a certain thing that he felt obliged to do; but the doing of it could wait. It would be high time when the stars and the fireflies no longer gave him pleasure.

After some aimless strolling, his feet echoed on the recreation-pier off the old Furman place, and he seated himself on the string-piece and searched his pockets for a cigarette. He found six, and, except for a box of matches and a gold watch, his pockets were empty. To reach the park he had spent his last nickel.

There was a wonderful and serene silence. During the day, the park had swarmed with people—and they had vanished away into those conditions which make parks necessary. The last repartee had been exchanged, the last hard-boiled egg eaten, the last lollypop sucked, and the last kiss stolen.

Doane wondered if it would be the same with the world some day. Would the busy, hurrying, hating, loving, noisy, beautiful, impatient human race all go back to those conditions from which it had sprung, and have the world as it was in the beginning—calm, lovely, and serene? Thoughts and reveries, contempt and reverences flooded his mind. At times, it seemed to him as if he were on the point of solving one of the great mysteries, such as: "Why is anything?" but always the solution eluded him. And from sitting so long on the hard string-piece, he was growing stiff and cramped. He leaned over and looked down.

The tide was rising, and it was now not more than a foot below the level of the pier. He wondered if it would be possible for a strong swimmer to drown without the assistance of some weight to drag him under.

He rose and walked slowly back to the bathing-beach. Here were stones of all shapes and sizes. Better suited to his purpose than any of them, and revealed by the light of a struck match, was a heavy fragment of what seemed to have been an anchor. It had a loose ring in the end. With such a weight belted to his neck, the strongest swimmer must go down.

The lighted match illumined more than the fragment of scrap-iron—Doane's face, young, drawn, and haggard. At sight of the iron, he had smiled. There was much sweetness in his smile.

As he stooped to lift the iron from the sand, he heard a girl's voice, plaintive, frightened, and near at hand.

"Say," it said: "help me, will you?"



"So, you see, you saved me. The reason I asked you out to-day

## A Rendezvous

*Illustrated by*

He straightened his back and looked for the questioner. In the darkness between, he perceived nothing.

"Where are you?"

"In number thirteen"—there was a sound of knuckles rapping on wood—"I'm locked in, and I couldn't come out if I wanted."

He had drawn closer to the door that had been knocked on.

"I seen you through a knot-hole and you got a good face," the voice continued disarmingly. "I was late, and I run in here, and didn't notice it wasn't my house till I'd thrown my suit outside, and—and I waited till the bath-boy came along and told him to send the woman that picks up the suits to speak to me, and he's deafer'n a post; but I thought he might 'a' heard, and I kept thinkin' she'd come, and she didn't, and I heard steps, and it was that bath-boy again—he's eighty years old—and I bet he couldn't hear cannon, and I must 'a' left the key in the door, and he just locked me in and goes away whistlin'; no matter how loud I called or nothin'—and—" A rich vein of hysteria had developed in the voice, and its piquant narrative came to an abrupt end.



was to tell you that, since you've given me my life, it belongs to you. It's yours if you want it"

## in Pelham Bay Park

M. L. Bower

Doane had forgotten about his leather belt and the heavy piece of iron with the ring in one end. He was smiling broadly. But he managed to fill his voice with the most chivalrous concern.

"I could break down the door and let you out," he said.

"You don't *understand*," wailed the voice. "My things are in eighty-nine. There's nothin' in here but—but an old piece of comb—and—and me. And I been screechin' and yellin' till I'm hoarse."

"I'll see if your things are in eighty-nine," said Doane crisply. After quite a long while there was a loud, smashing sound, as the heavy stone which Doane had brought from the beach burst in the door of bath-house eighty-nine.

By the light of a match, he perceived a blue dress, some white things, a couple of long black things, and on the dressing-bench a pair of high-heeled slippers, very little. He gathered these belongings delicately together and returned to the locked door of number thirteen.

"Are you the right size to go with your feet?" he asked. "You stand on tiptoe, and I'll hand you your clothes over the top of

the door. And I suppose you'd like me to hang round and let you out when you are dressed."

"You sure are kind."

"She's a vulgar little monkey," Doane thought, but he liked her voice. The little slippers, too, had had their appeal.

"Say, you don't know the time, do you?"

He struck a match, and his answer that it was nearly three o'clock was followed by complete silence. Presently, however, the sounds of dressing under difficulties were resumed, and he heard a murmur which sounded like, "Thank God, I got curly hair."

A few minutes later, at her request, he had smashed in the door of number thirteen and set her at liberty.

There was a little light by now, and although Doane could not make out her features, he could see that she was slender and erect, and that her hair was not only curly but bobbed.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

She said:

"Oh, it's too late now. I ain't goin' home. Not now nor ever." She seemed to be laboring under an emotion made of courage and despair. Her mien had a set quality. "I got three dollars," she said, "and before that's gone, I'll have a job. You goin' over to the trolley?"

Doane said that he was. He could put her on a car and come back to deep water. There was plenty of time.





The lighted match illumined more than the scrap-iron—Doane's face, young, drawn, and haggard. He heard a girl's voice, plaintive, frightened, and near at hand. "Say," it said: "help me, will you?"

"But," he said, "why not go home and explain?"

"Because," she said, "comin' home from Coney, one time, there was a car derailed, and I didn't get home till mornin' and pa beat me black and blue. I ain't got no mother. And yesterday I starts out with a feller pa's got no use for, and I ain't goin' home—that's all. Pa wants me to marry a sheeny. Louis Rose-gold. And I don't wanna."

Because of her high heels, she walked with short, mincing steps, and their progress was slow.

"Say," she asked suddenly, "what was you doin' down to the beach this time o' night?"

"Me—why, I had a—a rendezvous."

"What's that—a date?"

"A kind of date."

"And nobody showed up but little me." She laughed.

"Nobody did."

"I bet you're mad."

"I'll be mad when we get to the electric lights," he said, "if I find that you are not as pretty as I think you are. What sort of job will you go after?"

"Dunno. Ribbon-counter, glove-counter."

"What became of the young man you started out with?"

"He got fresh. And I guess I ain't got much use for men. I guess I'm modern."

It seemed very curious to Doane that, having said good-by to this world, his peaceful transit to another should be interrupted by an interlude in which he should converse with a person of a class with which he had never had any associations whatever.

It was still dark, and he could see her features in profile. The short nose was delicately cut. The chin was courageous.

"Do you want to work?"

"No. But I'd rather work than take a lickin'. And I got to do one thing or the other—or go back to the dock and tie a stone round my neck and jump overboard. But, gee—I'd sooner take a lickin' than drown. Bein' alive ain't so worse—just bein' alive!"

And it occurred to Doane, for the first time in many days, that the mere fact of being alive did have its compensations. And he began to wonder if being dead is all that it is cracked up to be.

They came to a low stone wall at the edge of a wood. Beyond was an electric light of high power, the trolley terminus, some buildings—the beginning of the city.

"I'll sit here," said the girl. And she perched herself on the top of the wall, and she laughed and said: "Just bein' alive is nicer sittin' than walkin' in high-heel slippers. Gee, but a girl's a fool about her feet!"

"This 'just being alive,'" said Doane, "is a happy thought."

For the first time, in what seemed ages and ages, he longed to speak about his own wretchedness to some other human being, and to receive sympathy.

It was trying to grow light. She had a lovely skin, warm and bright with life and color.

"You comin' back to the city?"

"No," Doane said; "I am not."

"Funny," she said, "us gettin' acquainted like this. When you lit that match, I seen your face through a knot-hole, and knowed I could trust you."

"It is funny," said Doane, "and the trolley will carry you off to the city, and I wonder what will become of you. I don't think you'll ever come to any harm. Now that I can see your face, I can read your future. You'll be a great success, I think. What would you like to be if you could choose? Where would you like to get? You say you are modern."

"I said it."

"You were just talking?"

"I can cook lovely," she said, "and mend, and that's what I like, and havin' fun sometimes, like swimmin' and the movies. If I was to get where I'd like to get, I guess I'd get sweet on some feller that was sweet on me, and we'd work to have a home and—gee—I wonder when the next trolley is goin' to show up."

It showed up in another ten minutes. And Doane knew that he could not go back to the recreation-pier to keep the rendezvous that he had made with Death. He would have liked to go back to the city with her. But he had no money. Only his gold watch.

"We're saying good-by without any introduction," he said.

"What's your name?"

"Lucy McNab."

"Mine is Robert Doane. And—how about next Sunday? Will you meet me here at the trolley, at noon? I want to hear how you got on, and I'd like to tell you how I got on. You know, I'm horribly up against it—just as you are. Maybe I'd

like to bother you a little with my troubles. You've got more pluck than I have—more *savoir faire*."

"More what?"

"I'll tell you Sunday."

"How about that date you had down to the beach? How'll she like it to have me cuttin' in?"

"She won't mind a bit, and perhaps I'll tell you about her."

## II

ON the following Sunday, at a few minutes to noon, Robert Doane had drawn Lucy McNab's arm through his and was escorting her into the leafy pastures of Pelham Bay Park.

Had she a job? She had. Was she living at home? She was not. Did she like her job? She liked it well enough, but it hurt

her feet. Had she taken cold the other night? Luckily not.

On his watch, an imported split-hand repeater, Doane had raised seventy-five dollars. The lunch which he had in a box had been put up for him by Delmonico.

She sat after lunch with her back against the stump of a tree and her hands clasped below her knees. Doane lay upon his back, the brim of his hat pulled forward to shade his eyes.

"Your flying at a job," he said, "inspired me to go after one. A gentleman in Greenwich has engaged me to drive his car. I start work to-morrow."

"You don't look like a shower. You look like you'd seen better days. That suit would look dandy if it was pressed. You said you was up against it. Was it booze?"

Doane considered this question for a moment and laughed suddenly and merrily, like a school-boy.

"It was," he said, "almost. Drink had a lot to do with it. You've heard of little boys being born with silver spoons in their mouths? I was. I had everything I wanted from the time I can remember wanting anything. The reason I can be a chauffeur is that I've owned cars ever since there have been cars and I've picked up a good deal about the motors. Lucky, isn't it?"

"What become of the silver spoon?"

"It got lost."

He turned his head a little more toward her.

"I was engaged to be married," he said gravely, "at the time the silver spoon was lost. I'd loved her for ever so long. I thought I could never stop loving her. But she was used to money and pretty things, and she couldn't face life with a poor man, and so she threw me over. I thought there was nothing left to live for—money gone—girl gone. The other night, when you asked me to help you, I was looking for something heavy to tie round my neck. I was going to drown myself. So, you see, you saved me. The reason I asked you out to-day was to tell you that, since you've given me my life, it belongs to you. I didn't tell you the other night, because (Concluded on page 116)



Lucy McNab thought of the mean little room that she had rented on an air-shaft three flights up

# The Perfect Plan

*A detective-story*

*By*

Will Payne

*Illustrated by*

Harrison Fisher

THE man registered at the Hotel Cardinal in Chicago as B. F. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and was assigned to room 1056. He reserved the adjoining room, number 1058, for his friend, G. W. Andrews, of St. Louis, who would arrive that evening. After which, he walked briskly up Michigan Boulevard to the first smart shop whose show-windows displayed apparel for men. Entering that shop, he purchased a rain-coat and an overcoat.

The purchaser asked that the two garments be packed in the same box; he wanted a large box, and he wanted it very securely wrapped up and tied with plenty of stout cord, because he was going to ship the garments home by express when he left Chicago. They were to be delivered to him at room 1056, Hotel Cardinal, that afternoon.

"And, by the way, give me one of your labels, so I can paste it on the box and write my address on it when I ship the things home," he added.

The next day, at the luncheon-hour, three men sat in room 1056 of the Hotel Cardinal. One was the man who had registered as B. F. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Sometime before this, he had used the name of John Wenham, and at that time he had worn a neatly pointed red beard. The beard was gone now, and that was a disadvantage. Without the beard, he looked more like a hawk—very cool, detached, a stranger to the inhibitions of fear and remorse. His business in the world was to circle the air with impassive, intently vigilant eye, and to pounce. But, in his way, he was very good-natured about it. In stature, he was hardly up to medium height, of wiry build, with sloping shoulders.

The second person, registered as G. W. Andrews, of St. Louis, was somewhat younger and larger, an athletic-looking blond, with a tightly curled yellow mustache. He sat over on the lounge, with his legs curled under him, tailor-fashion, and one muscular hand full of chocolate-cream candies, his mouth full, also. He rarely spoke, but listened to the conversation with an expression of amusement.

The third person in the room was Josiah Horrow, first vice-president of the Lumberman's National Bank, well along in



"We almost had old Borland's money once," he reminded Mr. Horrow, with a smile. "I'm still needing that money, and I expect you are"

middle age, of large frame and awkwardly built, with big hands and feet. Mr. Horrow was frowning nervously, and ill at ease.

Sometime before this, he had come into unholy contact with the man who then called himself John Wenham in connection with a certain forged document purporting to be the last will and testament of Matthias Borland, deceased. Secretly, behind the scenes and in a manner that involved no risk to himself, Mr. Horrow had furthered that attempt of Wenham's upon Matthias Borland's millions. At the last moment, an impudent trespasser named Bodet, following the vocation of detective, had frustrated the scheme. And the frustration had given Mr. Horrow a profound shock. The banker had yielded himself to that unholy contact with John Wenham, or B. F. Johnson, because certain speculations had gone dismally wrong and he was in desperate need of a large sum of money. He was still in that desperate need; but it was with the greatest reluctance that he had allowed himself to be persuaded by G. W. Andrews, of St. Louis, to come over to the Hotel Cardinal and have a little confidential chat with his acquaintance, John Wenham—a chat that would be as safe as eating dinner at home, and vastly to his advantage. Mr. Horrow retained some of the prejudices of his class. This contact with professed crooks made him nervous. He looked it—frowning, reluctant, ill at ease.

But Wenham, or Johnson, was as completely at ease as though





*SOME wise man said that fact is stranger than fiction. He was conservative. Fact is so much stranger that few writers dare use it in fiction. These detective-stories are all based on fact—on amazingly ingenious crimes that are a matter of inside record—but it requires Mr. Payne's sort of skill to make them such remarkable stories.*

"Is a watchman always on guard there?" Wenham asked, as though that were the most innocent question in the world. Mr. Horrow's frown deepened. "Of course," Wenham reminded him, with the best-natured smile, "neither of us can lose anything by a little talk. I'm confident I can put you in the way of a million and a half or more—all as easy and safe for you as rolling off a log. I'll talk it over with you, and if you don't like it, why, we'll just shake hands and let it drop."

That sounded very reasonable. Mr. Horrow nervously pinched his face and replied:

"There's always a watchman there except—just at present—for a little while Sunday afternoons. It's summer-time, you know, and the streets full of people Sunday afternoons, anyway; so we've been letting the day watchman go home to eat his Sunday dinner. He leaves at half-past twelve and gets back at half-past two."

"Good!" said Wenham, with evident satisfaction. "Of course, a

watchman can usually be disposed of for a while easily enough. You can slip a knockout drop in his beer, or you can tie him and gag him, or you can excite him by a street-fight, or you can bribe him. But it simplifies things not to have him there at all.

"Now, Matthias Borland's estate is something over six million dollars. I looked up the inventory. There's a lot of bank stock and so on—stuff registered in his name that wouldn't do anybody else any good. But there's a big bunch of bonds—especially government bonds. They wouldn't do me much good, you know. If I walked into a broker's office to sell a million dollars of government bonds, the broker would want to know who I am—ask for references and so forth. But a man in your position—why, you could sell a cart-load of government bonds without attracting any particular attention. Coming from you, it would be taken as a matter of course. In other words, Mr. Horrow, there's

he had been talking about buying calico or going to a ball game.

"We almost had old Berland's money once," he reminded Mr. Horrow, with a smile. "I'm still needing that money, and I expect you are." He didn't press that point at the moment, but not a flicker in the banker's eyes escaped him. "When I was here before, I looked your bank over more or less. Not because I had anything in particular in mind just then," he added amiably, "but it might come in handy sometime. It's an old building."

In fact, the structure occupied by the Lumberman's Bank had been erected directly after the great fire which, in October, 1871, destroyed most of the town. The directors had frequently discussed building a more modern and suitable edifice; but the bank still held to its old quarters.

## The Perfect Plan

stuff in that Borland estate that's worth probably a million and a half to you—maybe more—while it would be worth very little to me, because I couldn't dispose of it.

"Finally—when the thing is all settled up—the bigger part of that estate is going to some school or other—philanthropy, you know. It's scandalous to waste good money that way. You could use it to better advantage. I suppose," he added, "that the securities belonging to the Borland estate are still downstairs there in your safe-deposit vault."

Mr. Horrow folded and unfolded his hands and replied, "They are."

"By the terms of the will," Wenham continued, "they are in the custody of his widow until the arrangements have finally been made for turning them over to this philanthropic business. Are they in one box down there, or more than one?"

"Mrs. Borland," the reluctant banker replied, "has a very large box. Formerly, the bank itself used that box. But Mr. Borland had a big bundle of stuff; so we turned that big box over to him. His widow still uses it."

"Does it lock with a key or with a combination lock?" Wenham asked.

"Our safe-deposit vault," said Mr. Horrow, "was about the first one to be built in Chicago after the fire. We've enlarged it since then, but part of it is rather old-fashioned. Mrs. Borland's box has a combination lock with four numbers. She knows two of the numbers and the guard knows two. It takes both of them, turning the knob one after the other, to unlock it."

"Easy as falling off a log," Wenham commented, with a pleased smile. "The bank-records show two of those numbers. Undoubtedly you can take a look at those records any time you like. And the bank handles Mrs. Borland's business, Mr. Horrow. Of course, you could find a good excuse for getting her to the bank and stepping down to the safe-deposit vault with her. And you could be standing near, with the tail of your eye on the knob, while she and the guard worked the combination. A blind man could pick up at least one of her numbers by watching that way. I'm sure you could pick up both of them with no trouble at all. But say you couldn't." Wenham then turned with an appreciative smile to the blond, athletic young man who was curled up on the lounge munching chocolate creams with an amused air. "Joe, here, is a genius at locks. No man in the country can beat him at that."

The man on the lounge, his mouth full of candy, laughed modestly at the compliment.

"Probably that combination hasn't been changed in years," Wenham went on.

"A lock gets a bit worn in time. A man like Joe, with a sensitive ear and touch, could work out that combination from the ground up if he could take a week at it. Give him three of the numbers, and he'll find the fourth in no time. We must arrange to let Joe look that vault over and examine the lock on its door."

Bodet was regarding Horrow very gravely indeed, and thinking of a woman who had said, "Leave it to Providence"

Mr. Horrow stirred nervously, frowning, and Wenham hastened to reassure him.

"Perfectly easy and safe, Mr. Horrow; no risk to you at all. Joe and I will call on you at the bank. We'll be a couple of country bankers from Iowa or Colorado—small-town correspondents of the Lumberman's National. We've come to Chicago for the first time and we want to see the sights. We want to see your bank. That's common enough. You'll show us around the bank. You'll show us the safe-deposit vaults. Joe will be right curious about that; he'll want to see how it works. While you and I stand by, chatting, one of the guards will show him the locks and so on. Easy and safe for you as rolling off a log. The bank closes for business at one o'clock Saturday, but people are always coming in and going out after the bank has closed for regular business. I suppose they come and go by that basement door near the alley on the north side of the building?"

The banker nodded and remarked:

"We use all of the basement except that shoe shop up in front. There's a long-term lease on that or we'd be using it, too. The safe-deposit vault is down there, and the foreign-exchange department, and three storage-rooms for files and stationery and so on. They're dark and not well ventilated."

"The furnace-room and coal-cellar are in a sub-basement, I suppose?" Wenham suggested; and the banker nodded. "You're often in the bank after one o'clock Saturday?" Wenham asked.

"Yes," Mr. Horrow admitted, and, with a certain bitter tinge, he added: "I stick pretty close to the job nowadays. My wife and daughter are at the seashore, anyway." But the real reason of his sticking very close to the job and for that bitter edge in his voice was that a man with a defalcation of more than a million dollars to cover up had to keep a very vigilant watch.

"But by four o'clock or so of a Saturday afternoon, I suppose the clerks have mostly cleared out," said Wenham.

"Usually—by four o'clock," Mr. Horrow replied.

"And when does the safe-deposit vault shut up Saturday afternoon?" Wenham asked.

"Three o'clock usually—sometimes half-past."

"Good!" said Wenham. "All you have to do is to see that the time-lock isn't put on the vault until half-past three on a particular Saturday afternoon. You'll be busy in the bank that Saturday afternoon. A little after three, Joe and I will call on you again—your country-bank friends. I'll have a big envelop—some valuable papers that I want to leave for safekeeping until Monday morning. You'll take us down to the safe-deposit vault. No doubt you've got a box there yourself, or the bank has got one, that I can leave the papers in. The vault will be about ready to shut up then—probably nobody there except a guard or two. You and I will get to talking about the vault. I'll know the questions to ask. We'll get the guard, or both guards, busy showing me what I want to know. Joe will be gawking around. He'll change the time-lock so it will release at half-past twelve Sunday instead of half-past eight Monday. It's the merest motion of a finger. We'll keep those guards busy until we all step out of the vault. Don't worry, Mr. Horrow; it's perfectly easy—simple as falling off a log. "We'll go up-stairs to your office with you and talk some more until the bank is empty except for the watchman—although half a dozen others wouldn't hurt at all. Then we'll go down-stairs to leave by the basement door. And you'll slip Joe and me into one of those dark, unventilated storerooms. Nothing easier. You can depend on our keeping still there, for our own necks are in a halter. You see, Mr. Horrow, that leaves the trump-card in your hands."

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A sweet tone struck his ear; at once the lines of irritation smoothed themselves out of his face, and he was answering most amiably, "Yes, Mrs. Borland: this is Bodet"

Mr. Horrow seemed not to see it, and Wenham explained:

"At half-past twelve Sunday, or as soon as the watchman goes to his dinner, Joe and I will be alone in the bank. The time-lock on the safe-deposit vault has released. But we don't know the combination to the vault door, or any of the numbers of Mrs. Borland's combination. We can't get in without blowing up the vault, and we might as well blow our own heads off—at midday, with people in the streets. We can't touch the box until you say so.

"You have a little errand at the bank that Sunday. You stroll around to the bank at a quarter to one, say, and let yourself in at the basement door and come to the safe-deposit vault. You know the combination to the vault door. You unlock it. We can't stir a finger without you. We open the Borland box. You take out what you want. It will make quite a big bundle. I judged you wouldn't want to just stick the stuff in your own box there, so I bought me some clothes."



## The Perfect Plan

Smiling broadly, Wenham went over to the closet and returned with a big pasteboard box, such as tailors use to pack clothes in. It was securely wrapped and tied, and bore the label of a well-known Michigan Boulevard shop with an address to Mr. B. F. Johnson, Room 1056, Hotel Cardinal. As he sat down, cherishing the box on his knees, Wenham laughed as though he considered the box rather a masterpiece.

"This is full of old newspapers now, Mr. Harrow," he explained. "I'll paste on a new label, direct it to you at the bank, and it will be delivered to you that Saturday—a perfectly innocent package of clothes or something or other that you've been buying. You'll tell the delivery-man to set it in a corner of your office. We'll put the Borland bonds in this box and tie it up just as you see it now. If you like, you can drive up to the bank that Sunday in your automobile and take the box home with you. Or you can just leave it sitting in the corner of your office until Monday, or whenever you want to begin disposing of the stuff. On Sunday afternoon, I will step out of the basement door, empty-handed. Nothing to attract attention about that. Pretty soon, Joe will step out empty-handed and go the other way. Then you can walk out empty-handed, or with the box under your arm, and drive off in your car, as you like. It's as safe as rolling off a log. Maybe a week or two will pass before Mrs. Borland examines her box. What clue is left?"

He waited a moment, as though inviting criticism.

"We go out empty-handed, Mr. Harrow—Joe and I do. We get absolutely nothing. One week later, when all has gone well, you pay us three hundred thousand dollars in cash. You will have taken enough of those Borland bonds so you can afford to. The point is, Mr. Harrow, those bonds are worth nothing to me. The risk of trying to dispose of them would be too great. They're worth a fortune to you. We'll get them for you, and you pay us for it. You take no risk at all."

Mr. Harrow could not see any particular weak point in the scheme, but he felt a helpless sort of fear of falling further into Wenham's toils. Desperate and bedeviled as he was, he shied off from that, saying,

"I'll have to think this over."

Without urging him any further at the moment, Wenham let him go—feeling satisfied that he must finally take up with the plan. On the way back to the bank, Mr. Harrow suffered a deep mental and nervous agitation. His situation was desperate. Disclosure of his embezzlement might come any minute. He thought Wenham guessed what a hole he was in, and he was afraid of Wenham. In his agitation, he thought of Bodet, the detective, who knew something about his unholy contact with Wenham in that matter of the forged will. He could go to Bodet and tell him that the person who once called himself John Wenham was then in room 1056 at the Hotel Cardinal. Bodet would immediately lay that person by the heels. But, then, Wenham might tell Bodet all about that will business and so

start a train of investigation that would blow Josiah Harrow sky-high. Going to Bodet was the nearest to an open and honorable course, but he dared not do it.

The following afternoon, Wenham telephoned him.

"This is Mr. Johnson—B. F. Johnson, of Philadelphia," he said suavely over the 'phone. "I hope you've decided to buy that stock."

And the bedeviled banker blurted back:

"No; I've decided to have nothing whatever to do with it. Absolutely nothing." With that, he hung up the receiver.

Having heard that message, Wenham looked thoughtful for a moment—not angry, but just thoughtful.

"He's shy; says, 'Absolutely no,'" he reported to his blond, athletic-looking companion. "'Absolutely no.'" He grinned as he added, "Probably he hasn't much confidence in us."

The banker's message sounded conclusive enough, and was, in fact, a great disappointment to John Wenham. But coming to Chicago at all involved sticking his neck in a noose. He had come for some of Matthias Borland's millions, and he hadn't the slightest idea of giving up until he had to. After some further deliberation, he observed coolly,

"We'll have to give him the gaff a bit."



They deliberated upon the best means of doing that. Wenham knew that Abram Hodge, an old friend and associate of Matthias Borland, was president of the Lumberman's Bank, but no longer took a very active hand in its management, the active management devolving a good deal upon Josiah Horrow. They decided to drop Mr. Hodge an anonymous letter signed, "A Friend Who Knows," warning him to overhaul Mr. Horrow's affairs at the bank. Probably Mr. Hodge would show it to Mr. Horrow with that indignation which honorable men feel for anonymous attacks. But they could also send a similar letter to Mrs. Borland, who, at present, represented her deceased

send some communications to the bank-examiner and to other directors—all for the purpose of indicating to Mr. Horrow that his hole was caving in on him and he'd best get out of it quickly. This decision was taken on a Tuesday afternoon.

The next day, when Ben Bodet, hunter of men, stepped into his lodging, his unhandsome face was screwed up in a scowl of affliction. The lodging consisted of sitting-room, bedroom, and bath in the twelfth story of the Carman Building, on Michigan Boulevard. It was furnished in a disconcerting fashion. Once in a while, Bodet chanced to see a piece of furniture that struck his fancy; whereupon he bought it regardless of whether or not he had any particular need of it or of its suitability to his apartment. A ponderous table of curiously carved walnut, much too

large for that environment, stood in the middle of the sitting-room. The memorandum-calendar upon it said, "Wednesday, July 26." The

globular glass clock which Bodet had bought because its fat face looked so idiotic said a quarter to five. There was no thermometer, but none was needed. Bodet's soft collar and even the bosom of his limp shirt were stained with perspiration. The sitting-room, whose windows vainly gaped for a lake breeze, was like an oven. The lodger's scowl was partly over the weather and partly an expression of righteous indignation against a gang of bank-crooks who had been robbing him of his expected vacation in the Northern woods. Only two ideas gave him satisfaction. One was the idea of what he had just done to those bank-crooks. The other was the idea of a bath. He hastened to the bathroom, opened the cold-water faucet and raised his hand to undo his necktie. His impatient fingers closed on the bedraggled collar when the telephone-bell rang.

Whereupon his face screwed up in a scowl of deeper affliction. But the bell rang again, ruthlessly. In that situation, the person at the other end of the wire might have expected scant courtesy, and his growled, "Yes?" as he took down the receiver promised as much. But a sweet tone struck his ear; at once the lines of irritation smoothed themselves out of his face, and he was answering most amiably,

"Yes, Mrs. Borland; this is Bodet."

Fifteen minutes later, bathless, sweaty, and baggy, he was entering a prim-looking four-story residence on the North Side. It was dim inside after the glare of the street, and cool. The woman who waited for him in the living-room was dressed in white, and, as the odor of a rose makes one think of beauty, her appearance made one think of fragrance.

Mrs. Borland had sent for him—finally—to show him an anonymous note that had come in the forenoon's mail. She put it in his hand, and he read:

It will pay you to have Josiah Horrow's affairs at the Lumberman's National Bank investigated very carefully.

A FRIEND WHO KNOWS.

Having read it, Bodet looked at her, and, for moment, the eyes of the man and the woman carried on a little conversation without words. There was a secret between them. Some clever rogues, led by one who called himself John Wenham, had at-



Mrs. Borland had sent for him—finally—to show him an anonymous note that had come in the forenoon's mail

husband's large stock-holdings in the bank. A woman would be pretty sure to show the letter to Hodge or Horrow or both of them. If that didn't bring satisfactory results, they could

tempted to lay hands on her late husband's fortune by means of a forged will. Josiah Horrow had misled her about that putative will. There was nothing on record against him; nothing could be proved; all the same, he had misled her. Only she and Bodet, who had detected the imposture in time, knew of the secret rôle Mr. Horrow had played in the affair. As Horrow had committed no crime that the statutes recognize, she had said, "Leave it to Providence," adding, with a kind of wistful pity and with complete feminine inconsequence: "I know his wife and daughter, Mr. Bodet. I am sure they are good women."

The little wordless conversation was about that secret. Her eyes fell—perhaps with some little confusion or humility—for he had not at all approved of her course respecting Mr. Horrow's secret rôle in that will business.

"I thought you ought to know about this note," she said, and added, smiling, "I wanted to hear what you made of it."

Bodet had noticed, by the postmark on the envelope, that the letter had been mailed in the down-town district of Chicago the afternoon before; but he had no intention of letting Mrs. Borland hear what he made of it. He could respect or even reverence the tenderness and pity that played their part in making her as fragrant to one's mind as a rose is to one's nose, but leaving things to Providence wasn't exactly in his line of trade. An hypothesis had promptly occurred to him, and he didn't propose to have soft-hearted Mrs. Borland intervening. He merely said he would think it over and see what he could make of it.

It was not until Thursday morning that Mr. Hodge showed Josiah Horrow his anonymous note, mentioning that Mrs. Borland had received one like it, and expressing, with generous warmth, the opinion that they were undoubtedly written by some dirty blackguard. However, he thought Mr. Horrow ought to be warned that such a dirty blackguard was on his trail, so that he might perhaps run the rascal to earth. But Mr. Horrow had also received an anonymous note on the same kind of stationery, which said, "That stock is still for sale." So he had no doubt as to where the rascal was to be found. As soon as he was alone, he called up room 1056 at the Hotel Cardinal.

That afternoon, two country bankers from Colorado called on him and he showed them over the premises. The younger one was especially interested in the safe-deposit vault, which an obliging guard exhibited to him in detail.

On Friday, Mrs. Borland came to the bank to attend to a matter of business to which Mr. Horrow had called her attention. Mr. Horrow accompanied her down-stairs to the safe-deposit vault and stood not far off while she and the guard unlocked her big strong box.

Shortly before noon, Saturday, a large pasteboard box, securely wrapped and bearing the label of a well-known Michigan Boulevard shop, was delivered to Mr. Horrow at his office in the bank. That afternoon, the two country bankers from Colorado called again. One of them had an envelope of valuable papers to leave over Sunday in the safe-deposit vault.

At a quarter to one on Sunday, Mr. Horrow, walking over from his club on Michigan Boulevard, applied his latch-key to the basement door near the alley in the smoke-crusted old building occupied by the Lumberman's National Bank.

But the door did not yield; it was bolted on the inside. That jangled his nerves. This was broad midday of a summer Sunday. The town was shut up as to business; yet people were passing along the street in both directions; vehicles were going by. All they could see was simply the vice-president letting himself into the basement door with a pass-key, which was nothing to excite anybody's comment or suspicion. Yet the bolted door jangled his nerves fairly as though a shot had been fired, and he gave an impatient shake at the knob as though he were being pursued. The door swung back at once, the blond athletic man opening it from the inside.

"I slipped the bolt after the watchman left," he explained. "I thought possibly somebody else with a pass-key might come along."

Horrow himself hadn't thought of that. It was very improbable; yet the point might as well be covered.

"We're all ready for you," the blond man went on, as he closed the door behind Mr. Horrow and felt for the bolt, looking at the banker the while. "It will take hardly fifteen minutes now. You'll be in time for lunch." He slipped a hand under the banker's arm and they went back to the safe-deposit vault.

There was an office, or ante-room, in front of the vault proper. On one side of this office were half a dozen small rooms to which safety-box renters might retire and examine their securities at leisure. On the other side, thick bars of burnished steel, running from floor to ceiling, guarded the vault itself. Wenham stood in

the office, at ease and smiling good-naturedly as the banker stepped in, as though they were engaged in the most innocent of occupations. On the table at which he stood lay the big pasteboard box, unwrapped and open, ready to receive the Borland bonds.

Wenham and the blond man who was registered at the hotel as G. W. Andrews stood back in scrupulous good faith while Mr. Horrow approached the massive door through which one passed the burnished barrier to the vault. In spite of himself, the banker's hand shook so that he had to work the combination twice over. He got it the second time, however; the bolts clicked. Tugging at the handle, he swung the ponderous door back. The vault stood open before them. All three entered it. Mr. Horrow, in fact, had all four of the numbers of Mrs. Borland's combination. In a moment, the big iron receptacle lay at their feet.

"In there," said Wenham, with a nod toward the table in the office. There, he and Joe lugging the heavy box, they went, followed by Mr. Horrow. They set their box on the table, glanced at the banker, and again, with scrupulous good faith, moved back a bit, while Mr. Horrow stepped up to the table.

Before him, open to his hand, lay the Borland fortune—some six million dollars. Part of it was in a form that made stealing unprofitable—stock certificates and the like that could not be negotiated. But part of it was stuff that he could dispose of. He knew exactly what he wanted and proceeded to delve in the box for it, in breathless haste. As his trembling, rummaging hands turned up a bundle of securities that he could use, he tossed that bundle into the open pasteboard box. With all his haste, it took more time than the fifteen minutes which the blond person had mentioned.

Finally, he paused and wiped his sweaty brow. There was a heap of folded papers in the pasteboard box, and the contents of the iron box was in disorder. Still B. F. Johnson and G. W. Andrews honorably stood back; in fact, they had sat down at the other side of the office, leaving it all to him. Mr. Horrow took a full breath and proceeded, with the same haste, to put the contents of Mrs. Borland's box in better order. He then arranged the heaped securities in the pasteboard box in more symmetrical fashion, so that the box-cover would fit snugly down upon them. Only then did his honorable confederates come forward to help him. While he stood by, drawing short, irregular, subdued breaths, with perspiration on his forehead, they fitted the cover on the pasteboard box for him, put the heavy wrapping-paper round it, and replaced the cord.

G. W. Andrews was retying the first knot when a gruff voice behind them said,

"What's this?"

They turned, all three of them, and saw in the doorway a tall and burly figure in police uniform—a lieutenant, as the gilded cap showed. Mr. Horrow could not have moved or spoken if his life had depended on it.

"Basement door didn't look quite shut," said the lieutenant. "I found it wasn't locked and came in. What's going on here?" His eyes were decidedly suspicious; his tone was decidedly truculent.

"This is Mr. Horrow, vice-president of the bank," said Wenham, suavely.

The lieutenant's suspicious eyes examined the ashen banker a moment.

"I don't know Mr. Horrow," he said truculently. "But I can get somebody here that does in a few minutes." He stepped toward the telephone.

"Maybe you know Mr. Hodge, the president," Andrews suggested.

"Yes; I know Mr. Hodge," the lieutenant admitted.

"Well, he's right in there; look for yourself," said Andrews, pointing to the door of one of the little private rooms for box-renters. The lieutenant eyed the speaker an instant after the manner of a big, vigilant fighting dog; then, secure in his invincible authority, he stepped toward the indicated door, which was ajar the fraction of an inch. As he put forth his hand, Andrews was after him, crouching, swift and catlike. Mr. Horrow's staring eyes saw the blond man's hand go under his coat tail and come out holding a black object. As the lieutenant pushed the door open, Andrews leaped and struck him mightily on the back of the head with the butt of a heavy black revolver. The lieutenant went down like a felled ox, pitching forward into the room and falling on his face. Andrews sprang on top of him and struck furiously again and again.

"Hold on!" Wenham cried, and ran forward and seized the flail-like arm. There was a little struggle (Continued on page 111)



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**M**MARGARET LAWRENCE, who was the bright particular light, last year, of "Tea for Three," has an equally congenial rôle this season—that of the scintillating heroine of a new comedy, "Wedding Bells," a big success in New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL PICTURES



**D**OLORES came to New York from England as a dressmaker's model, but her superb figure and great beauty soon placed her with the "Ziegfeld Folies," and she is now one of the star attractions of the Danse de Folies' "Nine o'Clock Frolic."



**G**LADYSCALDWELL  
is the charming ingénue  
soprano of the American  
Singers Company, whose  
renditions of famous ope-  
rettas have delighted the New  
York public this season.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

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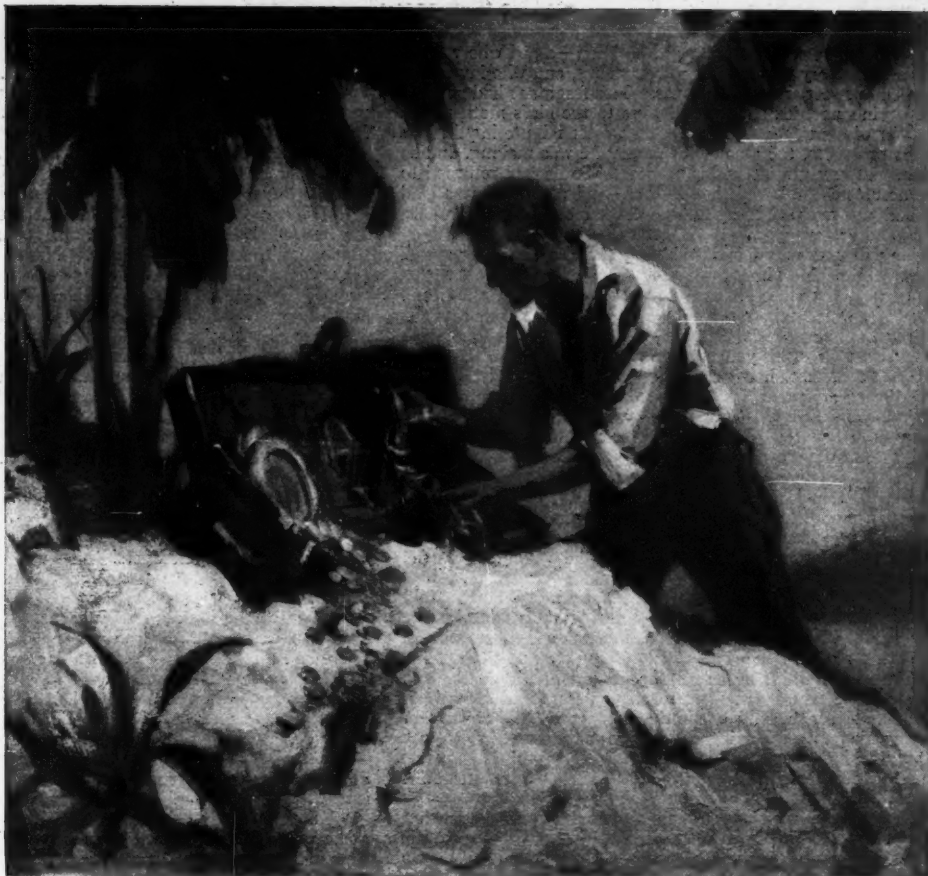




**L**ILLIAN LEITZEL is a wonderful aerial gymnast who does marvelous stunts with rope and ring at the "Midnight Frolic," New York. She comes from Prague, and her mother is one of the best known acrobats in Europe.

*The fascinating love-story of a care-free seeker for Spanish gold*

By  
Dana  
Burnet



He had found the treasure! He had stumbled upon the wreck of a Spanish galleon, buried these three hundred years in the sand! He had struck his head on a fortune!

# *The Man Without A Worry*

*Illustrated by P. A. Carter*

**B**ENJAMIN HILL was a shoe-clerk in Newman's department store, Fifth Avenue, New York. He was thirty years old. He had light-blue eyes and brown hair, which he wore neatly parted in the middle. His face was round, his expression pleasant and obliging. He wore sober blue-serge suits, or, occasionally, something in dark gray. His ties were cheap, tasty, unassuming. His shoes were of a genteel black, and, while they never seemed new, were always well polished. He was five feet eleven inches tall, and had just enough fat about his waist to be respectable without being conspicuous.

Benjamin had been born in a small up-state village on the edge of a fresh-water lake, had been left an orphan at the age of fifteen, and, after a year of suffering at the hands of local charity, had run off to New York to make his own way.

He had had rather a frightful time of it. He had encountered, in a few short months, hunger, cold, want, poverty, loneliness, and fear—those weights that press upon the human soul and crush the excess independence out of it. Starvation has caused a revolution here and there; but how many revolutions has not the fear of starvation prevented?

At last, Benjamin Hill had been taken on at Newman's as a door-boy. It was his duty to stand in the vestibule, dressed in a blue uniform with brass buttons, and twirl the revolving doors for incoming and outgoing customers. By continual watchfulness, he had managed to work his way into the great store itself, and eventually into the shoe department.

He was very contented there. He became an excellent salesman. He had a way of rubbing his hands, bowing to a prospective purchaser, and saying, "What can I do for you to-day, sir?"

that was quite irresistible. In the natural course of events, he would have gone on being a shoe-clerk all his life—getting a gray head and stooping a little more each year—and, at the end of it, would have saved enough money to pay for a good funeral and a solid, substantial (but inconspicuous) shaft in the cemetery. Or, if he lived long enough, he might retire on a pension, for this was in the day of social and economic enlightenment, when the proprietors of great businesses had come to accept the once heretical doctrine that kindness to the employed pays dividends.

Benjamin lived in Brooklyn, in one of those old brownstone boarding-houses that contrive to give an air of respectability without charging too much for it. Benjamin's boarding-house was located near the water-front, and to reach it he traveled in the subway, which he rather enjoyed, except on hot summer days when the air was very bad. The subway was always crowded, and Benjamin liked crowds. That is, he felt safe in them.

This feeling of safety was to Benjamin the most practical state of happiness that life could offer him. In earlier days, he had searched himself with painful thoroughness to discover any talent or ability that might mark him as one destined for a career. He had discovered none. Thereupon, he had scurried to safety, taking refuge in obscurity, in being anonymous, in covering himself with the mantle of the crowd.

Occasionally, it is true, he had moments in which he suffered a dreadful depression. At such times, a sort of cloud descended upon his spirit, confusing and distorting the world about him. He felt himself to be a victim of that which he could not name, and would experience agonizing emotions of rebellion and resentment. Once, indeed, in one of these strange spells of his,

he had very nearly married a girl he knew—a girl who worked in the perfumery department at Newman's, and who invariably smelled of sweet and exotic scents. This fragrance had got into Benjamin's nostrils, and he had gone to the girl's mother with an offer of marriage; but the mother, after minute inquiries as to his prospects, the amount of money he was making, and so forth, had firmly rejected his proposal. So he had returned to the accustomed odor of shoe-leather—and afterward was glad he had not married the girl, who turned out to be frivolous, vain, and extravagant.

One will understand from this that there was a queer streak in Benjamin. He himself realized it, and did his best to eliminate from his nature all unorthodox longings, aspirations, and yearnings which might serve to befog the clear course of his existence as a shoe-clerk. These vague, visionary lapses he recognized as a trait of his youth. In his boyhood, he had dreamed impossible dreams, had entertained the wild and wistful hope that life might prove interesting, vivid, tuneful, handsome of aspect. Life had proved a drudgery mildly bearable, yet the visions still haunted him. They never do fade quite out of the soul, those fantastic visions of youth.

It was a sharp, snowy evening toward the end of December. As Benjamin, in company with hundreds of other clerks, emerged from the employees' exit of Newman's, a biting wind nipped his cheek. He glanced instinctively at his fellow workers. They were all turning up their coat collars and saying: "Whew! Cold night!"

Benjamin turned up his coat collar, said: "Whew! Cold night!" and, turning east, walked briskly toward the subway station at Thirty-third Street and Park Avenue. There, in the kiosk entrance, he bought his usual evening paper.

Once in the train, he began the perusal of his paper. At Fourteenth Street, he changed to an express, raced a fat man with bundles for the only seat in the car, secured it, and went on reading his paper. Having finished with the news (which was all in the head-lines, anyway), he turned to the back page, where he found an article entitled: "Famous Treasures Lost at Sea."

This he read with an enjoyment based largely upon that queer streak in his nature. He had always relished romantic stories of the sea. Toward the end of the article, he came upon the following paragraph:

About three centuries ago, a fleet of Spanish galleons, carrying passengers from Mexico, and heavily laden with gold and silver bullion, ornaments, jewels, and so forth, was wrecked upon the west coast of Florida. The passengers were almost all drowned and the treasure totally lost. To this day, somewhere among the bays and keys of the Florida coast lies buried an incalculable fortune of Spanish gold.

"Borough Hall!" shouted the guard. "Borough Hall!"

Benjamin rose from his seat, entered the current of people surging toward the exit, and was ejected automatically from the train. As he stepped into the street, he saw the snow beating down and the lights of the shop windows shining mistily through it. "Spanish gold!" he said aloud, and then looked about in embarrassment, hoping that no one had heard him. It was such an absurd thing to say.

Nevertheless, the phrase stuck in his mind. Several times on the way to his boarding-house, he found himself repeating it. That night, at dinner, he mentioned the lost treasure to the elderly spinster who sat opposite him at table.

"Seems strange, doesn't it," said Benjamin, in his pleasant, clerkly manner, "to think of all that gold lying buried in the sand?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the seamstress cautiously. "They say Florida's a wonderful state. I had an aunt who died there. But I should think," she added, reverting suddenly to the original subject of discourse, "I should think they'd have found that treasure by this time if there was anything to it."

"The trouble is," said Benjamin, "they haven't gone at the job systematically. Now, if I were doing it—"

If he were doing it, indeed! The very thought was preposterous. Yet he pursued it, elaborating his plan, which had popped into his head on the instant, for the secret delight it caused him. His plan was rudimentary. He would take a boat, and a good pickax, and go tapping his way down the Florida coast until he struck a foundered galleon—

"Dear me!" exclaimed the seamstress. "I had no idea it was so simple. Then you can buy an orange grove and marry and settle down. But if you have children, you must look out for the alligators—"

The next day, during a lull in the affairs of the shoe depart-

ment, Benjamin repeated his plan to the senior clerk, who frowned, sighed, and shook his bald old head.

"Better stick to shoes, Benjamin," he quavered. "Gold is money, and money is only meant for the few. Only for the few, Benjamin. That's the way the Lord arranged it."

But Benjamin continued to talk about the treasure and his scheme for recovering it. The idea took hold of his mind, became an obsession with him. He dreamed at night of Spanish gold. He conversed upon the subject at every opportunity. He buttonholed his friends in the shoe department until they pronounced him a veritable bore. Nor could doubt or derision shake him. He had verified the newspaper account by digging through several histories of Florida. The treasure was there, only waiting for the man to find it. Spanish gold!

One night, Benjamin could not sleep for thinking of the treasure. He got up, dressed, and stole out of his boarding-house. He walked along the Heights to Montague Street, and thence down to the water-front. At one of the piers a ship lay with her masts against the sky. There were lights on the dock and a rattle of winches and the scraping sound of coal being poured into her bunkers. Benjamin accosted a drowsy watchman.

"When does this ship sail?"

"To-morrow noon."

"Where is she bound to?"

"Jacksonville, Havana, Colon."

"Does she carry passengers?"

"Sure!"

"Thank you."

The watchman gave a sleepy grunt. Benjamin turned, and walked back up Montague Street until he came to the bank where he kept his modest fortune. He had saved nine hundred dollars in fourteen years. It was to have seen him decently into his grave.

The bank was a handsome, massive structure of white stone. It covered a city block. How solid it looked! Not graceful and poetical, like a ship, but solemn, important, almost sacred. Standing there in substantial magnificence beneath the stars, it had the air of a temple. So many of our bank buildings have!

"A man has only a little time to live," muttered Benjamin, as he walked slowly back to look at the ship again. "A little time to live," he repeated, and smacked his lips over it, as though he had tasted savory food. "Spanish gold!" whispered the wind that swept up from the docks.

He retraced his steps like a sentry pacing a beat. He stood before the white temple where his money was, and a kind of ecstasy descended upon him. Then, suddenly, a light was blushing the street, sweeping back the shadows. He realized that it was morning. He went into a cafeteria and ate breakfast. He read a newspaper. He walked about impatiently, glancing continually at his watch.

At nine o'clock, the doors of the bank were opened. Benjamin went in, trembling, and wrote a check for all his money. This he presented at the paying-teller's window. There was no line at the window. He felt queer and naked and greatly excited.

"You are closing out your account, Mr. Hill?"

"Yes—if you please—yes, I am," said Benjamin, trying to keep his voice steady.

The teller, with an imperturbable air, paid him the money. Benjamin's hand shook as he placed the bills in his wallet.

At noon that day, a ship sailed out of the harbor, southward bound, and at about the same hour, the manager of the shoe department at Newman's remarked to the senior clerk:

"I can't understand it. He hasn't missed a day in fourteen years."

And the senior clerk answered, shaking his head mournfully, "I fear that something has happened to Benjamin."

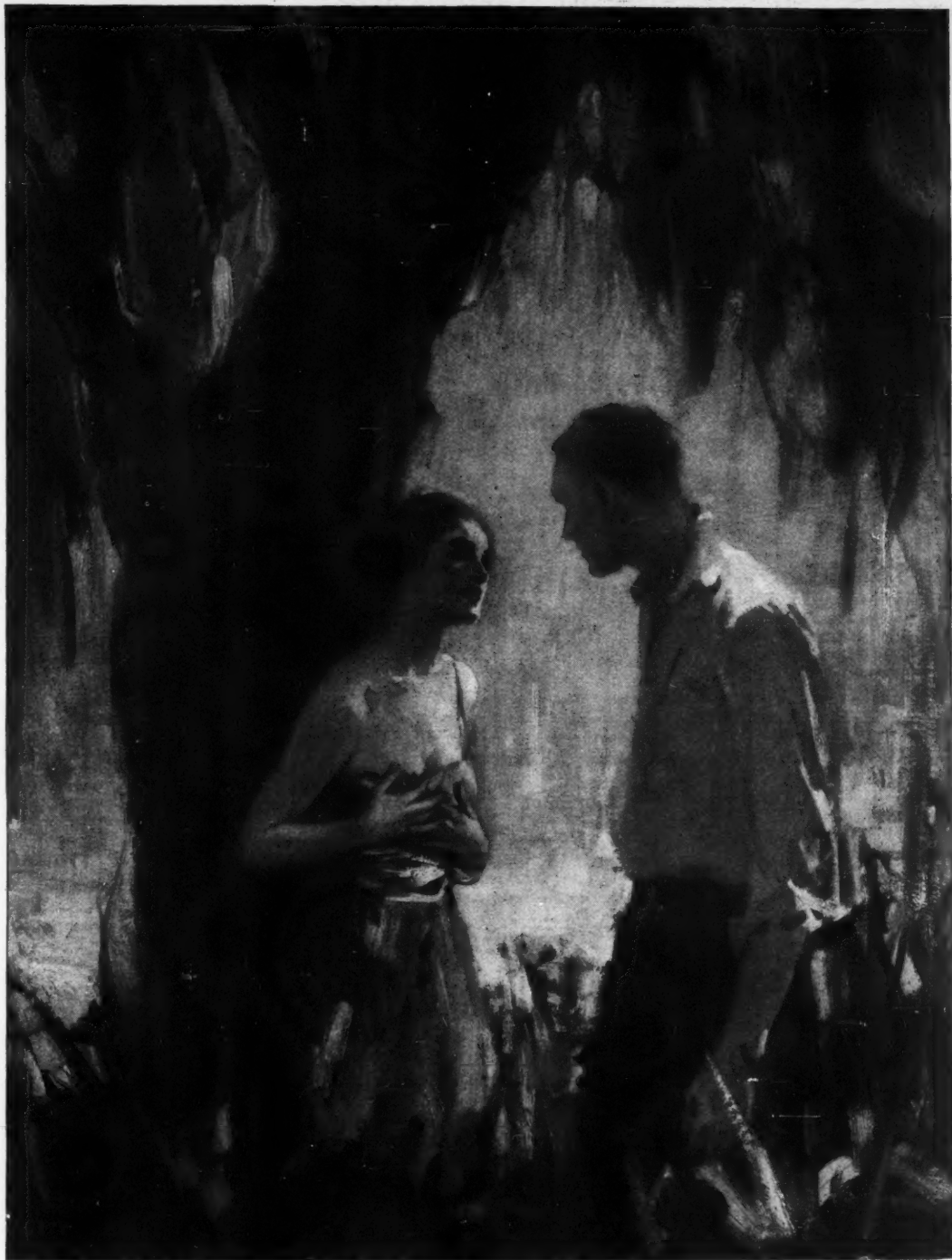
In truth, something had happened to Benjamin.

He stood upon the deck of the outgoing steamer, looking his last at the city piled white and high into the blue air. It, too, was like a temple—a tremendous, awe-inspiring temple, where millions of human beings worshipped daily a god called Business. He watched it fade into the distance, then turned his face to the sea. There was a cold wind blowing, but he felt it not at all. His hat, pulled low over his eyes, gave him a rakish look. He drew deep breaths of the bitter salt air into his lungs. He spread his legs to the ship's roll, puffed out his cheeks, and gazed at a gray gull circling overhead.

"What can I do for you to-day, sir?" he cried, and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Benjamin's plan, as has been said, was simple. Simplicity also marked his execution of it. He left the ship at Jacksonville.





"You know something, Ben-ja-min?" she said. "You take me with you in the boat, and I will be your wife"

From there he traveled by train to the West Coast. He was quite composed in his mind. Once embarked upon the adventure, his excitement had given place to a sort of philosophic calm. There would be difficulties, of course, but he would meet these as they arose and leave the result to Providence. His shortcomings as a seaman, for instance, gave him no concern. In his youth, he had sailed a leaky catboat on the fresh-water lake near his home, and felt confident of his ability to regain full mastery of the art. As for the treasure, there were only so many miles of sea-coast, and if one devoted one's life to the venture—

Five days after leaving New York, Benjamin reached a small

fishing-village upon the Gulf coast of Florida. He felt as though he had entered a different world. The flat, sandy stretches of pine woods, the forests of live-oaks dripping with gray Spanish moss, the Spanish bayonet, the palmettos etched against the sky, the rank grass under foot, the clear blue heavens overhead, the balmy air, the prodigal sunlight, the predominance of black faces, the slow, drawling voices of whites and negroes alike—all conspired to produce in Benjamin a sense of novelty that was personal and introspective as well as objective and general. He experienced that most delightful of all human sensations, the sense of rebirth, of being made over.

Benjamin spent several days looking for a boat. Finally he found one at anchor in the harbor with the name "Golden Star" painted across her stern. He discovered and sought out her owner, a lean fisherman with a hawk's nose.

"I want to buy your boat," said Benjamin.

"Hain't for sale."

"What would she be worth if she was for sale?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars, I reckon."

"I'll give you three seventy-five, spot cash," said Benjamin, and, taking out his wallet, he counted the sum aloud.

"Sold!" said the fisherman, heaving a long sigh. Then, as his fingers closed up on the roll of bills, he added, "You must want her pretty bad, stranger?"

"Yes," said Benjamin; "I like her name."

Later, he went aboard the craft. She was a twenty-foot sloop, with a comfortable cabin, a diminutive galley, stove, cooking-utensils, and so forth, a small gasoline-motor in the after cockpit, a hold forward for fish, a dingey fastened astern, a good anchor, and a complete suit of sails. She was exactly what Benjamin had wanted, but that did not surprise him. Any boat with the name "Golden Star" naturally would be suitable in other respects.

He remained in port a few days, taking on supplies, acquainting himself with his vessel, studying the gas-engine, practising seamanship, and otherwise making ready for his cruise down the coast. He had no idea how the adventure would terminate; he knew only that a day of his new freedom was worth a lifetime of respectable drudgery.

He had bought a chart, a compass, and a book on the rudiments of navigation. With these to assist him, with two weeks' provisions below decks, some fishing-tackle, ten gallons of gasoline, a good pickax, and four hundred dollars in cash, Benjamin Hill, ex-shoe-clerk, sailed, one glorious January morning, in the sloop "Golden Star" to search for Spanish treasure lost in a typhoon three centuries before.

Nothing is so sublime as the sublimity of a fool.

Yet it is astonishing how quickly a man adapts himself to new ways of life when he is in love with living. At the end of the first day's voyage, Benjamin had learned much, and was the wiser by numerous experiences. He had discovered the idiosyncrasies of his craft, had been seasick, had recovered from seasickness, had been wet with spray and blistered by the sun, had come to anchor at dusk in a little cove bordered with live-oaks, water-oaks, and thick shrubbery hung with drooping strands of moss. The sand on this beach was as white as milk, the water a deep blue, edged with lavender and shot with opal lights. The air was warm and voluptuous.

Benjamin went into the galley and cooked supper. He knew something about cooking. Most shoe-clerks do.

When he had satisfied the cravings of an exquisite hunger, he sat down upon the deck, let his legs dangle overside, and lighted his pipe. A peace such as he had never known settled upon his spirit. He leaned forward and winked at his image reflected in the still water.

"This is something like, eh, old dog?" said Benjamin.

The next day, he loafed, paddled about in the dingey, and caught a fish. The day following, he discovered his first wreck, the remains of a vessel half buried in the sand. He spent some time exploring it, but was forced finally to the conclusion that

it had been a brick-barge and not a Spanish galleon. Nevertheless, he was tremendously cheered and heartened.

He sailed on, day after day, heading steadily down the coast, taking cover when the weather was foul, prodding into the bones of dead ships, fishing, loafing, living by his own effort and at his own pleasure. His body became hard and alive in every part; he worked off the fat about his waist. His face, browned



"Yes—pay!" repeated the woman in very bad English, regarding

by the sun, lost its round, obliging look and gained new lines of firmness, strength, and power. His eyes glowed. In all, he was an excellent figure of a man.

At the end of a month, it occurred to him that he could not continue indefinitely to live on a capital reduced now to three hundred and seventy-five dollars. Thereupon, he went fishing in earnest, and at the end of a few weeks was able to demonstrate the fact that he could be not only independent but also self-supporting. In short, he had attained his final and complete freedom from those conditions which nature has imposed upon humanity, and which humanity in general has not yet been able to meet intelligently.

One evening, just before sunset, Benjamin sailed silently into a little bay with thickly wooded shores and, rounding to, let go his anchor. As he did so, he heard a great splashing behind him, and, turning his head, he saw, to his amazement, a swimmer making for the beach. He had a confused impression of flashing white arms and a thick mass of copper-colored hair floating on the water. Then he realized that the swimmer was a girl.

Inevitable conjecture prevented him. Who was the girl? Was she a mermaid? No, certainly; for she had gone into the brush. Perhaps she was some manner of wood-nymph.

Suddenly he hauled the dingy alongside the sloop, tumbled into it, and rowed ashore. Grounding the boat on the sand, he made his way into the forest. He found indications of a rude trail leading inland and followed it. He had gone but a few paces, however,

when he stopped, irresolute, beside a huge live-oak. Why had he come? Who was he to chase a wood-nymph? Was the whole episode a chimera of his imagination?

There was no sign of the girl.

Then an extraordinary thing happened to Benjamin. The tip of a soft finger touched his hand. He started violently and whirled about. There, standing by the tree, was the girl with copper-colored hair, clad now in a single loose-fitting garment bound about her waist with a brilliant yellow scarf. Her arms, throat, and ankles were bare. Her feet were in sandals, made, evidently, of a heavy straw. Her hair, still wet, hung glistening down her back.

She gazed up at Benjamin and smiled. She had small, white, even teeth.

"You look for me, hey?" Her voice had a strange, quaint accent. Benjamin nodded, too dazed to speak. "You are Americano, hey?" Again Benjamin nodded. "I spik Americano. That is ver' nice. I will talk with you."

"Who are you?" asked Benjamin confusedly.

"I am Paula."

"Yes—but who are you? Where do you live?"

"In the camp."

"What camp?"

"In the camp of my people."

"Oh—you're a Gipsy?"

The girl shook her head vehemently.

"I am Americano. My father was Americano."

"Was he?" murmured Benjamin.

"Oh, yes. My mother, she is what you call Gipsy. She is come with her people—her tribe—from Habana—you know? And my father, he is work on the great railroad. You know? He is Irish-American. And he see my mother—she is ver' pretty Spanish Gipsy—and he fall to love her like the devil. And she love him, too—he has such beautiful red hair! And he come to live with her in the tribe, and I am born ver' soon, and he teach me Americano. And he die." (Continued on page 102)



Benjamin with her beady black eyes. "Pay—have—Paula!" And she smiled ingratiatingly

He sat charmed, hypnotized, watching the progress of that pale body through the sapphire water. Finally the swimmer reached the shallows, rose naked, tall, slender and dripping—an infinitely graceful and beautiful picture against the massed green of the forest, then turned, plunged into the thicket, and was gone.

For a while, Benjamin did not move. He was enraptured, pleased to his very soul. This was what he had expected of life—unutterable beauty whisking without reason or explanation across his path, wild loveliness scrambling up naked from sunlit waters and disappearing, with a haste somewhat touched with humor, into the sheltering wood. He wanted to clap his hands, laugh, and shout approval.



# In Chancery

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

IX

VAL HEARS THE NEWS



The woman who divided the House of Forsyte

**I**RENE, estranged wife of Soames Forsyte. Soames, twelve years before, employed Bosinney, a young architect (to whom June Forsyte, daughter of young Jolyon by his first wife, was betrothed) to build a home, Robin Hill, for himself and Irene. Irene and Bosinney fell in love, and Irene separated from Soames only a short time before Bosinney was accidentally killed. Years later, Irene meets—

Old JOLYON FORSYTE, the eccentric, Soames' uncle, who had bought Robin Hill from Soames. Her beauty brings Indian summer into the close of old Jolyon's long life, and, dying, he leaves her—to the shocked amazement of the rest of the family—a legacy of which—

Young JOLYON FORSYTE, his son, a painter, is made trustee. Young Jolyon now lives at Robin Hill with June, and Jolly, a boy of college age, and Holly, a charming girl—children by a second wife now dead.

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**T**HE keeping of engagements had not as yet been a conspicuous feature in the life of young Val Dartie, so that, when he broke two and kept one, it was the latter event which caused him, if anything, the greater surprise while jogging back to town from Robin Hill, after his ride with Holly. She had been even prettier than he had thought her yesterday, on her silver-roan, long-tailed "palfrey;" and it seemed to him, reflecting, self-critical, in the brumous October gloaming and the outskirts of London, that only his boots had shone throughout their two-hour companionship. He took out his new gold "hunter"—present from James—and looked, not at the time but at sections of his face in the glittering back of its opened case. He had a temporary spot over one eyebrow, and it displeased him, for it must have displeased her. Crum never had any spots. Together with Crum rose the scene in the promenade of the Pandemonium.

To-day he had not had the faintest desire to unbosom himself to Holly about his father. His father lacked poetry, the stirrings of which he was feeling for the first time in his nineteen years. The Liberty, with Cynthia Dark, that almost mythical embodiment of rapture; the Pandemonium, with the woman of uncertain age—both seemed to Val completely "off," fresh from communion with this new, shy, dark-haired young cousin of his. She rode "jolly well," too; so that it had been all the more flattering that she had left him to lead her where he would in the long gallops of Richmond Park, though she knew them so much better than he did.

Looking back on it all, he was mystified by the barrenness of his speech; he felt that he could say an awful lot of "fetching" things if he had but the chance again, and the thought that he must go back to Littlehampton on the morrow, and to Oxford on the twelfth—"to a beastly exam," too—without the faintest chance of first seeing her again caused darkness to settle on his spirit even more quickly than on the evening. He should write to her, however, and she had promised to answer. Perhaps she would come up to Oxford to see her brother, too.

That thought was like the first star, which came out just as he rode into Padwick's livery-stables in the purlieu of Sloane Square. He got off and stretched himself luxuriously, for he had ridden some twenty-five good miles. The Dartie within him made him chaffer for five minutes with young Padwick concerning Chiffon for the Cambridgeshire; then, with the words: "Put the gee down to my account," he walked away, a little wide at the knees, and flipping his boots with his knotty little cane. "I don't feel a bit inclined to go out," he thought. "I wonder if mother will stand fizz for my last night." With "fizz" and recollection, he could well pass a domestic evening.

When he came down, speckless after his bath, he found his mother in a scrupulously low evening dress, and, to his annoyance, his uncle Soames. They stopped talking when he came in; then his uncle said, "He'd better be told."

At those words, which meant something about his father, of course, Val's first thought was of Holly. Was it anything beastly? His mother began speaking.

"Your father," she said, in her fashionably appointed voice, while her fingers plucked rather pitifully at sea-green brocade, "your father, my dear boy, has—is not at Newmarket; he's on his way to South America. He—he's left us."

Val looked from her to Soames. Left them! Was he sorry? Was he fond of his father? It seemed to him that he did not know. Then, suddenly—as at a whiff of gardenias, and cigars—his heart twitched within him, and he was sorry. One's father belonged to one, could not go off in this fashion—it was not done! Nor had he always been the "bouncer" of the Pandemonium

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# A New Novel

By

John Galsworthy

promenade. There were precious memories of tailor's shops and horses, tips at school, and general lavish kindness when in luck.

"But why?" he said. Then, as a sportsman himself, was sorry he had asked. The mask of his mother's face was all disturbed, and he burst out: "All right, mother; don't tell me! Only, what does it mean?"

"A divorce, Val, I'm afraid."

Val gave a queer little grunt, and looked quickly at his uncle—that uncle whom he had been taught to look on as a guarantee against the consequences of having a father, even against the Dartie blood in his own veins. The flat-cheeked visage seemed to wince, and this upset him.

"It won't be public, will it?" And vividly before him came recollection of his own eyes glued to the unsavory details of many a divorce suit in the public press. "Can't it be done quietly somehow? It's so disgusting for—mother, and—and everybody."

"Everything will be done as quietly as possible, you may be sure."

"Yes; but—why is it necessary at all? Mother doesn't want to marry again." Himself, the girls, their name tarnished in the sight of his schoolfellows, and of Crum, of the men at Oxford, of—Holly! Unbearable! What was to be gained by it? "Do you, mother?" he said sharply.

Thus brought face to face with so much of her own feeling, by the one she loved best in the world, Winifred rose from the Empire chair in which she had been sitting. She saw that her son would be against her unless he was told everything; and yet how could she tell him? And she did not speak, still plucking at the green brocade and staring at Soames. And Val, too, stared at Soames. Surely this embodiment of respectability and the sense of property could not wish to bring such a slur on his own sister!

Soames sat slowly passing a little inlaid paper-knife over the smooth surface of a marquetry table; then, without looking at his nephew, he began: "You don't understand what your mother has had to put up with these twenty years. This is only the last straw, Val." And, glancing up sideways at Winifred, he added, "Shall I tell him?"

Winifred was silent. If he were not told, he would be against her. And yet, how dreadful to be told such things of his own father! Clenching her lips, she nodded.

Soames spoke, in a rapid, even voice:

"He has always been a burden round your mother's neck. She has paid his debts over and over again; he has often been drunk, abused and threatened her; and now he is gone to Buenos Aires with a dancer." And as if distrusting the efficacy of those words on the boy, he went on quickly, "He took your mother's pearls to give to her."

Val jerked up his hand then. At that signal of distress, Winifred cried out,

"That'll do, Soames—stop!"

In the boy, the Dartie and the Forsyte struggled. For debts, drink, dancers, he had a certain sympathy; but the pearls—no! That was too much! And suddenly he found his mother's hand, squeezing his against the green brocade.

"You see," he heard Soames say, "we can't have it all begin over again. There's a limit; we must strike while the iron's hot."

Val freed his hand.

"But—you're—never going to bring out that about the pearls! I couldn't stand that—I simply couldn't!"

Winifred cried out:

"No, no, Val—oh, no! That's only to show you how impossible your father is." And his uncle nodded. Somewhat assuaged, Val took out a cigarette. His father had bought him that thin curved case. Oh, it was unbearable—just as he was going up to Oxford!

"Can't mother be protected without?" he said. "I could look after her. It could always be done later if it was really necessary."

A smile played for a moment round Soames's lips, and became bitter.

"You don't know what you're talking of. Nothing's so fatal as delay in such matters."

"Why?"

"I tell you, boy, nothing's so fatal. I know from experience."

His voice had the ring of exasperation. And Val regarded him, round-eyed, never having known his uncle express any sort



Her husband, the  
"Man of Property"

SOAMES FORSYTE, prosperous and conservative London solicitor, eldest son of James Forsyte and Emily. His sister is—

WINIFRED DARTIE, whose man-of-the-world husband has run off to South America with his wife's pearls and a Spanish dancer. The Darties have four children. The eldest are Imogen, of "coming-out" age, and Val, preparing to enter Oxford and in love at first sight with Holly Forsyte, young Jolyon's daughter. He is the special care of Soames, who is childless, but who has found—

ANNETTE, a French girl, daughter of a Soho restaurant-keeper, whom he would like to marry. The dream of Soames' life is for a son. He has prevailed upon his cousin, young Jolyon, to approach Irene on the subject of a divorce. She merely sends back word that she is sorry Soames is not free. Soames knows that a divorce from her would be difficult to obtain after the twelve years of separation. And such a step would shock his family cruelly.

of feeling. Oh, yes—he remembered now. There had been an aunt Irene, and something had happened—something which people kept dark; he had heard his father once use an unmentionable word of her.

"I don't want to speak ill of your father," Soames went on doggedly, "but I know him well enough to be sure that he'll be back on your mother's hands before a year's over. You can imagine what that will mean to her and to all of you after this. The only thing is to cut the knot for good."

In spite of himself, Val was impressed, and, happening to look at his mother's face, he got what was perhaps his first real insight into the fact that his own feelings were not always what mattered most.

"All right, mother," he said; "we'll back you up. Only, I'd like to know when it'll be. It's my first term, you know. I don't want to be up there when it comes off."

"Oh, my dear boy!" murmured Winifred. "It is a bore for you." So, by habit, she phrased what, from the expression of her face, was the most poignant regret. "When will it be, Soames?"

"Can't tell—not for months. We must get restitution first."

"What the deuce is that?" thought Val. "What silly brutes lawyers are! 'Not for months!' I know one thing: I'm not going to dine in." And he said,

"Awfully sorry, mother; I've got to go out to dinner now."

Though it was his last night, Winifred nodded almost gratefully; they both felt that they had gone quite far enough in the expression of feeling.

Val sought the misty freedom of Green Street, reckless and depressed. And it was not until he reached Piccadilly that he discovered he had only eighteen pence. One couldn't dine off eighteen pence, and he was very hungry. He looked longingly at the windows of the Iseum Club, where he had often eaten of the best with his father. But those pearls! There was no getting over them. The further he walked the hungrier he naturally became. Short of trailing home, there were only two places where he could go—his grandfather's in Park Lane, and Timothy's in the Bayswater Road. Which was the less deplorable? At his grandfather's he would probably get a better dinner on the spur of the moment. At Timothy's they gave you a jolly good feed when they expected you, not otherwise. He decided on Park Lane, not unmoved by the thought that to go up to Oxford without affording his grandfather a chance to tip him was hardly fair to either of them. His mother would hear he had been there, of course, and might think it funny; but he couldn't help that. He rang the bell.

"Hullo, Warmson! Any dinner for me, d'you think?"

"They're just going in, Master Val. Mr. Forsyte will be very glad to see you. He was saying at lunch that he never saw you nowadays."

Val grinned.

"Well, here I am. I say, kill the fatted calf. Let's have fizz."

Warmson smiled faintly; in his opinion, Val was a young limb.

"I will ask Mrs. Forsyte, Master Val."

"I say," Val grumbled, taking off his overcoat, "I'm not at school any more, you know."

Warmson, not without a sense of humor, opened the door beyond the stag-horn coat-stand, with the words:

"Mr. Valerius, ma'am."

"Confound him!" thought Val, entering.

A warm embrace, and a "Well, Val!" from Emily; a rather quavery, "So there you are at last!" from James, restored his sense of dignity.

"Why didn't you let us know?" James went on. "There's only saddle of mutton."

"Champagne, Warmson," said Emily. And they went in.

At the great dining-table, shortened to its utmost, under which so many fashionable legs had rested, James sat at one end, Emily at the other, Val half-way between them; and something of the loneliness of his grandparents, now that all their four children were flown, reached the boy's spirit. "I hope I shall kick the bucket long before I'm as old as grandfather," he thought. "Poor old chap, he's as thin as a rail!" And, lowering his voice while his grandfather and Warmson were in discussion about sugar in the soup, he said to Emily:

"It's pretty brutal at home, granny. I suppose you know."

"Yes, dear boy."

"Uncle Soames was there when I left. I say, isn't there anything to be done to prevent a divorce? Why is he so beastly keen on it?"

"Hush, my dear!" murmured Emily. "We're keeping it from your grandfather."

James's voice sounded from the other end.

"What's that? What are you talking about? You never tell me anything."

"We were talking about Val's college," returned Emily. "Young Pariser was there, James; you remember—he nearly broke the bank at Monte Carlo afterward."

James muttered that he did not know—Val must look after himself up there, or he'd get into bad ways. And he looked at his grandson with gloom, out of which affection distrustfully glimmered.

"What I'm afraid of," said Val to his plate, "is of being hard up, you know."

By instinct, he knew that the weak spot in that old man was fear of insecurity for his grandchildren.

"Well," said James, and the soup in his spoon dribbled over, "you'll have a good allowance; but you must keep within it."

"Of course," murmured Val; "if it is good. How much will it be, grandfather?"

"Three hundred and fifty—it's too much. I had next to nothing at your age."

Val sighed. He had hoped for four, and been afraid of three.

"I don't know what your young cousin has," said James; "he's up there. His father's a rich man."

"Aren't you?" asked Val hardily.

"I?" replied James, flustered.

"I've got so many expenses. Your father—" And he was silent.



To punt two persons when one of them looked so ravishing



"Cousin Jolyon's got an awfully jolly place. I went down there with uncle Soames—ripping stables."

"Ah," murmured James profoundly, "that house—I knew how it would be." And he lapsed into gloomy meditation over his fish-bones. His son's tragedy and the deep cleavage it had caused in the Forsyte family had still the power to draw him down into a whirlpool of doubts and misgivings. Val, who hankered to talk of Robin Hill, because Robin Hill meant Holly, turned to Emily, and said,

"Was that the house built for uncle Soames?" And, receiving her nod, went on: "I wish you'd tell me about him, granny. What became of aunt Irene? Is she still going? He seemed awfully worked up about something to-night."

Emily laid her finger on her lips, but the word "Irene" had caught James's ear.

"What's that?" he said. "Who's been seeing her? I knew we hadn't heard the last of that."

"Now, James," said Emily, "eat your dinner. Nobody's been seeing anybody."

James put down his fork.

"There you go!" he said. "I might die before you'd tell me of it. Is Soames getting a divorce? I knew there's be a scandal."

"Nonsense!" said Emily, with incomparable aplomb. "Soames is much too sensible."

James had sought his own throat, gathering the long white whiskers together on the skin and bone of it.

"She—she was always," he said, and with that enigmatic remark the conversation lapsed, for Warmson had returned. But later, when Val had received a check for twenty pounds and his grandfather's kiss, like no other kiss in the world, from lips pushed out with a sort of fearful suddenness, as if yielding to weakness, he returned to the charge in the hall.

"Tell us about uncle Soames, granny? Why is he so keen on mother's getting a divorce?"

"Your uncle Soames," said Emily, and her voice had in it an exaggerated assurance, "is a lawyer, my dear boy. He's sure to know best."

"Is he?" muttered Val. "But what did become of aunt Irene? I remember she was jolly good-looking."

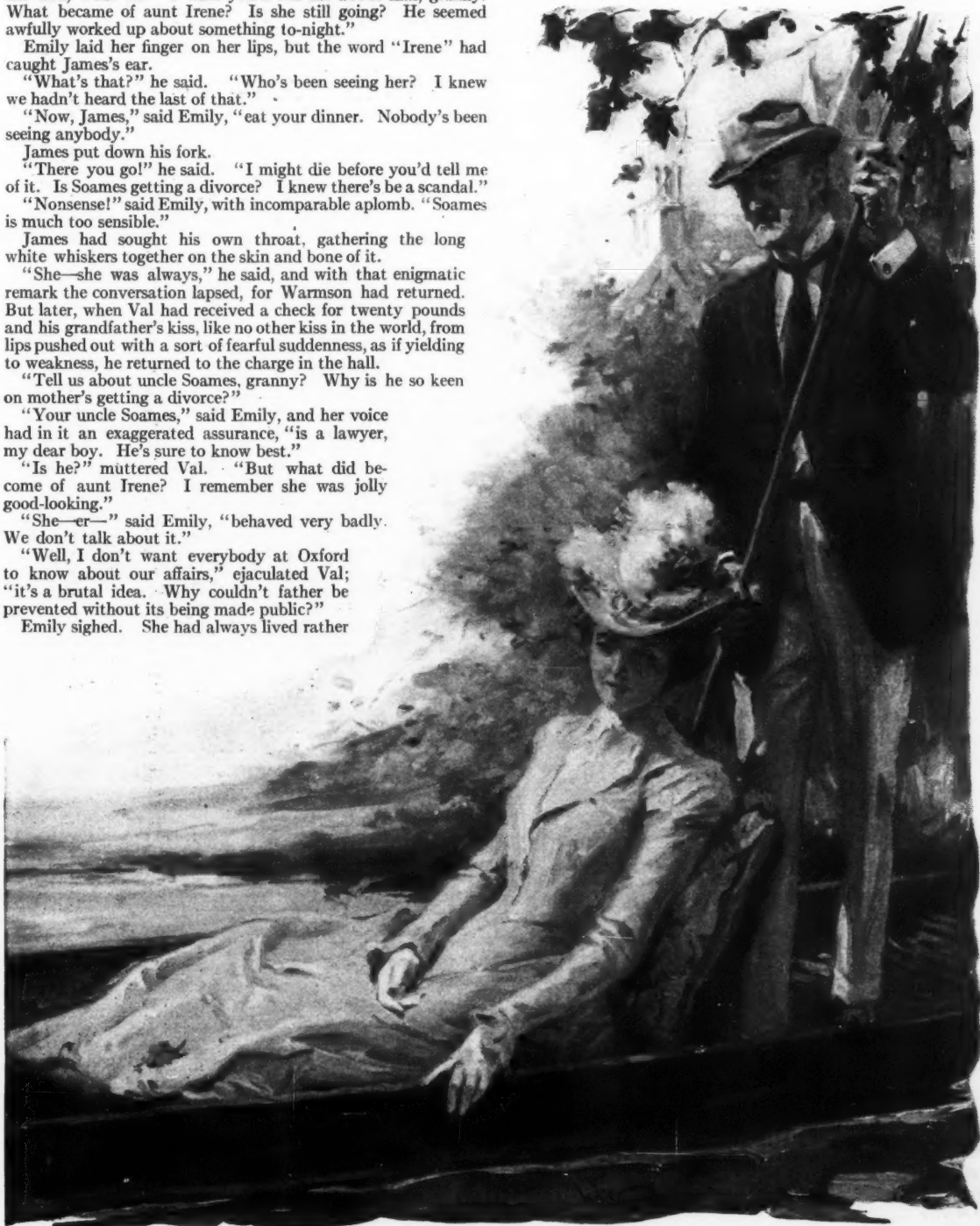
"She—er—" said Emily, "behaved very badly. We don't talk about it."

"Well, I don't want everybody at Oxford to know about our affairs," ejaculated Val; "it's a brutal idea. Why couldn't father be prevented without its being made public?"

Emily sighed. She had always lived rather

in an atmosphere of divorce, owing to her fashionable proclivities—so many of those whose legs had been under her table having gained a certain notoriety. When, however, it touched her own family, she liked it no better than other people. But she was eminently practical, and a woman of courage who never pursued a shadow in preference to its substance.

"Your mother," she said, "will be happier if she's quite free, Val. Good-night, my dear boy, and don't wear loud waistcoats up at Oxford; they're not the thing just now. Here's a little present."



on those Chinese cushions was merely to suffer from a sense of lost opportunity

With another five pounds in his hand, and a little warmth in his heart, for he was fond of his grandmother, he went out into Park Lane. A wind had cleared the mist; the autumn leaves were rustling and the stars were shining. With all that money in his pocket, an impulse to "see life" beset him; but he had not gone forty yards in the direction of Piccadilly when Holly's shy face and her eyes with an imp dancing in their gravity came up before him, and his hand seemed to be tingling again from the pressure of her warm gloved hand. "No, dash it," he thought, "I'm going home!"

## X

## SOAMES ENTERTAINS THE FUTURE

It was full late for the river, but the weather was lovely, and summer lingered below the yellowing leaves. Soames took many looks at the day from his riverside garden near Mapledurham that Sunday morning. With his own hands, he equipped the punt, in which, after lunch, he proposed to take them on the river. Placing those Chinese-looking cushions, he could not tell whether or not he wished to take Annette along. She was so very pretty—could he trust himself not to say irrevocable words, passing beyond the limits of discretion? Roses on the veranda were still in bloom, and the hedges evergreen; so that there was almost nothing of middle-aged autumn to chill the mood. Yet was he nervous, fidgety, strangely distrustful of his powers to steer just the right course. This visit had been planned to produce in Annette and her mother a due sense of his possessions, so that they might be ready to receive with respect any overture he might later be disposed to make.

He dressed with great care, making himself neither too young nor too old, very thankful that his hair was still thick and smooth and had no gray in it. Three times he went up to his picture-

gallery. If they had any knowledge at all, they must see at once that his collection alone was worth at least thirty thousand pounds. He minutely inspected, too, the pretty bedroom overlooking the river, where they would take off their hats. It would be her bedroom if—if the matter went through, and she became his wife. Going up to the dressing-table, he passed his hand over the lilac-colored pincushion, into which were stuck all kinds of pins; a bowl of pot-pourri exhaled a scent that made his head turn just a little. His wife! If only the whole thing could be settled out of hand, and there was not the nightmare of this divorce to be gone through first, and, with gloom puckered on his forehead, he looked out at the river shining beyond the roses and the lawn. Madame Lamotte would never resist this prospect for her child; Annette would never resist her mother. If only he were free!

He drove to the station to meet them. What taste Frenchwomen had! Madame Lamotte was in black with touches of lilac-color, Annette in grayish lilac linen, with cream-colored gloves and hat. Rather pale she looked and Londony; and her violet-blue eyes were demure. Waiting for them to come down to lunch, Soames stood in the open French window of the dining-room, moved by that sensuous delight in sunshine and flowers and trees, which only came to the full when youth and beauty were there to share it with one. He had ordered the lunch with intensely mature consideration; the wine was a very special Sauterne; the whole appointments of the meal perfect—the coffee served on the veranda superexcellent. Madame Lamotte accepted *crème de menthe*. Annette refused. Her manners were charming, with just a touch of conscious beauty creeping into them. "Yes," thought Soames; "another year or two of London and that sort of life, and she'll be spoiled."

Madame was in sedate French raptures.

"*Adorable! Le soleil est si bon! Comme tout est chic, n'est-ce pas, Annette? Monsieur est un vrai Monté Cristo.*"

And Annette murmured,

"*Mais oui, maman,*" with a look up at Soames which he could not read.

He proposed a turn on the river. But to punt two persons when one of them looked so ravishing on those Chinese cushions was merely to suffer from a sense of lost opportunity; and they went but a short way toward Pangbourne, drifting slowly back, with every now and then an autumn leaf dropping on Annette or on her mother's black amplitude. And Soames was not happy, worried by the thought: "How—when—where—can I say—what?" They did not yet even know that he was married. To tell them he was married might jeopardize his every chance; yet if he did not definitely make them understand that he

wished for Annette's hand, it would be dropping into some other clutch before he was free to claim it.

At tea, which they both took with lemon, Soames spoke of the Transvaal.

"There'll be war," he said.

Madame Lamotte lamented:

"*Ces pauvres gens bergers!*" Could they not be left to themselves?

Soames smiled—the question seemed to him so naive. Surely, as a woman of business, she understood that the British could not abandon their legitimate commercial interests.

"*Ah! Ça!*" But Madame Lamotte found that the English were a little hypocrite. They were talking of justice and the Uitlanders, not of business. *Monsieur* was the first who had spoken to her of that.



Holly was riding into the yard on her long-tailed palfrey



Soames sat slowly passing a little inlaid paper-knife over the smooth surface of a marquetry table: then, without looking at his nephew, he began: "You don't understand what your mother had to put up with these twenty years. This is only the last straw, Val"

"The Boers are only half civilized," remarked Soames; "they stand in the way of progress. It will never do to let our suzerainty go."

"*Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire? 'Suzerainty!'* *Quel mot étrange!*" Soames became eloquent, roused by the feeling that the principle of possession was threatened, and stimulated by Annette's

eyes fixed on him. He was delighted when presently she said: "I think *monsieur* is right. They should be taught a lesson." She was sensible.

"Of course," he said, "we must act with moderation. I'm no jingo. We must be firm without bullying. Will you come up and see my pictures?"



Moving from one to another of these treasures, he soon perceived that they knew nothing. They passed his last Mauve, that remarkable study of a "Hay-cart Going Home," as if it were a lithograph. He waited almost with awe to see how they would view the jewel of his collection—an Israels, whose price he had watched ascending till he was now almost certain it had reached top value and would be better on the market again. They did not view it at all. This was a shock; and yet to have in Annette a virgin taste to form would be better than to have the silly, half-baked predilections of the English middle class to deal with. At the end of the gallery was a Meissonier of which he was rather ashamed—Meissonier was so steadily going down. Madame Lamotte stopped before it. "*Meissonier! Ah! Quel bijou!*" She had heard the name; Soames took advantage of that moment. Very gently touching Annette's arm, he said,

"How do you like my place, Annette?"

She did not shrink, did not respond; she looked at him full, looked down, and murmured:

"Who would not like it? It is so beautiful!"

"Perhaps some day—" Soames said, and stopped.

So pretty she was, so self-possessed—she frightened him. Those violet-tinted eyes, the turn of that creamy neck, her delicate curves—she was a standing temptation to indiscretion. No! No! One must be sure of one's ground—much surer! "If I hold off," he thought, "it will tantalize her." And he crossed over to Madame Lamotte, still in front of the Meissonier.

"Yes; that's quite a good example of his later work. You must come again, *madame*, and see them lighted up. You must both come and spend a night."

Enchanted; would it not be beautiful to see them lighted? By moonlight, too, the river must be ravishing!

Annette murmured:

"Thou art sentimental, *maman!*"

Sentimental! That black-robed, comely, substantial French-woman of the world! And suddenly he was certain as he could be that there was no sentiment in either of them. All the better. Of what use sentiment? And yet—

He drove to the station with them, and saw them into the train. To the discreet pressure of his hand, it seemed that Annette's fingers responded just a little; her face smiled at him through the dark. He went back to the carriage with his head down.

"Go on home, Jordan," he said to the coachman; "I'll walk."

And he strode out into the darkening lanes—caution, and the desire of possession playing seesaw within him. "*Bonsoir, monsieur, et merci!*" How softly she had said it! To know what was in her mind? The French—they were like cats—one could tell nothing. But—how beautiful! What a perfect young thing to hold in one's arms! What a mother for his heir! And he thought, with a grin, of his family and their surprise at a French wife, and their curiosity, and of the way he would play with it and buffet it—confound them! The poplars sighed in the darkness; an owl hooted. Shadows deepened in the water. "I will and must be free," he thought. "I won't hang about any longer. I'll go and see Irene. If you want things done, do them yourself. I must live again—live and move and have my being." And in echo to that queer Biblicality, the church-bells chimed the call to evening prayer.

## XI

### AND VISITS THE PAST

It was a Tuesday evening after dining at his club that Soames set out to do what required more courage and perhaps less delicacy than anything he had yet undertaken in his life—save perhaps his birth, and one other action. He chose the evening, indeed, partly because Irene was more likely to be in, but mainly because he had failed to find sufficient resolution by daylight, had needed wine to give him extra daring.

He left his hansom on the Embankment, and walked up to the old church, uncertain of the block of flats where he knew she lived. He found it hiding behind a much larger mansion; and having read the name: "Mrs. Irene Heron"—Heron, forsooth!—her maiden name—so she used that again, did she?—he stepped back into the road to look up at the windows of the first floor. Light was coming through in the corner flat, and he could hear a piano being played. He had never had a love of music, had secretly borne it a grudge in the old days when so often she had turned to her piano, making of it a refuge place into which she knew he could not enter. Repulse! The long repulse, at first restrained and secret, at last open! Bitter memory came with that sound. It must be she playing, and thus almost assured of

seeing her, he stood more undecided than ever. Shivers of anticipation ran through him; his tongue felt dry; his heart beat fast. "I have no cause to be afraid," he thought. And then the lawyer stirred within him. Was he doing a very foolish thing? Ought he not to have arranged a formal meeting in the presence of her trustee? No! Before that fellow, Jolyon, who sympathized with her? Never! He crossed back into the doorway, and, slowly, to keep down the beating of his heart, mounted the single flight of stairs and rang the bell. When the door was opened to him, his sensations were regulated by the scent in there. That perfume—coming to him from away back in the past, bringing muffled remembrance—fragrance of a drawing-room he used to enter, of a house he used to own—perfume of dried rose-leaves and honey!

"Say Mr. Forsyte," he said. "Your mistress will see me, I know." He had thought this out; she would imagine it was that fellow Jolyon. And he smiled sardonically.

When the maid was gone and he was alone in the tiny hall, where the light was dim from one pearly-shaded scone, and walls, carpet, everything was silvery, making the walled-in space all ghostly, he could only think ridiculously, "Shall I go in with my overcoat on, or take it off?" The music ceased; the maid said from the doorway,

"Will you walk in, sir?"

Soames walked in. He noted mechanically that all was still silvery, and that the upright piano was of satinwood. She had risen and stood recoiled against it, her hand placed suddenly on the keys, as if groping for support, had struck a sudden discord, held for a moment, and released. The light from the shaded piano-candle fell on her neck, leaving her face rather in shadow. She was in a black evening dress, with a sort of mantilla over her shoulders—he did not remember ever having seen her in black, and the thought passed through him: "She dresses even when she's alone."

"You!" he heard her whisper.

Many times Soames had rehearsed this scene in fancy. Rehearsal served him not at all. He simply could not speak. He had never thought that the sight of this woman whom he had once so passionately desired, so completely owned, and whom he had not seen for twelve years, could affect him in this way. He had imagined himself speaking and acting half as man of business, half as judge. And now it was as if he were in the presence not of a mere woman and erring wife but of some force, subtle and elusive as atmosphere itself, within him and outside. A kind of defensive irony welled up in him.

"Yes; it's a queer visit. I hope you're well."

"Thank you. Will you sit down?"

She had moved away from the piano and gone over to the window-seat, sinking onto it, with her hands clasped in her lap. Light fell on her there, so that Soames could see her face and eyes and hair, strangely as he remembered them, strangely beautiful. He sat down on the edge of a satinwood chair, upholstered with silver-colored stuff, close to where he was standing.

"You have not changed," he said.

"No? What have you come for?"

"To discuss things."

"I have heard what you want, from your cousin."

"Well?"

"I am willing. I have always been."

The sound of her voice, reserved and close, the sight of her figure watchfully poised, defensive, was helping him, now. A thousand memories of her, ever on the watch against him, stirred, and he said bitterly:

"Perhaps you will be good enough, then, to give me information on which I can act. The law must be complied with."

"I have none to give you that you don't know of."

He uttered a little grunt.

"Twelve years. Do you suppose I can believe that?"

"I don't suppose you will believe anything I say; but it's the truth."

Soames looked at her hard. He had said that she had not changed; now he perceived that she had. Not in face, except that it was more beautiful; not in form, except that it was a little fuller—no! She had changed spiritually. There was more of her as it were, something of activity and daring, where there had been sheer passive resistance. "Ah," he thought, "that's her independent income! Confound uncle Jolyon!" And he said,

"I suppose you're comfortably off now?"

"Thank you—yes."

"Why didn't you let me provide for you? I would have, in spite of everything." A faint smile came on (Continued on page 179)

# The Face in the Fog

A "Boston Blackie"  
mystery-story

By Jack Boyle

Illustrated by Lee Conrey

FROM behind the mist-frosted windows of Coppa's restaurant, two squares of light, dimmed by the dripping blanket of sea-fog which had settled over San Francisco at nightfall, shone wanly into the outer darkness of an otherwise unlighted block. The fog was impenetrable, heavy, blinding. A beggar on crutches near the restaurant doorway rattled his tin cup forlornly and drew his soggy, tattered coat more tightly about his gaunt shoulders. The doors of the fashionably bohemian dining-place opened, and a man and a woman stepped into the street and crossed the sidewalk toward a car parked at the curbstone. Again the beggar rattled his cup. The woman turned and looked at him pityingly.

"Give him something and let him go home, Blackie," she urged.

Boston Blackie, reaching for a coin, turned back to the beggar's side and looked for a second into his blankly expressionless face with the studied habit of character-appraisal that made him a master among master crooks. The beggar, a giant figure of a man, swayed on his clumsy home-made crutches and tapped the placard: "I Am Blind" that hung on his breast. Blackie's silver dollar fell heavily into the cup.


"T'anks, meester," he muttered, in the guttural accent of an alien tongue.

Across the street, a limousine, coasting silently through the fog, veered suddenly and turned its headlights full upon the beggar and the man beside him. The mendicant's bent form stiffened, seemingly rising from its crutches, as Blackie wheeled in surprise toward the glaring lights. Behind them and pressed against the window of the car was an exultant, inexpressibly malevolent face. Then the car veered back and coasted on, slowly, silently. Instantly it was lost in the fog.

Curious and perplexed, Blackie again faced the mendicant. The man stood upright. Clasped behind him in a single hand he held both his crutches. His free hand was clutched against his breast in a gesture of such poignant desperation it seemed as if his scarred eyes must have seen the savage venom of the face within the car. His eyes were turned toward the spot in the fog where the motor had vanished. Suddenly, and again as if he had sight, the beggar peered into Boston Blackie's face. The hand that had clutched his breast so desperately reached out and caught Blackie's overcoat.

"T'anks, meester," he repeated brokenly, while his body sank down again upon his restored crutches.

Boston Blackie helped Mary, his wife, partner, and pal, into their car, slipped behind the wheel, and, as the first car had



Pressed against the window of the car was an  
exultant, inexpressibly malevolent face

done, coasted silently away without starting his engine. They had traveled several blocks before either spoke.

"What did it all mean, Blackie?" asked Mary, at last, nervously. "You saw that hideous face in the fog? You saw the beggar straighten as though he, too, saw it. What does it mean?"

"I'm trying to guess," Blackie replied, slipping his hand into his pocket and drawing out a pair of driving-gloves. Then, quickly, as if an inspirational flash of understanding had reached him: "I'm going back. We may be in time." He threw the car into gear, whirled round, and sped back at reckless speed.

As the lights of the restaurant became visible through the fog, they saw a stream of diners pouring out from within and bending over something that lay on the sidewalk just outside the doors.

"Police!" cried some one. A woman screamed. Blackie leaped from his car and hurried through the crowd.

On the sidewalk lay the beggar, dead, his head crushed by a terrific blow evidently struck with the crutch that lay splintered beside his body. His clothes were ripped and torn.

"I'm a physician. Stand back, please!" commanded Blackie, kneeling beside the body and running his hands over it with professional skill. Scattered on the pavement lay several torn bills of large denomination.

"I saw the robbers—there were two—as the beggar screamed when he was struck!" exclaimed a bystander. "They tore at his clothes and then, as I shouted for the police, they ran for their car and vanished in the fog, cursing as they went. Who would have

suspected a beggar of carrying wealth like this?"—as he helped to gather up the torn bills.

Blackie rose from the beggar's side.

"The man died instantly," he announced. "The blow crushed his head. Will some one kindly 'phone for the police?"

As the crowd surged toward the doors of the restaurant and the 'phone-booths within, Blackie picked up and examined curiously the broken crutch that had ended its owner's life. It was a cumbersome, rudely shaped stick, broken, now, just below the waist-high hand-rest, and stained with blood. Blackie moved nearer to the lighted windows and studied the splintered end with keen interest, then laid the weapon beside the body and knelt again to cross the hands upon its breast and cover the face with a handkerchief. This done, he rose and moved slowly through the crowd toward his motor. As he released the brake and his car vanished in the enveloping mist, he turned to Mary.

"No fear of being followed to-night. I'm glad of that."

A stranger—a roughly dressed man with an intellectual face, pale and high-bred—elbowed his way to the beggar's side and stooped over the body.

"Faithful Michael," he murmured very softly, in genuine distress. As he bent over the body, he picked up the unbroken crutch furtively.

"The police at last!" cried some one, as an officer roughly shouldered his way to the victim's body. The shabbily dressed gentleman backed quickly through the crowd and disappeared.

"Where is that crutch?" demanded Detective-Sergeant Wren, five minutes later, after a dozen excited witnesses had described the weapon with which the murder was committed. It couldn't be found, and no one knew.

"The man who did this job, or one of his pals, was here in this crowd after the murder," exclaimed the exasperated detective angrily. "He's had the nerve to carry off the only real evidence there is in the case. Call the morgue-wagon."

The instant they were in their own apartment behind a locked door, Mary caught Boston Blackie's hands in hers.

"Why did you go back? How did you guess? Oh, why have you entangled yourself in such a crime?" she exclaimed.

"Because of this," Blackie answered, drawing from his overcoat pocket a long chamois bag tightly knotted at the mouth.

He opened the bag and emptied its contents on the table.



As his foot touched the steel hearthmat and he grasped his companion's arm, he, too, was caught in the grip of the torturing electric current that flowed from the door of the wired safe. Within a second, the triumphant captors had become helpless, trapped captives

Gleaming in the light lay a double handful of precious stones—diamonds, emeralds, and rubies—all unset.

"O-o-h—jewels! Diamonds! The beautiful darlings!" exclaimed Mary, in ecstasy. "Where did you get them?"

"The beggar drew the bag from his breast and dropped it into my overcoat pocket as the death-car disappeared in the fog. I didn't know it until afterward—not until I reached into my pocket for my driving-gloves. Then I understood and went back—too late."

One by one, Blackie picked up the gleaming jewels and examined them with an expert eye.

"They must be worth hundreds of thousands—a great fortune—and a beggar had them!" gasped Mary.

"The heirlooms of some old and immensely wealthy family, judging by the antique style in which they are cut," commented Blackie. "They're wonderful examples of the jewelers' art."

"Beautiful! And that poor blind cripple was murdered because of them."

"He was murdered for the sake of them—that's true," Blackie replied. "But he was neither blind nor a cripple. He was as fine a specimen of manhood as I ever saw. I guessed that when his body straightened as the face appeared through the fog, but I made sure as I examined him while I posed as a doctor. There's a queer mystery behind all this—a tantalizing, strange mystery, Mary, and fate has thrown us headlong into the midst of it. I'm going to make a prediction," he added slowly. "We're going to have visitors—strange visitors, dangerous visitors. We will see again that atrociously unpleasant face we saw to-night in the fog, and when we see it"—he paused—"it will be here in our apartment, Mary, behind a gun-muzzle."

## II

TITANIA—"Danseuse Parisienne" on the programs—threw herself wearily into a chair as her maid closed the door of her dressing-room. The last echoes of applause that had followed her final encore filtered faintly in to her.

"Done—until to-morrow!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Olga, what a life!"

As she relaxed under the hands of her maid, drooping lines of physical exhaustion and soul-weariness marred the irregular, piquant beauty of the dancer's face.

"I'm tired, heart-sick, and lonely," she murmured, with tears glistening beneath her lashes. Angriily she swept them away and sprang to her feet. "Hurry, Olga!" she exclaimed. "To-night, I win or lose. Thank God, the suspense is nearly over! My black street dress and heaviest veil, please."

As Titania stepped from the stage-entrance of the theater into the fog, she glanced furtively over her shoulder with the instinctive impulse of an apprehensive mind.

"A taxi, Olga. Be quick!" she commanded, shivering slightly.

Two gleaming headlights suddenly pierced the gloom as the driver of a darkened car standing at the curbstone suddenly switched on his lights.

"Taxi, ma'am?" inquired a voice from the fog.

"Yes. Come, Olga."

The chauffeur, a little plump man with the shortest and most ridiculous pair of legs that ever were encased in men's trousers, clambered from his seat and opened the

door for his fares. Big, owlish goggles hid his eyes.

"Where to, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Coppa's restaurant," instructed Titania.





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A few of the more morbidly curious still loitered on the sidewalk at the scene of the murder as the car stopped before the restaurant.

"Wait, please," instructed Titania. Then, as she saw the dark blood stains at the spot where the beggar had been struck down, she shrank back in unconcealable terror.

"What has happened?" she asked, her face ashen.

"A man was murdered here an hour ago—a crippled beggar killed with his own crutch," answered a bystander.

"Murdered!" cried the dancer. She seemed about to faint. From amongst the crowd, a man sprang to her side.

"Permit me," he murmured, gently supporting her with his arm as he helped her toward her taxi. The girl looked into his face with startled eyes, and, for the fractional part of a second, seemed to lie, unresisting, against his breast as she clung to his supporting arm. Then, as if mastering a regretted momentary weakness, she freed herself and tottered, unaided, to the cab. The man stared after her silently, reverentially, hopelessly.

"Murdered and robbed! Everything is lost! Poor, faithful Michael!" Titania murmured between sobs of despairing wretchedness. "Home, Olga. Give the chauffeur our address."

Crouching fearfully against the cushions as the taxi threaded its way cautiously through the fog, Titania, *dansense parisienne*, hid her face with shaking hands and fought vainly to stifle the tears of a friendless girl suddenly bereft of the last hope that had sustained her courage. The chauffeur, staring into the fog with keen analytical eyes, muttered softly to himself:

"A beggar murdered. Our little lady of the theater, in tears, whispers: 'Everything is lost! Poor Michael!' A handsome gentleman in workman's clothes opportunely assists her! Huk Kant, as a detective you're a bad joke. Instead of half a man, you ought to be two men right now, with the best one of you following that mysterious good-looking stranger who is not a stranger, I'll wager, to the pretty little lady on the rear seat. She's crying, poor little girl! Huk, you're a brute to be tracking her, and a sentimental fool to be sorry you're doing it."

A quarter of an hour after Huk Kant had left Titania and her maid at their home, his infantile legs carried him hurriedly into police headquarters, where he presented a card to the desk-sergeant.

"For the chief, at once, please," he said.

A moment later, he was shaking hands with Dan Egan, San Francisco's chief of detectives.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Kant. What brings you out our way?" inquired the chief genially. "Nothing in the counterfeiting line this time, I hope."

"Not this time, Chief. I'm afraid it's likely to be even more difficult. What I want now is to know all you know about the murder of a beggar in front of Coppa's restaurant to-night."

"Aha, Uncle Sam's interested in that business, eh?" answered Egan, with a shrewd glance of understanding. "Wren's handling the case. We'll have him in immediately. Give us the facts on the murder of the beggar down at Coppa's," he ordered, as his subordinate appeared.

"It's a piece of funny business, Chief," replied the detective. "A blind, crippled panhandler was killed by a blow from one of his own crutches. Two men did the job and escaped in an auto. One witness saw them, but, in the dark and fog, his descriptions are no good. The strange part of the case is that the dead man's clothes were ripped to pieces by the stick-ups, who left more than a thousand dollars in torn bills lying on the sidewalk. They must have known the beggar had it; but why they left it behind when they had plenty of time to pick it up beats me. And another strange thing is that the crutch with which the man was killed is missing. A dozen witnesses saw it beside the body, but when I got there, it was gone—no one knows where or how. Beggar is a stranger in town. Nothing on the body to identify him. When we got him to the morgue, I found this slip of paper clutched in his hand."

Wren handed a torn scrap of paper to his chief, who, after studying it, passed it on to Huk Kant. Pencil on the slip were the figures: "22,895" and nothing else. Kant copied them into a note-book.

"I'll be on my way, Chief," he said, rising. "If anything



"Hounds of Babylon!" exclaimed Huk, hastily releasing the away shamefacedly. "By the sacred hounds

more turns up, particularly about that missing crutch, I'm staying at the Auburn, and I'll thank you to let me know at once."

"He's a close-mouthed little duck, ain't he?" remarked Wren, as the door closed behind the secret-service operative.

"And the shrewdest in the business," replied Chief Egan, almost enviously. "His name is Hercules Ulysses Kant—sounds like a joke-name when you look at his funny little body, but, believe me, old Ulysses himself didn't have anything on little Huk from the neck up. There's something big behind this case, Wren. We want to be in on it when it breaks. Take a couple more good men and get busy."

Huk Kant went straight to his hotel apartment, took a deck of cards from his grip, and solemnly began a solitary game of Canfield. As he played, he talked aloud to himself.

"The jewels are in the city. That's positive now," he said. "Black ten-spot on the red jack. Miss Titania was expecting them to-night. Nine on the ten releases—what? Ah, good! The king. The beggar was her messenger, and some one who knew it killed him. That somebody has the gems now, unless—The ace at last! It's about time. The girl can't know their present hiding-place, since they have been intercepted on their way to her. An outsider who discovered her secret must have them. One last move with this deuce, and then—beaten as usual."

Huk Kant swept the cards disgustedly from the table and drew his note-book from his pocket.

"22,895," he read, and pondered for a moment in silence. "Pencil on a slip of paper in the dead beggar's hand—he wasn't a beggar, of course. That number is my one clue to the jewels and the murderer—that and the mysterious disappearance of the crutch. As far as the handsome young gentleman in shab-



captive he had been hugging so vehemently and backing of Babylon, it's Titania—Miss Titania!"

by clothes is concerned, if I read his eyes rightly as the little dancer drew herself out of his arms, he'll not be hard to find somewhere round her theater. That missing crutch bothers me, though. Well, Huk, the right thing to do is to sleep on it all. Any detective's smartest when he's asleep."

After which sage remark, Huk Kant climbed into bed and switched off the light.

### III

On the evening following the death of the street beggar, Boston Blackie locked the bag of jewels carefully away in a safe built into the wall of his apartment above the fireplace. His eyes glowed with the eager love of adventure.

"The natural probabilities of the situation, substantiated by the warning that my auto-license number has been looked up by strangers, promise a big night to-night, Mary dear," he announced joyously. "I believe I am safe in predicting a call of a couple of cold-blooded assassins before morning. Possibly you'd better spend the night down town at a hotel."

"I'll stay here with you," Mary answered shortly; then, after a pause: "Blackie, why do you leave those jewels in the safe, the natural and obvious place for them? As you say, the men seeking them will not hesitate at murder. Why will you insist on taking such risks, dear?"

"Because they put the zest into life. The greatest game in the world to me is to pit wit against force—and win. That's the game I'm playing to-night. Stay if you like, Mary, and watch. You'll not be in danger."

He moved restlessly about the room with the quick impatience of a born gambler eager for the first deal of the cards in

a new and entrancing game. A sharp ring at the door-bell brought him suddenly back to the confident calmness of a skilled player ready for action. He laid the revolver that had hung beneath his armpit in a drawer, and closed it.

"I hardly expected them at the front door," he murmured. "But, whatever way they come, I'm ready. No matter what happens, Mary, do nothing—absolutely nothing."

He whistled down the old-fashioned speaking-tube that led to the street.

"Come up," he said to the voice that answered.

As light steps reached the top of the stairway, Blackie threw open the door. Instantly the ready-for-war glint in his eyes changed to pleased amazement.

"Huk Kant!" he ejaculated. "Well, well, Huk, come in and we'll talk it all over. The astonishing fact that you're here to-night must mean that each of us has the answer to the other fellow's riddle."

Serious perplexity underlay the cordiality of the little detective's manner as he bowed bashfully to Mary, seated himself, and turned interrogatively to Blackie.

"Where were you, Blackie," he began, "on the night and at the hour when—"

"The beggar was killed at Coppas? I was there, both before and immediately after it happened."

"I know you're not involved in the murder, but—"

"I wasn't. I returned to prevent the murder; but I was too late."

"But the mere fact that you were there is circumstantial evidence to me that you knew the beggar had in his possession jewels worth fully a half-million dollars. Blackie, the United States government is mightily interested in those missing gems. It is mightily interested in the mysterious little Miss Titania, ostensibly a vaudeville dancer, who went to Coppas to receive the jewels from her messenger within an hour of his murder. The death and robbery

of the beggar relieved me of the unpleasant duty of arresting Titania as a smuggler with the evidence against her in her possession."

"Titania, the dancer!" exclaimed Blackie, in frank surprise. "You're telling me news now, Huk—"

"Titania. Surely you don't mean that dainty little creature who is dancing at the Orpheum," interrupted Mary.

"I do mean her. But she is not dancing at the Orpheum to-night. At noon to-day, she left her home, ostensibly for a walk, and vanished. The police and detectives employed by the theater are searching the city for her. They haven't even a clue so far. I can guess the clue, Blackie—the jewels—but there I, too, must stop. There is an imperative reason why this girl must be found and the jewels recovered. I'm laying all my cards down to you, Blackie. Can you help me and, if so, will you?"

"How did you know that I knew anything of this murder and of the missing jewels?" Blackie asked.

"I didn't know. I guessed. In the dead beggar's hand, the detectives found a scrap of paper. On it scrawled in pencil were the figures: '22,895.' That's the number of your auto license, Blackie, and—"

"Ah, so the beggar, too, took my license number, did he? I might have guessed he had some way of finding me. The auto number was the obvious way—the same way the men who murdered him have taken, Huk. They've found me, too. They phoned the license office to-day, and obtained my name and address. That means they'll be here to-night in search of the jewels they did not find on the beggar's body."

"They didn't get them? Good!" exclaimed the detective, half-rising. "That must mean you have them, Blackie?"

Boston Blackie, ignoring the question, began to tramp the floor uneasily.

"The disappearance of the girl worries me," he muttered, more to himself than to his guest. "The pair who killed the beggar, if I read their faces rightly, are the sort—"

"You know them? You saw them?" exclaimed Kant.



"I don't know them, but I saw them when they turned the lights of their car on me as I talked to the beggar a moment before they killed him. The face I saw for an instant through the fog was villainously cruel, Huk. The men who have done one murder already for the sake of the jewels they didn't get can't be sure the dancing girl hasn't them. God help her if she's in their hands! They'd torture her to make her tell where the gems are, and, Huk, she doesn't know. The girl's in terrible danger."

The perennial smile was gone from the little detective's face.

"I'm afraid you're right, Blackie," he said seriously. "Two of my men and half the police detectives in town are hunting her; but we are all working absolutely in the dark. Where can we find these jewel-thieves? Tell me that, and I'll answer for Titania's safety."

A tiny red incandescent, set with a half-dozen other varicolored bulbs in a table ornament, flashed up and glowed steadily.

"They're here now," Boston Blackie whispered, dropping into a chair with a relieved sigh of satisfaction. "The red signal means they've broken the thread that protects the rear entrance beyond the kitchen. I'm ready for them, Huk."

"What's our plan of attack?" whispered the bantam detective, springing to his feet. Blackie motioned him back to his chair.

"No matter what happens, do nothing," he whispered. "Leave everything to me. Are you armed? All right. Drop your gun into this drawer beside mine. We'll leave revolvers to our murdering visitors, Huk. I've something better in reserve for ourselves."

Blackie lighted a cigar and picked up a newspaper, over the top of which his eyes strayed to a mirror which reflected the doorway behind him. Kant fidgeted on his chair. Mary, with unsteady fingers, continued her needlework. There was a long, tense wait. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the door behind Boston Blackie opened inch by inch. Two eyes appeared above a masked face, silhouetted for an instant against the darkness beyond the half-opened door.

"I'll put the situation in plain words, Kant," said Blackie, his voice breaking the silence like a pistol-shot. "I have the beggar's jewels. You know I have them. Only you and I share the secret, and there are enough gems for us both. I'll divide them with you fifty-fifty."

Huk Kant stared at his friend in amazement. The eyes above the black mask behind them lighted evilly.

"Now!" cried a harsh voice, and the door suddenly was thrown wide open and two men with leveled revolvers sprang into the room.

"Hands up! Quick, everybody!" commanded the first of the intruders—the man, Blackie recognized at a glance, whose face, though masked now, seen through the fog, had warned the beggar of his impending fate.

The three slowly raised their hands.

"Guard them," commanded the leader curtly to his subordinate. "Kill if anyone moves or cries out."

He searched Blackie and Kant for weapons, and, finding none, made a quick, precautionary inspection of the apartment's other rooms—all empty. Then he returned and faced Blackie.

"Now we'll relieve you of the necessity of dividing those jewels. We'll take them all," he said, with a wicked smile.

"If you want them, find them for yourselves," answered Blackie softly. Instantly the marauder's pistol was pressed against Blackie's temple.

"If, within thirty seconds, you have not given me the jewels, I shall put a bullet through your head."

"After which, you never will get them, for I alone know where they are hidden," replied Blackie calmly.

The thirty allotted seconds passed. With a curse, the robber jabbed his gun-muzzle into Blackie's face, leaving a streak of blood.

"If you think you're going to trifle with us, I'm ready to show you your mistake!" he cried. "Once more I tell you to give me those jewels, or—"

His comrade interrupted him with a whispered suggestion in an unintelligible foreign tongue. The leader looked toward Mary with quickened interest.

"A good idea, Nick," he said approvingly, in English. "We'll do it. Heat the iron."

A poker was thrust into the bed of coals glowing redly in the grate. Mary paled, but unflinching confidence remained in her eyes. Huk Kant's little hands were clenched, and the dull flush of anger and unflinching resolve rose slowly in his round face. Blackie waited, unperturbed.

"Now we're ready to begin!" cried the first robber, catching the poker up and thrusting the glowing weapon close to Blackie's

face. "Surrender the jewels to us or see your woman blinded before your eyes with this."

"My God, Blackie, the fiend will do it!" cried Huk.

Boston Blackie and the hold-up leader glared, each into the other's face with eyes equally steady, equally malevolent, while the rosy hue of the poker faded to dull black.

"Tie the woman's hands and heat it again, Nick," the man ordered grimly, handing the weapon to his companion. "When it's ready this time, we'll use it."

With his upraised hands, Blackie made a gesture of surrender.

"You win," he said. "The diamonds are in the wall safe."

"The combination! Speak fast."

"On a card in the upper left-hand drawer of my desk. Shall I get it for you?"

"Stand where you are! Keep your revolver on them, Nick."

The man sprang to the desk and pawed over the papers.

"I have it. The jewels are ours," he exclaimed exultingly.

Stepping close to the fireplace, he reached up and seized the steel combination-dial.

A crackling jet of blue flame shot out from the dial as his fingers touched it. The man's body stiffened, quivered, and twisted into sudden hideous contortions. A gurgling, inarticulate cry of agony came from his lips as he struggled vainly to draw back. His comrade sprang to his aid. As his foot touched the steel hearth-mat and he grasped his companion's arm, he, too, was caught in the grip of the torturing electric current that flowed from the door of the wired safe. His revolver clattered to the floor. Within a second, the triumphant captors had become helpless, trapped captives.

Boston Blackie lowered his upraised arms and stooped for the revolver. For a moment, he watched his victims' violent contortions with a grimly amused smile, then handed the gun to the detective.

"Cover them, Huk," said Blackie. "I suppose I'll have to turn off the juice. It's heavy voltage—almost, but not quite enough to kill."

He snapped off a concealed switch beneath his table, and the two men, with a groan, sank to the floor. Blackie handcuffed them, back to back, with a pair of bracelets he took from the desk.

"Well, Huk, there they are, trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey ready for the oven. Now that they've had a kindergarten course in electricity, what shall we do with them?" he asked.

"First, Titania's disappearance," whispered Huk.

Blackie jerked the writhing pair roughly to their feet.

"I'll give them an incentive to talk when you begin to question them," he said, standing them on the steel fireplace-mat and running a wire from the safe-knob to the handcuffs that shackled them together.

"Go ahead, Huk. I'll furnish an invigorator any time their memories or voices show signs of failing."

"Who are you two?" questioned the detective.

"Terrorists!"—from the purple lips of the leader.

Boston Blackie lay back in his chair, chuckling.

"Terrorists!" he laughed derisively. "You mean humorists."

Lightly he touched the electric switch beneath his table. With a cry, the pair writhed and twisted in a new series of grotesque contortions.

"Note the Terrorist shimmy," he said. "All original steps, too." He switched off the current. "Go on with your questions, Huk."

"Where is Titania, the dancer?" demanded Kant.

Both men stared uncomprehendingly.

"Titania? 'Dancer?'" they repeated perplexedly. "We know no such person."

"That may be the truth—" began Huk, looking questioningly toward Blackie.

"And it may not. We'll investigate for ourselves," finished the latter. "Where do you two live?"

The captives looked at each other in sullen silence. Blackie reached for the electric switch.

"Stockton Street, near Clay!" cried the men, in chorus.

"What house?"

"The one back by itself in the big yard."

"On the edge of Chinatown. I know it," Blackie said.

"I'll have one of my men come up and take charge of our prisoners. I don't want to turn them over to the police yet," Kant announced, starting for the telephone. A moment later, he called Blackie out of the captives' range of hearing.

"Something else strange has happened," (Continued on page 96)



He chatted unceasingly all the rest of the evening—to keep his mind off Vera and to prevent Sibyl from noting his distraction

# The Truant Husband

*This is the story of a man who loved his wife but played with fire. Not disloyal. Just wanted—a perfectly natural desire—as husbands or wives sometimes do, to experiment with his emotions. Mr. Terhune has made him vitally real, has let us read his mental processes in their minutest detail.*

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

**F**ROM birth to the pulling-down of the blind, man's professed moral aim is to cast out the devil that is within him. And perhaps the most humiliated man on earth would be he who should find that he had been successful—the man who should discover that there was no longer one gracious glint of devil left in him.

For, fellow hypocrites all, this is a basic truth: No man lives who does not cherish the faith, the hope, that something of the devil still lurks within him. Be he never so respectable, be he never so happily married, be he never so blissfully in love with his own wife, away back in his innermost self he is calmly certain there is a dashing little devil waiting to beckon him into temptation. And, ninety times out of eighty-nine, he is right.

To him, this rose-hued imp is forever muttering:

"There's still a bit of a fling wrapped up somewhere with your name on it, son. And I'm right here to help you find it at command. Only, don't keep me waiting too long. For Father Time is a stronger ally to Virtue than are all the preachers. Pretty soon he'll have carried you past the last primrose station. And then you'll be sorry you didn't listen to me and have your fling while the having was still good."

All of which is as reprehensible as you please—and is true, whether you please or not. The victim may or may not yield. Concrete temptation may or may not assail him. But behind all his smugness and morals and conjugal love, the thought is still there.

Which brings us, by windy degrees, to Billy Sayre—and some other people.

The Sayres were beautifully happy. They had been married for six golden years—ever since Billy was thirty and Sibyl twenty-two. Cash and leisure and social position of a sort and good looks—all were theirs in ample measure.

And they were in love with each other—in that calm, deep, mystic way, wherein some few favored people learn to love, after the first swirling gusts of passion are merged into daily usage. It is well to love and to be loved like that.

And so life might, or might not, have drowsed blissfully along to the end of the chapter if Vera Delaunay had not drifted into Billy's office that warm spring day—a day that whispered of coming verdure and of other things, a day that played queer tricks on the souls and temperaments and yearnings of winter's recent slaves—a day that set folk a-dreaming.

## The Truant Husband

In the olden years, nearly a decade back, Vera and Billy had come pleasantly close to marrying. And, in the course of their tumultuous short acquaintance, they had come less pleasantly close to other things. It had been, in brief, one of those volcanic affairs that flare into the early life of nearly every man and which leave him brooding dazedly, in after-years, as to why it did not go to the stark and seemingly inevitable climax.

Then, business had called Billy to the Pacific Coast for the best part of a year. And, before his return, the flame had been slushed to ashes by absence. Vera had married some one else and had moved away from New York. Nor did she come back into his life—though often she had teased his half-guilty memory—until that witchingly warm and dangerous May morning, six years after his marriage, when she drifted into his office, bearing with her some of the magic and lure of the spring.

She had just come back to New York, she told him, after her year of mourning for the elderly husband whom she had endured rather than cherished. She was lonely and restless, she said, and she craved to get in touch with some of her girlhood friends. So she had looked up Billy Sayre, first of all. Yes; she had heard he was married—but surely there could be no harm in dropping in to shake hands, could there?

Billy took her to lunch. Then, as it was a dull day at the office, they went for a taxi ride through the park for another hour.

He went home that night, to Montclair, his nerves atingle, his brain dizzy, an unwonted something hammering in his pulses.

Time had been more than kind to Vera. It had been prodigal. Her willowy figure was still a mere girl's. Her face—the face which had always seemed to Billy to glow as from an inner white flame—was as gloriously youthful and vivid as ever. She was fairly throbbing and vibrating with life, with fire, with spring-time. And—and that day, more than once, Sayre had caught her eyes brooding over him in the nameless way that once had stirred him to the very depths.

Sibyl walked down to the station in the late sunset to meet him. Often she did this. Yet never until now had the sight of her, as he stepped off the train, failed to give the man a little glow of joy. She was so sweet, so self-controlled, so sure of herself and of him and of their love for each other! To meet her thus, after a harrowing office day, had soothed and calmed and braced Sayre, and had made the worries of business fall away from him.

But to-night—and, vaguely, he wondered at it—he could not

feel this mild thrill of contentment. The warmth of the day had made Sibyl's fair hair crisp tightly about her slightly perspiring forehead. She was wearing rather large shoes, too; and her fresh white dress looked all but dowdy in Billy's memory of Vera Delaunay's close-fitting black.

Vera had seemed so lithe and trim and vital in her bewitching half-mourning! And—well, Sibyl did not look blowzy, of course—but—but—well, why couldn't she find some such dressmaker as Vera's? Or why couldn't she bother to study a few of the myriad little arts of toilet and of grooming that went to make up the other women's alluring perfection?

Then a sense of guilt, of shameful disloyalty to his adored wife, stung Billy out of his brief reverie. And he greeted Sibyl with an effusion that startled her. He chatted unceasingly all the rest of the evening—to keep his mind off Vera and to prevent Sibyl from noting his distraction. He chatted, indeed, on every subject under the sun—except of his meeting with Vera Delaunay.

But that night, after Sibyl was cozily asleep at his side, the situation stared him in the face once more. And this time it clamored for settlement once and for all. Sayre tried to think, clearly and logically. But if thought was not logical, at least it was intense. Cool sanity argued:

"You are mighty happy as you are. You're mighty lucky, too. Not one man in ninety has such a perfect married life as yours. Not one man in a million has such a wife. What is this other woman to you? For six years, you haven't thought about her a dozen times. You've lived happy without her. And, in your heart, you know perfectly well you couldn't live happy without Sibyl. Why are you risking a fortune to win a nickel—a plugged nickel at that? If you start anything with this Delaunay woman, you'll be hazarding all that makes life really worth while—all you've built up, with Sibyl's help, for six years."

"And you'll be risking Sibyl, too. You know she'd never live with you one minute if she found you were carrying on an intrigue with another woman. You know it would break her heart. And you know her pride would make her give you up; you know neither she nor any other good woman could understand that you still love her when you've let yourself get snarled up with anyone else. You would risk your wife, your home, your self-respect, the respect of the *real* people. And for what? One woman is built more or less like another. You know that. For the Lord's sake, don't be a blind fool!"

Then, like a quivering accompaniment to this wisdom, panted a more urgent voice:

"You're thirty-six. Soon you'll be middle-aged and sluggish.

No woman will give you a second look or a second thought then. This is about your last chance. You might hunt for years and not find another wonder-woman—a woman of fire—like Vera, who would happen to care for you. Yes; she *does* care for you. She as good as said so. And her eyes fairly cried it aloud. It's better to have remorse than regret. Do you

want to plod on in your smugly dull respectability, and to remember, when it's too late, what you might have had? Do you?"

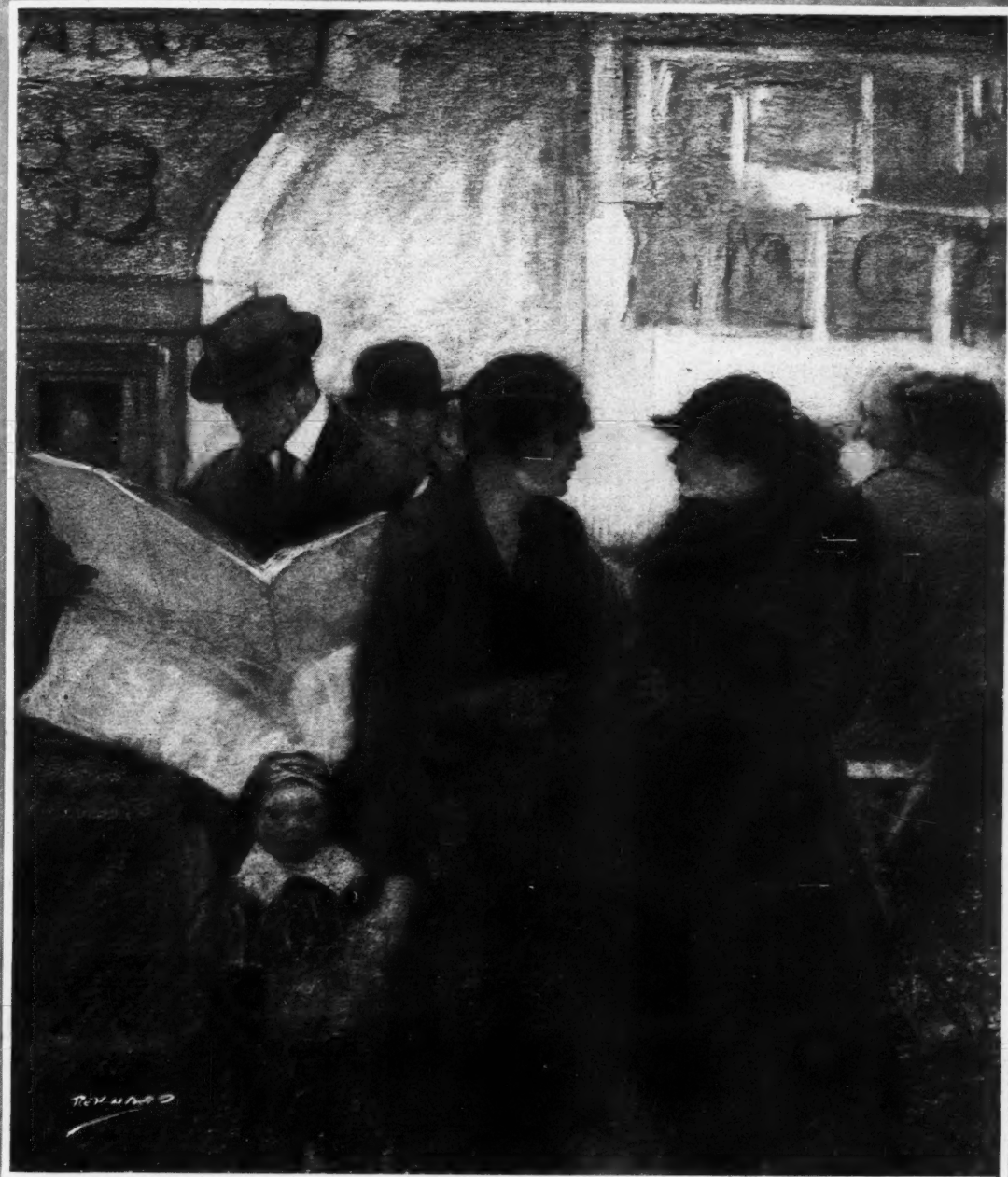
Billy Sayre groaned in torment, smothering the groan barely in time to avoid checking the soft, rhythmic swell of Sibyl's breathing. The persistent little voice went on:

"Don't imagine I'm asking you to throw away your home and your wife and your future for Vera Delaunay or for anyone. I'm not. If you keep your head, you can have all this—and



Vera was in another part of the field, and Billy caught the merest glimpse of her in a gap in the crowd. But that unexpected glimpse did queer things to his throat and sent a surge of hot blood pringing through him





Over and over, Billy Sayre read the grim account, standing there on the tube platform, while train after train passed by him unheeded

Vera, too. There need be no scandal. Sibyl never need know. You can see Vera a thousand times (if you use a little caution and management) without anyone else being the wiser. New York is a big place, you know. Think it over. It may be your last chance—the last resurrection of departing youth. Go to it!”

Thus it was that Billy Sayre received counsel pro and con. And, like the average man who is advised simultaneously by conscience and by passion, he sought spinelessly to compromise. With the usual result. In other words, he let himself drift, trusting to luck to guide the matter.

Twice in the next week he met Vera. Once she called at his office. The second time, they lunched together. He saw her a third time that week, but only from a distance. That was when he and Sibyl went one afternoon to Mineola to watch the trial-

flight of a new twin-engine air-ship, devised and piloted by Sayre's chum, Bram Woller. Vera was in another part of the field, and Billy caught the merest glimpse of her in a gap in the crowd. But that unexpected glimpse did queer things to his throat and sent a surge of hot blood pringing through him.

The net result of the two other meetings between Sayre and Vera that week was the inception and developing of a truly romantic plan.

Up in Westchester County is, or was, a quaint little old outdoor French resort, a mile or so from a way station—a resort known as “Grandpré's.” Hither, in the days of their brief affair, nearly ten years ago, Sayre and Vera had fared together for a day. They had wandered through the rambling gardens of the place, had lunched in a wondrous rustic summer-house that

overhung the waters of the Bronx, and had strayed across flowered meadows to the station, that evening, in moonlight that was tropical in its white radiance.

It had been a glamorously sweet day. And the two, meeting again, had talked much of its golden memories. From that, it was but a step for the great Idea to spring to life.

So they arranged to run away together for another entire heavenly day, up there to Grandpré's. They would forget the world and all in it, except each other, and that they were again side by side in that enchanted pleasure-ground whose memories had lingered with them so long.

Billy was ardently anxious for this day of days. During its course, he felt, the future would somehow shape itself, and his problem would be solved for better or for worse, for sanity or for divine mania. He would let himself be guided by what the day should bring forth. Which, in his state of mind, was a decision quite as normal as it was asinine.

Then came the point of settling details—of clearing decks for the day's program. And into this task Sayre threw real genius. There were several matters to guard against, of course. First, and foremost—Sibyl.

To a casual outsider, it might seem a simple thing for Sayre to absent himself from the office for a single day without rousing the suspicions of a wife who never had shown suspicion. But he resolved to leave nothing to chance.

Sibyl had a way of calling him up at the office now and then during the day. Then, too, she was wont to run into town, for suddenly planned shopping-forays. At such times, she used to walk into his office, unannounced, and carry him off to lunch.

He had loved these surprise visits and the frequent 'phone-calls. But now the fear of them set him to puzzling. Should Sibyl chance to drop in or to telephone, and be told he was away for the day—well, that would call for explanations from him, even though she would be innocent in asking for them. For he never took a day off, unless in her company, or else for a twice-or-thrice-a-year air-ship flight with Bram Woller. (Sayre had been infected with the flight-virus by his chum. And Sibyl—though secretly she worried horribly over his flying-trips—forebore to mar his pleasure by objecting to them.)

Nor could Billy plead a day's absence on business. Sibyl knew every detail of his business. Moreover, he was a wretchedly bad liar. And he knew he would be certain to bungle in any lying explanation he might make. Sibyl knew him so well! She would be certain to know he was lying. Then would come an end to her dear trust in him, and the door would be open for further revelations.

It was Bram Woller who solved the whole puzzle. Woller, one Thursday morning in late May, came to the office to ask Billy to accompany him as passenger on a trip he was planning for the next morning. He was to leave Mineola in his new air-ship at nine o'clock sharp, and was going to fly to Newburgh, there to lunch and spend an hour or two at an aeronautic conference at the Palatine, returning to the Mineola field at about five in the afternoon.

In a flash, Sayre had his inspiration. He unburdened himself to his chum—albeit sheepishly, and as one with scant practise in such matters—telling Woller of the plan to spend a day with a woman who had caught his fancy, and of the need that Sibyl should be kept in the dark. The confession was the easier to make because he knew that Woller's make-up included a cheerful absence of all moral sense.

Sayre went on to ask the aid of his grinning chum—an aid



Hither, in the days of their brief affair, Sayre and Vera had

that was most willingly pledged. Woller was to declare, to all eternity, that Billy Sayre had been his passenger on the Newburgh flight. He was also to send from Newburgh, the following noon, a telegram written and given to him by Sayre, and signed by the recreant husband—a telegram to Sibyl, announcing the air-ship's safe arrival at Newburgh.

Billy felt like a cur as Woller swaggered laughingly out of the office, the telegram in his pocket, to seek some other passenger for the flight. Yet he was vastly relieved, too. His alibi was perfect. The whole thing was complete—especially after a telephone-call to Vera assured him that she would meet him at the Grand Central Station at nine-five, next morning, for the Westchester outing.

Promptly at nine in the morning, Billy was at the Grand Central. Hurrying into a telephone-booth, he called up Sibyl.

"Hello, sweetheart!" he hailed his wife, with exaggerated blitheness. "I'm 'phoning from the hangar. Old Bram's giving the last once-over to that air-boat of his, just outside. We 'take off' in exactly five minutes. I thought you'd like to know I got as far as Mineola without being kidnaped. I'll either 'phone



fares together for a day. They had lunched in a wondrous rustic summer-house that overhung the waters of the Bronx

you or telegraph you as soon as we hit Newburgh. I— Oh, all right, Bram! Good-by, dear! Bram's bellowing to me to help him. Good-by!"

As he left the booth, Sayre drew a long breath. If that wasn't an air-proof, hole-proof, bomb-proof alibi—well then, there wasn't such a thing in existence. If any busybody, later, should claim to have seen him at the station or on the train, Sibyl would know he had been in Mineola at nine, and, from that time on, in mid-air until he reached Newburgh. And his telegram from Newburgh would clinch the matter. Yes; it was an alibi without a flaw.

But, to his own disgust, Billy felt the brief spasm of exultation fading. For, unbidden, into his mind came a picture of Sibyl as she had kissed him good-by. She had been so pretty, so cool, so friendly! And she had laughed—she had a dear little laugh—to show him she was not a bit worried over his safety. She had done that so that no thought of her possible unhappiness should mar his day's fun. His day's fun!

And she had gotten up before it was fairly light to superintend his breakfast and to see everything about the morning meal was

as he liked it. That was just like Sibyl. Any other woman would have told him to get breakfast at the station, or else would have been too selfish to turn out of bed at five o'clock, and would have trusted to the servants to make sure his food was good and well served.

Anticipation of his runaway day had robbed Billy of sleep. He had lain, broad awake, till nearly dawn. At times, during his long vigil, he had thrilled with fiery rapture at the prospect of what the day might bring forth. At other times, conscience had torn at him until his nerves were raw and he had been hard put to it not to waken Sibyl and stammer the whole worthless truth to her.

A sleepless night and a set of tortured nerves do not make for appetite—particularly for a very early breakfast. Billy had scarce been able to choke down a mouthful of the tempting meal. He had gagged at his cup of coffee, and, when Sibyl was not looking, had emptied in onto the roots of a flowering plant that stood on the breakfast-table.

Then, having lingered unduly long over his remorseful good-by to Sibyl, he had had to run at top speed to catch his train. Since



then, he had been on the jump, physically as well as nervously.

To a younger sinner, less used to stolid comfort, these things would have mattered little. But they played the very mischief with Billy Sayre's inner man. Now that the first stress was past, he was aware of a well-grown and fast increasing sick-headache. Going without his morning coffee always made his head ache. And the undigested mouthful or two of food he had forced down his throat had been shaken to active protest by his sprint to the station. Yes; he had a headache—a sick-headache, at that. And it was growing worse with a charming steadiness. Also, he felt, amidsthips, as sometimes he had felt at sea when the waves waxed choppy.

Fighting back the discomfort of head and stomach, he made his way with lagging step to the corner of the waiting-room where he had arranged to meet Vera. Morbidly, he offered some invisible companion a hundred dollars cash if she should fail to be there.

But the imaginary beneficiary was never to receive the equally imaginary gift. For, even as Billy shambled forward, a lithe figure in close-fitting black came hastening to meet him. As Sayre felt the warmly magnetic clasp of her hand and looked down into her glowing, uplifted face, he tried his best to rise to the occasion.

But—with a sick-headache and a heaving digestive system, it is more than doubtful if Antony would have met Cleopatra's welcome with anything approaching ardor. Nausea or an ulcerated tooth or a racking headache—any one of these petty things can subdue passionate longings more potently, for the time, than could all the moral precepts and pleadings uttered from the days of Saint Anthony of Padua to those of Saint Anthony of Comstock.

Yet, for sheer pride's sake, Billy made shift to return her glad greeting and to force himself part of the way into her mood of affectionate gaiety. And, presently, they were seated side by side in the Westchester-bound train.

It was an accommodation train—one of those snail-like things that has a lynx-eye for way stations too small for any better train to notice, and that snuggles long and lingeringly beside the platform of each such stationlet, quitting its proximity only to make a leisurely voyage to the next station of the sort.

The day was hot, and it was momentarily becoming hotter. Such a day comes at times in late May, to show what summer can do at its nastiest. And it smites the unprepared world like a scourge. Airless and dusty and increasingly stifling, the train chugged drearily on toward the Westchester paradise of Grandpré's.

Every jolt, every jarring halt, every jerky start of the cars gave a new impetus to Billy Sayre's raging headache and a new and agonizing qualm to his upset stomach. And, cuddling close beside him, prattled the woman to whom he was supposed to be making love—the woman for whose sake he was deceiving Sibyl! He fell to recalling Sibyl's mystically healing touch on foreheads that ached—and her million soothing ways for charming away pain and sickness.

Then, glancing sidewise at Vera, he wondered what sort of nurse this supervibrant creature would be were her lover stricken with sudden illness and dependent solely on her for care. He tried to fit her into the rôle. But, in spite of himself, he could see only Sibyl.

Presently, he noted that she was beginning to find something amiss in his manner—something lacking of the former lovely warmth. And gallantly he roused himself to play his sickening rôle.

Then, after an eternity of dust and sweat, they disembarked. They stood on the verge of the mile-wide meadow that separated them from Grandpré's—the magic meadow, flower-starred and moon-kissed, through which they had wandered so dreamily that evening nearly ten years ago.

Something had happened to the meadow. In fact, a number of things had happened to it. During the past years, much of it had been cut into lots, whereon huddled wabbly lines of shabby little houses. Red and dusty unpaved roads intersected its once pure-green expanse. At one side was a grimy sand-pit. Near it was a redolent garbage-dump. And so on, in like manner, was the whole field undergoing that ennobling transformation so common to regions where the city's first breath touches rural beauty.

No taxi or hack being in sight, the two love-seekers plowed their weary way, afoot, athwart the mile of dusty road that gashed the former meadow's center. Down beat the sun in windless fury. Up sifted puffs of auburn dust at their every tired step.

The baked ground gave back the sun's glare in wave after wave of torrid heat. It was a hideous walk.

"Never mind," consoled Vera, brightly, as she reached in furtive fashion for her vanity case, only to find, to her horror, that she had left it in the train. "Never mind, dear old boy. Think how cool and shady and lovely it is at Grandpré's! And think what a gorgeous little lunch they'll serve us in that leafy summer-house out over the river! We'll be there, now, in just a minute or two. See—there's the gateway, right ahead—beyond those willows."

Billy tried to say something in the same brave vein. But he could not. Her mention of the "gorgeous little lunch" had been received by his cranky stomach as an active affront. At least, it threatened to become active. So Sayre held his peace and battled for self-mastery. Again she gave him that same look of perplexity. But now there was a shade of resentment in it.

A minute or so later, they passed through a clump of discouraged-looking willows and under a once-gaudy painted arch. They were at Grandpré's. At Grandpré's, at last, after all these years—at the place of their dreams, at the goal of all this deception and planning. They had reached their earthly paradise.

Billy tried to rouse himself and to say something of this sort. But he couldn't. Not only because speech was difficult but because his first comprehensive glance round the place robbed him of all his ideas.

Yes; it was Grandpré's, surely enough. Fifty remembered land marks told him that. But—alas!—it was shabby and dusty and cheap and noisy and altogether run-down.

In the rickety pavilion, across the dooryard, some one was whanging pitilessly away on an untuned piano, pounding out that soulful and atmospheric and typically medieval French classic, "Jes' Yo' Lissen to Me." Three or four couples and a huge family party were scattered through the messy little park, and a handful of small boys were playing a noisy game of tag among some piled-up tables.

From a near-by kitchen were wafted food-smells—garlic predominating. At intervals, scattered over the mangy greensward, were ramshackle arbors. A summer-house jutted over the muddy bit of river at the park's westward edge. Here had Sayre and Vera eaten their magic meal nine years before. The house, presumably, had not been cleaned out since then.

"Good Lord!" grunted the man feebly.

"Let's go and peep in there, anyway," suggested Vera, still bravely, as she led the way toward the summer-house. "Perhaps it looks better from inside."

But it did not. If possible, it was dirtier and less alluring from within than from without. Standing beneath the wormy rustic roof of the once-hallowed bower, Vera and Billy stared at each other.

Then it was that Sayre noticed certain very evident details of his charming companion's aspect. Perspiration had been at work with the soft black curls that clustered round her delicately molded face. They had ceased to be curls. Fast they were changing into little wisps of lank hair. (Sayre remembered how dampness always crisped Sibyl's hair into a myriad tiny curls.)

The merry old sun had played another trick on Vera, too, by touching her classic nose with the first symptoms of tan. These first symptoms—as no woman and few men need to be told—took the form of a deepening redness and of a glacé sheen vulgarly known as "shininess." And her vanity case was in that abominable train! There were further, if less, solar ravages visible on Vera Delaunay's beauty.

Without in the least intending to, Billy noted them all. And, womanlike, she knew he noted them.

Perhaps that may have accounted for a sub-note of waspishness in her well-trained voice as she challenged:

"Well? What shall we do? Go home again?"

He read, or fancied he read, a hint of mockery in the questions. And he made surly answer:

"Of course—if you want to. I'm sorry it's turned out this way. I don't suppose the place is really any different from what it was. This summer-house was all going to pieces then, too. I remember I went through a rustic seat I tried to sit on. We were younger, though. And—"

"Thanks!" she said, with some slight sharpness. "I know I look like a fright. But it isn't pleasant to be called 'old,' too."

"I was thinking of myself," he made cross answer. "I'm too old, I suppose, to revel in heat and dust and garlic."

"And in me?" she supplemented, as he paused. "If you found your own saintly wife so much more interesting, why did you ask me to come here? And, by the way, did she say you could come?" went on Vera, the man's utter (Continued on page 159)

# The Race-Track of the Dollar

By  
Frank R. Adams

*A well-known writer's experiences  
in spending-mad New York during  
the maddest spending-time of all*

New York, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1920.

**H**ARDY ESTERDAHL, ESQ.,  
Assistant Cashier, State Bank of Whitehall,  
and Manager of "The Playhouse," Whitehall,  
Mich.

DEAR HARDY:

Sell those Liberty Bonds I gave you to keep for me before I started for New York and send me the proceeds. I want to tip a waiter here at the Hotel Stuyvesant.

You remember that basketful of American Bankers' Association checks you made out for me the day my wife and I left home—those beautiful engraved certificates that I could trade for fifty dollars each anywhere along the line by simply signing my name on the dotted line? Well, they're using those for trading-stamps down here this year—give one away with a package of cigarettes.

You've no idea of the rate of speed which can be developed by a bank-note on Broadway, the race-track of the dollar, in this, "Anno Prohibitionis I," or, counting according to the old calendar, 1920. An iron louie, or a buck, as we used to call them in the old days when we had time to get acquainted, will go faster and create less disturbance on the greased chute that runs slantwise through this city than any previous holder of speed-records in the history of mankind.

The velocity of that jack-rabbit disappearing through the corn field just after the accidental discharge of your shotgun that day we were hunting last fall is as nothing. (I guess you fired accidentally, didn't you? Anyway, you didn't seem to be aiming at anything particular.) And air-plane records—pouf! At least you can see an air-plane for a few minutes while it crosses from horizon to horizon. But a split-second stop-watch stutters and back-fires in the carbureter when you try to time the vanishing of a shipplaster on Broadway. And then some one steps up and takes the watch as a cover-charge for the ground-space occupied by your feet while you were doing it. They tried to get a motion-picture of a dollar bill here the other day, but the camera-man couldn't crank fast enough, and it was a failure—just a blurry streak on the negative.

The fountain-pen business has increased one hundred per cent. in this town just on account of the wear and tear of writing checks. Everybody writes checks—some of them good ones. Who could carry enough cash around with him to last through an entire day?

We've been thinking for some time past, there in the wilds of Michigan, that we have to pay a good deal for what we get. You remember yourself how

A favorite volume  
along the speedway



This watch (hidden under the diamonds) doesn't make time go any faster, but it gave an awful impetus to the \$2000 it cost

"N. S. F." was a distress-signal long before Marconi thought of "S. O. S."

the eagle screamed when you and I put the price up on movies at our theater, The Playhouse, from fifteen cents to twenty cents, and finally to a quarter. I guess the idea of a whole quarter (war-tax included) for an evening's entertainment drove a good many of the members of the Swedish Mission Church back to prayer-meetings.

But listen closely, because you won't believe this, anyway. We paid two dollars and twenty cents each, Saturday night, to see a picture that we will run in our theater next month for two bits. And tell Bud Johnson and Pitkin, the ruthless profiteers who gouge us out of eleven cents for our ice-cream sodas, that across the street from the hotel is a fountain where the cheapest drink is thirty-five cents, plus war-tax, and all sundaes are half a dollar. Of course, if Bud and Pit did anything like that, the local post of the American Legion would lure them out back of the tannery somewhere and "learn 'em different," but it goes to show that there are some compensations for living in a small town a thousand miles from the subway.

Can you imagine paying eighteen dollars for a hat—not a Parisian chapeau for the wife, but a masculine lid, or Kelly? I looked at some for that price—just looked, that's all. I don't wear hatpins or a chin-strap, and suppose a strong wind should come along and blow it into the ocean?

Laundry is a neat little item in this town. Godliness might be cheaper, I think. I have my hotel laundry list before me, and I quote from it: "Shirts, 40 and up; Pajamas, 40; Collars, 5; Sox, 10," and

## The Race-Track of the Dollar

on the ladies' list the words "and up" are appended to every one of the items, such as: "Combinations, 50; Dresses, \$2.00; Skirts, 75; Union suits, 40." Our first laundry bill after a week on the road was a little over thirteen dollars.

Newspapers—now there's something that shows which way the wind blows. They are marked "two cents," but you usually pay five in the neighborhood of Broadway and the Forty-odd streets. This is for the week-day editions. The price of the Sunday papers is something which is a mystery to me until after I get my change, and apparently fluctuates like an active stock on the curb market. The highest I have paid for a single Sunday sedative is twenty-two cents. Don't ask what the two cents were for. I can't imagine. Surely the newsboy had the nerve to charge a quarter.

New Yorkers think, presumably, that prices are equally high throughout

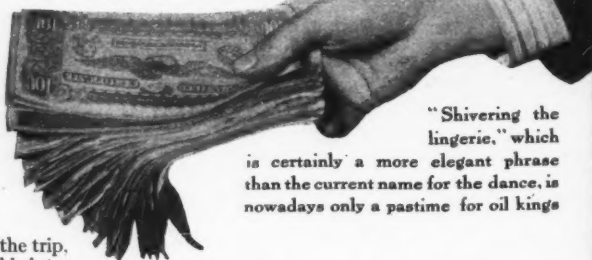


Modern gowns are very low except in price. This chiffon ulsterette is worth about \$900, which does not include the mucilage to stick it on with

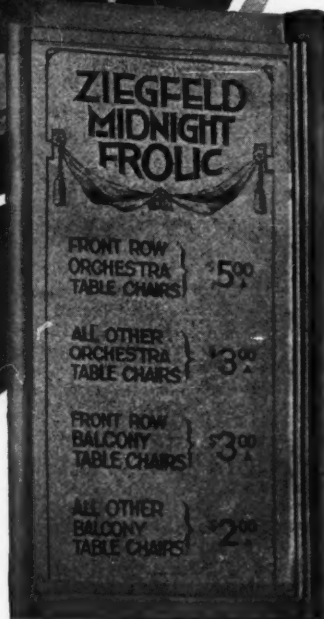
the country. This is only true in a sense. We've got a sort of a record of facts accumulated during our trip by motor from Whitehall, across Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey to New York. We took the trip, my wife and I, in midwinter

and in an open car, because we thought we'd like the ride and the fresh air. We got some of each in the Alleghany Mountains. But more than that, and unpremeditatedly, we picked up an assorted mess of financial facts that the *Wall Street Journal* probably wouldn't be the least bit interested in.

We found out in Grand Rapids, Michigan, which is considerable city in its own right, even if it is a long ways from here, that we could leave our car in a garage overnight for fifty cents. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, which is slightly nearer, the same privilege costs



"Shivering the lingerie," which is certainly a more elegant phrase than the current name for the dance, is nowadays only a pastime for oil kings



The quickest way to ruin a \$50 bill is to hire one of these ringside tables



seventy-five cents. In Lima, Ohio, it is a dollar; in Columbus, a dollar and a quarter. At Baltimore, Maryland, they maced us for a dollar and a half, and in New York two dollars and fifty cents American money, or one hundred and eighty marks, or a bushel and a half of rubles according to current quotations.

Yes; we know that ground-rents are higher on Manhattan Island than they are in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but there is one other reason why the charge is five times as great in one place as in the other. It is because the more eastern members of Ali Baba's outfit have discovered that they can get it.

Of course, we noticed many other barometric indications of the nearness of New York. For instance, you can still get a fair meal for two in Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio for a five-case note. A year or so ago, you would have had a cocktail or two thrown in for the same price, but, in general, the tariff is comprehensible. Get within three hundred miles of the city on the Hudson, however, and your five-dollar bill is not legal tender outside of a white-tiled beanery.

Time out, while we take back the above statement in so far as it applies to Philadelphia. Many a harsh word has been hurled at Philadelphia. Let us humbly state that, in our opinion, it is a city of kindly people and square dealers, some of whom are in the hotel and garage business. You can still buy a ration for man and flivver for just about what you figured it would cost before you left home. And you get it cheerfully. The accommodations in Philadelphia are not so good as in many cities one-tenth its size, but the people make you feel a lot more reluctant to leave it than if they had solid-gold bathtubs and hand-knitted red-silk hush-covers. Just so this won't sound like an advertisement, we refuse to name the hotel we stopped at.

In New York city proper (only since January, and not so very), a wineless dinner for two can be achieved for fifteen

DINNER			
Covers (p.p.) 15			
OYSTERS AND CLAMS			
Steak Frites 45	Lobster 50	Robbins Island 50	Cape Cod 50
Catfish 50	Lake Michigan 40	Cherry 45	Cash (aka cocktail) 90
Cocktail sauce 15	Lobster cocktail 1 00		
RELISHES			
Assorted hot 90	Fruit and Truffles 85	Wine-sauce hot 85	Cake 45
Olives 40	Smoked salmon 75	Concept of anchovy 75	Grape fruit, Superfine 85
SOUPS			
Essence of truffle 50	Clear green turtle 75	Potato marmite, Potomac 1 00	Cream Potomac 1 00
Cambo, Crêpe 50	Beef or chicken consommé 45	St. Gennet 1 00	
Parfa of tomatoes 45			
FISH			
Boiled salmon, sauce moutarde 90	Cassidite of lobster, Bonnet 1 00		
Kingfish, Massachusetts with capers 90	Brook trout, Atlantic 1 00		
Whitefish and oyster cake 90	Terrapin 3 00	Smelt à l'Anglaise 85	
ENTREES (Ready)			
Roasted beef tongue, creamed spinach 1 00	Timbale of chicken, Contessa 1 00		
Rack of spring lamb cocotte, Vinaigrette 1 00			
(To order) Fillet mignon of beef, Châteaufort 2 15	Larded veal cutlet, table style 1 75		
Roast quail under bell, Eugene 2 25	Roasted veal chop, mushrooms and butter 1 00		
ROASTS (Ready)			
Spring turkey, cranberry sauce 1 50	Lamb, mint sauce 1 25		
TO ORDER			
Roasted baby turkey (half) 3 00	Fresh broiled chicken 3 50	Fresh quail chicken 2 25	
*Crispy chicken 4 00	Squab guinea chicken 3 00	Mashed duck 6 50	
Squab 2 25		*Long blood duckling 5 00	
COLD (Per person)			
Lobster salad 1 50	Cold meat salad 1 35	Chicken salad 1 50	
Cold meat 1 25	Virginia ham 1 00	Flare 80	
Filet of goose liver 2 00	Turkey of duck, Diana 1 00	Calcutta of capon 1 00	
Supreme of chicken, Jeune 1 25		Chicken and lamb pie 1 00	
VEGETABLES			
Broccoli spines 60	Asparagus 65	Hashed asparagus 1 00	Artichoke 75
Spaghetti or macaroni in butter 50	Garlic 60	Lima beans 75	Oyster plant 50
New string beans 75	Spinach 55	Celery au jus 60	White squash 50
New peas 75	Cauliflower 75	Egg plant 45	Stuffed green pepper or tomato 50
Potatoes—New baked 25	Baked 30	Fried 30	Mashed 30
As gratin 35	Lettuce 35	Hashed beets 30	Southern style 45
SALADS			
Hearts of Roman 55	Fettich and lamb cutlet 65	Fruit 75	Endive 60
Hearts of lettuce 55	Pale Ranch 70	Sylvette 70	De Lutz 75
Romaine or macaroni dressing, p.p. 20			
DISSERT			
Pudding Cherron, caramel sauce 50	Caramel jelly 50	Rice Imperatrice 50	
Biscuits pie 35	Green apple pie 30	Custard pie 30	Pumpkin pie 30
French pastry 35			Assorted cakes 40
ICE CREAMS			
Coupe Rivers 75	Peach Chiffon 60	Cherry plantain 60	Flaming heart 75
Vanilla, chocolate, coffee, pistache, strawberry or maple 50		Peach Mille 60	Black glaze 55
Raspberry, orange or lemon 45	Nougat pudding 65	Flaming heart, Mary Garden 75	
Banana Tiram 60	Yule-fruits 55		
CHEESE			
Roquefort 60	Fruit Cream 45	Camembert 45	Aspic 35
Manchego cream 35	Coramendi 50	Cheese 45	Cream cheese with jelly 65
FRUITS			
Strawberries with cream 1 25	Apple 25	Orange 25	Nuts and raisins 50
Pear 25	Grape 50		
COFFEE			
Special 35			Turkish 35
See (*) indicates portion for two			
Antidote 25 40 70			
(*) indicates portion for two			
Antidote 25 40 70			



A case for the  
S. P. C. A.  
It cost her hus-  
band \$50,000



About \$500 worth of hosiery.  
It pays to darn the old ones

A lightning calculator dined here with his wife for \$10. But he had to use the higher mathematics

to twenty dollars. I can recollect, Hardy, once when I was a member of that nearly forgotten army, the A.E.F., a chap named Van Vechten and I dined, on a Sunday, I think it was, at what, in my opinion, is one of the very finest restaurants in the world, the Café des Ambassadeurs in Paris. I can nearly remember what we had

to eat. We ordered nearly everything we could think of, because we had been living for the three months previous at a French army mess. There were two cocktails each, oysters, consommé Julienne, cutlet of salmon (that was the most agreeable fish I ever met), file of beef, *pommes de terre frites* as usual, *petits pois*, lettuce-and-tomato salad, an ice, Camembert, a demitasse, and all through it the soothing melliflence of a quart of '96 champagne. I can remember exactly what we paid for it, too, because it was just about all we had—second lieutenants both of us—and it was eighty-three francs including the tip. At the then rate of exchange, it amounted to about fifteen dollars. That was in Paris under the so-called bombardment. (The *boche* did drop a shell near us every fifteen minutes, I recollect.)

To duplicate that menu in New York city to-day without the wine would set us back nearly one hundred per cent. more.

Speaking of the army, I notice a lot of officers in uniform strolling around this burg, breathing the expensive air and even sometimes eating. How do they do it? I know what those birds get, because I used to get it myself. They can't all be regimental mess-officers. Don't ask me to explain what I mean by that, Hardy. I don't want to be executed for lese-majesty by a captain I once knew who has no sense of humor. The way I said it, he'll never get it, but I insulted him in a kind of a polite way. (Continued on page 121)

# Kindred of

*A novel of the great Northwest  
and its splendid Americans—  
written by a 100-per-cent.  
American*

*Introducing you to three lovable people:*

**THE OLD LAIRD**—Hector McKaye, millionaire lumber king, a fine old gentleman who has centered the great hopes of a mighty life in his son, to whose broad shoulders he has now shifted the vast McKaye enterprises.

**THE YOUNG LAIRD**—Donald McKaye, who is torn between his love for his father and his love for Nan, his marriage to whom he feels would break his proud old father's heart. He is taken ill with typhoid fever, and the knowledge that if he defers to his father he must give up Nan deprives him of the will to get well.

**THE OUTCAST OF PORT AGNEW**—"Nan of the Sawdust Pile," ostracized by the townsfolk, who has made two mistakes in life. She has been deceived into motherhood by a bigamist, whom she left, and she has fallen in love with Donald McKaye, for whom she has named her child. Her father dies, and she is faced with the problem of existence for herself and her child.

You will also come to know, incidentally, Andrew Daney, the McKayes' veteran general manager, fanatically loyal to the old laird—he plans and executes a scheme to get Nan away from Port Agnew and Donald, and she leaves, with The Laird's assistance, for New York; Mrs. McKaye and Donald's two socially ambitious sisters, and "Dirty Dan" O'Leary. O'Leary was secretly appointed Donald's body-guard by the old laird and Daney, after Donald, by fist and fire, had cleared Nan's Sawdust Pile of human riffraff. He nearly meets death in a battle, about which he refuses any information, with a trio of murderers lying in wait for Donald outside Nan's little home, built on the mill's waste. Dan starts on a trip to Ireland and travels with Nan to New York. But he is sent home by the authorities and, knowing Nan's address, enables Daney and Mrs. McKaye to send for the girl. Her presence alone will save Donald.

XXXIII

**F**ROM the company hospital, The Laird went straight to his general manager's office. Entering, he strode to Daney's desk and transfixing finger.

"Andrew, this is your work, is it not?"

Mr. Daney's heart skipped a beat, but he remembered this was Friday morning. So he decided not to be foolish and spar for time by asking The Laird what work he referred to. Also, having read somewhere that, in battle, the offensive frequently wins—the defensive never—he glared defiantly at The Laird and growled,

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" His demeanor appeared to say, "This is my work, and I'm proud of it."

Nan visited the hospital next day, choosing an hour when Port Agnew was at its evening meal and too preoccupied with that important detail to note her coming and going

# the Dust

By  
Peter B. Kyne

Illustrated by  
Dean Cornwell

To Daney's profound amazement, The Laird smiled benignantly and thrust out his hand.

"I thank you more than you will ever realize, Andrew, for taking this matter out of my hands. I left the decision up to the Almighty, and evidently he inspired you to disobey me and save the day—without compromising me."

"Pooh! That's the easiest thing I do." Mr. Daney's courage had returned with a rush. "For heaven's sake, don't talk about it, sir. I placed a call for the girl on the telephone—at your expense. Yes, sir; I talked with her clear across the continent, and before she even started from New York, it was understood that she is to jilt Donald the minute the doctors pronounce him strong enough to stand jilting."

"She told me, practically, the same thing. Oh, Andrew, Andrew, my boy, this is bully work! Bully! Bully!"

Mr. Daney replied to this encomium with a deprecatory shrug and hoped The Laird would never ask *him who had made the bargain*. Thus far, he flattered himself, he had not strayed from the straight and narrow path of strict veracity, and he hoped he would not have to. To obviate this, he decided to get rid of The Laird immediately; so he affected embarrassment, and growled:

"All right, boss. If you're satisfied, I am. I haven't been able to sleep very well since I started mixing in your family affairs, and without sleep a man cannot hold up his job. I've got a lot of work to do, and I cannot have any idle, interfering fellows stampeding round my office; so I suggest that you run up to The Dreamerie to break the good news to your poor wife."

"All right, Andrew; I'll go in a minute. Er—ah—you're certain, Andrew, the girl understands quite thoroughly that I haven't had a thing to do with bringing her back to Port Agnew?"

Mr. Daney looked up with a slight frown.

"I'll answer your question with another. Have you seen and talked with Nan Brent this morning?"

"Yes. I did—the minute she entered Donald's room."

"And you demanded a show-down then and there?"

"I did."

"And her answer was satisfactory?"

"Absolutely!"

"So I judged from the fact that you shook hands with me upon entering my office. I had expected nothing more nor less than instant dismissal. Well, since you desire the girl's testimony confirmed, I repeat that she came out here on the distinct understanding that Donald's family had not receded from its original position. This is a business trip, pure and simple, in so far as the McKaye family is concerned, although I grant you there is a heap of sentiment on Nan's part—at least sufficient to persuade her to do anything for the boy's sake. She places his welfare above her own."

The Laird nodded.

"The girl is capable of doing the most unexpected things, Andrew. I really think she'll play the game. When she told me what her intentions were, I believe she stated the absolute truth."



Dan stood just outside the kitchen door, not presuming to enter, and when the last song was finished, he had tears in his piggy little eyes

"Well, let us hope she doesn't change them, sir. Remember, she has no more intention of marrying him this morning than she had when she fled from Port Agnew. I was certain of that when listening to her on the telephone the other night. However, sir, I want to go on record here and now as disclaiming responsibility for anything that may occur hereafter."

"Well, I am relieved. I dreaded the thought that I might be compromised—indirectly, for, as you well know, Andrew, I have a repugnance to asking favors from anybody to whom I am not prepared to grant them. My son is my chief happiness. Now, if I were to ask her to save my happiness, while at the same time reserving the right to deny the girl hers—well, thank God, I'm saved that embarrassment! Thanks to you, you fox!"

When the door had closed behind him, Daney reached for the telephone and called Mrs. McKaye at The Dreamerie.

"Your husband is on his way home, Mrs. McKaye," he advised her. "The girl is here. The Laird has met her and talked with her, and is quite happy over the situation. However, I want to warn you that you will avoid unpleasantness by keeping from him the fact that you asked the Brent girl to come back to Port Agnew. He thinks I did, and I have not seen fit to deny it. He is quite willing to accept of the girl's services, as it were, but not at the behest of any member of his family. Better hear what he has to say on the subject before you commit yourself, Mrs. McKaye."

"Oh, I think I can be depended upon to manage Hector," she replied confidently, and hung up.

The Laird arrived a few minutes later, and entered smilingly.



"My dears, I have wonderful news for you!" he announced.

Elizabeth, warned by her mother of the impending announcement, and already in the latter's confidence regarding the long-distance conversation with Nan Brent, interrupted him.

"Oh, do tell us quickly, daddy dear," she gushed, and flew to throw her arms round his neck. Over his shoulder she winked at Jane and her mother, and grimaced knowingly.

"Donald's going to pull through. The doctors feel certain he'll take in the slack on his life-line, now that the Brent girl has suddenly turned up. In fact, the lad has been holding his own since he received a telegram from her some days back. I didn't tell you about that, my dears, not being desirous of worrying you; and since it was no doings of mine, I saw it could not be helped, and we'd have to make the best of it."

"Oh, daddy! How could you? That's perfectly dreadful news!" the artful Elizabeth cried, while her mother raised her eyes resignedly upward and clasped her hands so tightly that they trembled. The Laird thought his wife sought comfort from above; had he known that she had just delivered a sincere vote of thanks, he would not have hugged her to his heart, as he forthwith proceeded to do.

"Now, now, Nellie, my dear," he soothed her, "it's all for the best. Don't cross your bridges before you come to them. Wait till I tell you everything. That fox, Daney, had the common sense to call the girl on the telephone and explain the situation; he induced her to come back here and tease that soft-hearted, moonstruck son of ours back to life. And when Donald's strong enough to stand alone—by Jupiter, that's exactly how he's going to stand!—we're not the slightest bit compromised, my dears. The McKaye family is absolutely in the clear. The girl has done this solely for Donald's sake."

"Hector McKaye," Jane declared, "you've really got to do something very handsome for Andrew Daney."

"Dear, capable, faithful Andrew!" Mrs. McKaye sighed.

"Ah, he's a canny lad, is Andrew," old Hector declared happily. "He took smart care not to compromise me, for well he knows my code. When I rejected his suggestion that I send for the lass, Andrew knew why without asking foolish questions. Well, he realized that if I should ask her to come and save my son, I would not be unfair enough to tell her later that she was not a fit wife for that son. As a matter o' manly principle, I would have had to withdraw my opposition, and Donald could wed her if he liked and with my blessing, for all the bitter cost. I did not build The Dreamerie with the thought that Donald would bring a wife like this Brent lass home to live in it, but—God be thanked!—the pair bairn loves him too well to ruin him—"

He broke off, wiping his eyes, moist now with the pressure of his emotions, and, while he was wiping them, Mrs. McKaye and her daughters exchanged frightened glances. Elizabeth's penchant for ill-timed humor disappeared; she stood, alert and awed, biting her lip. Jane's eyebrows went up in quick warning to her mother, who paled and flushed alternately. The latter understood now why Andrew Daney had taken the precaution to warn her against the danger of conjugal confidences in the matter of Nan Brent; devoutly she wished she had had the common sense to have left those delicate negotiations entirely in the hands of dear, capable, faithful Andrew, for, delicate as they had been, she realized now, when it was too late, that in all probability Mr. Daney, although a mere man, would have concluded them without compromising the McKaye family. Surely he would have had the good taste to assure Nan that he was acting entirely upon his own initiative.

On the instant, Mrs. McKaye hated the unfortunate general manager. She told herself that, had he been possessed of the brains of a chipmunk, he would have pointed out to her the danger of her course; that he had not done so was proof that the craven had feared to compromise himself. He had made a catspaw of her, that's what he had done! At that moment, placid Nellie McKaye could have shrieked with fury. Like so many of her sex, the good lady's code of sportsmanship was a curious one, to say the least. It had not been prudence but an instinctive desire to protect her son that had moved her to be careful, when begging Nan to return to Port Agnew, to indicate that this request predicated no retirement from the resolute stand which the family had taken against the latter's alliance with Donald. In a hazy, indefinite way, she had realized the importance of nullifying any tendency on her part to compromise herself or her family by the mere act of telephoning to Nan, and with the unintentional brutality of a not very intelligent, tactless woman, she had taken this means of protection.

Curiously enough, it had not occurred to her until this moment that she had done something shameful and cruel and stupid and

unwomanly. She shriveled mentally in the contemplation of it. Not until her husband had so unexpectedly revealed to her a hitherto hidden facet of his character—his masculine code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—did she realize how dreadfully she had blundered. Never given to self-analysis, she had merely followed the imperative call of her mother love to the point where nothing mattered save results.

She looked up tearfully at The Laird, and he, noting her great distress, held her fondly in his arms and soothed her; manlike, he assumed that she wept because her heart was overflowing with joy. For half an hour he chatted with her; then, with a light step and a cheerful "Good-by, Nellie, wife," he entered his automobile and drove back to town.

His departure was the signal for Jane and Elizabeth to rally to their mother's side and inaugurate a plan of defense.

"Well, mother dear," Elizabeth opined calmly, "it appears that you've spilled the beans."

"Oh, my dears, what shall I do?" poor Mrs. McKaye quavered.

"Stand pat, should necessity ever arise, and put the buck up to Mr. Daney," the slangy Elizabeth suggested promptly. "He has warned you not to confess to father, hasn't he? Now, why did he do this? Answer: Because he realized that if dad should learn that you telephoned this odious creature from the Sawdust Pile, the head of our clan would consider himself compromised—bound by the action of a member of his clan, as it were. Then we'll have a wedding, and after the wedding we'll all be thrown out of The Dreamerie to make room for Master Don and his consort. So, it appears to me, since Mr. Daney has warned you not to tell, mother dear, that he cannot afford to tell on you himself—no, not even to save his own skin."

"You do not understand, Elizabeth," Mrs. McKaye sobbed. "It isn't because that stupid Andrew cares a snap of his finger for us; it's because he's devoted to Hector and doesn't want him worried or made unhappy."

"Oh, well, if that's the case, it's all as clear as mud!" Jane cried triumphantly. "If the worst should ever come to the worst, Mr. Daney will lie like a gentleman and—why, he has already done so, silly! Of course he has, and it's rather gallant of him to do it, I think."

"He's an imbecile, and why Hector has employed him all these years—why he trusts him so implicitly, I'm sure I am at a loss to comprehend," Mrs. McKaye complained waspishly.

"Dear, capable, faithful Andrew!" Elizabeth mimicked her mother's earlier speech. "Cheer up, ma! Cherries are ripe." She snapped her fingers, swayed her lithe body, and undulated gracefully to the piano, where she brought both hands down on the keys with a crash, and played ragtime with feverish fury for five minutes. Then, her impish nature asserting itself, she literally smashed out the opening bars of Lohengrin's wedding-march, and shouted with glee when her mother, a finger in each ear, fled from the room.

### XXXIV

MR. DANAY worked through a stack of mail with his stenographer, dismissed her, and, in the privacy of his sanctum, lighted his pipe and proceeded to mend his fences. In the discretion of the chief operator at the telephone exchange, he had great confidence; in that of Mrs. McKaye, none at all. He believed that the risk of having the secret leak out through Nan herself was a negligible one, and, of course (provided he did not talk in his sleep), the reason for Nan's return was absolutely safe with him. Indeed, the very fact that The Laird had demanded and received an explanation from the girl would indicate to Nan that Mrs. McKaye had acted on her own initiative; hence, Nan would, in all probability, refrain from disclosing this fact to The Laird in any future conversations.

His cogitations were interrupted by a telephone call from Mrs. McKaye. The good soul's first gust of resentment having passed, she desired to thank him for his timely warning and to assure him that, on the subject of that transcontinental telephone conversation, she and her daughters could be depended upon to remain as silent as the Sphinx.

This information relieved Mr. Daney greatly. "After all," he reflected, "it is up to the girl whether we fish or cut bait. But, then, what man in his senses can trust a woman to stay put? Females are always making high dives into shoal water, and those tactless McKaye women are going to smear everything up yet. You wait and see."

The longer Mr. Daney considered the situation, the more convinced did he become that mischief was brewing. Did not periods of seraphic calm always precede a tornado? In the im-



"Oh, my dears, what shall I do?" poor Mrs. McKaye quavered. "Stand pat, should necessity ever arise, and put the buck up to Mr. Daney," the slangy Elizabeth suggested promptly

pending social explosion, a few hard missiles would most certainly come his way, and in a sudden agony of apprehension and shame, because he had told The Laird a half-truth, he sprang to his feet, resolved to seek old Hector, inform him that Mrs. McKaye had compromised the family, and thus enable him to meet the issue like a gentleman. But this decision was succeeded by the reflection that perhaps this action would merely serve to precipitate a situation that might not be evolved in the ordinary course of affairs. Furthermore, he could not afford to betray Mrs. McKaye on the mere suspicion that, sooner or later, she would betray herself, for this would savor of too much anxiety to save his own skin at her expense.

### XXXV

NAN did not remain at the hospital more than fifteen minutes. She was ill at ease there; it was no comfort to her to gaze upon the pallid, wasted face of the man she loved when she realized that, by her presence here, she was constituting herself a party to a heart-breaking swindle, and must deny herself the joy of gazing upon that same beloved countenance when, later, it should be glowing with health and youth and high hopes. He was too weak to speak more than a few words to her. When, however, he had satisfied his swimming senses that she was really there in the flesh, he murmured:

"You'll not—run away—again? Promise?"

"I promise, dear. The next time I leave Port Agnew, I'll say good-by."

"You must not—leave—again. Promise?"

She knew his life might be the reward of a kindly lie; so she told

it, bravely and without hesitation. Was she not there for that purpose?

"Good—news! If I get—well, will you—marry me, Nan?"

She choked up then; nevertheless, she nodded.

"More good—news! Wait for me—Sawdust Pile—sweet-heart."

She interpreted this as a dismissal, and gratefully made her exit. From the hospital office she telephoned orders to the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the milkman, forcibly separated little Don from the nurse, and walked down through Port Agnew to the Sawdust Pile.

The old-fashioned garden welcomed her with its fragrance; her cat, which she had been unable to give away and had not the heart to destroy at the time of her departure, came to the little white gate to meet her and rubbed against her, purring contentedly—apparently none the worse for a month of vagabondage and richer by a litter of kittens that blinked at Nan from under the kitchen stoop. She resurrected the key from its hiding-place under the eaves, and her hot tears fell so fast that it was with difficulty she could insert it in the door. Poor derelict on the sea of life, she had gone out with the ebb and had been swept back on the flood, to bob around for a little while in the cross-currents of human destinies before going out again with the ebb.

The air in the little house was hot and fetid; so she threw open the doors and windows. Dust had accumulated everywhere, and, with a certain detachment, she noted, even in her distress, that she had gone away without closing the great square piano. She ran her fingers over the dusty keys and brought forth a few sonorous chords.

She sighed. Once more, in this silent little house so fraught



The outcast of Port Agnew turned upon Mr. Dancy a pair of sea-blue eyes that flashed dangerously. "I think I have paid due me, and though Mrs. McKaye and her daughters cannot bring themselves to the point of

with happy memories, the old burden of existence was bearing upon her—the feeling that she was in jail. For a month she had been free—free to walk the streets, to look in shop windows, to seek a livelihood and talk to other human beings without that terrible feeling that, no matter how pleasant they might appear to be, their eyes were secretly appraising her—that they were *thinking*. And now to be forced to abandon that freedom—

"Oh, well—it can't last forever," she soliloquized, and, blinking away her tears, she proceeded to change into a house dress and put her little home in order. Presently, the local expressman arrived with her baggage, and was followed by sundry youths bearing sundry provisions; at twelve-thirty, when she and young Don sat down to the luncheon she had prepared, her flight to New York and return appeared singularly unreal, like the memory of a dream.

Nan visited the hospital next day, choosing an hour when Port Agnew was at its evening meal and too preoccupied with that

important detail to note her coming and going. She returned to her home under cover of darkness.

At the hospital, she had received a favorable report of the patient's progress. His physicians were distinctly encouraged. Nan looked in on her lover for a minute, and then hurried away on the plea that her baby was locked in at the Sawdust Pile in the absence of some one to care for him.

As she was going out, she met The Laird and Mrs. McKaye coming in. Old Hector lifted his hat and said quite heartily:

"How do you do, my dear girl? The news this evening, is most encouraging—thanks to you, I'm told—so we are permitted to see Donald for five minutes. Nellie, my dear, you remember little Nan Brent, do you not?"

Mrs. McKaye's handsome mouth contracted in a small, automatic smile that did not extend to her eyes. She acknowledged Nan's "Good-evening, Mrs. McKaye," with a brief nod, and again favored the girl with another property smile, between the





my debt to the McKays," she declared. "Indeed, I have a slight credit-balance acknowledging this indebtedness, I must insist upon collecting it"

coming and going of which her teeth flashed with the swiftness of the opening and closing of a camera shutter.

"We are so grateful to you, Miss Brent," she murmured. And then, womanlike, her alert brown eyes, starting their appraisal at Nan's shoes, roved swiftly and calmly upward, noting every item of her dress, every soft, seductive curve of her healthy young body. Her glance came to a rest on the girl's face, and they looked at each other frankly while old Hector was saying:

"Aye, grateful indeed, Nan! We shall never be out of your debt. We had no right to expect this of you. God bless you, my dear, and remember—I am always your friend."

"Yes, indeed," his wife murmured, in a voice that, lacking his enthusiasm, conveyed to Nan the information that The Laird spoke for himself. She tugged gently at her husband's arm; again the automatic smile; with a cool: "Good-night, Miss Brent. Thank you again—so much," she propelled The Laird toward the hospital entrance.

After that visit, Nan went no more to the hospital. She had met Donald's mother for the first time in four years and had been greeted as "Miss Brent," although in an elder day when, as a child, Donald had brought her to The Dreamerie to visit his mother and sisters, and, later, when she had sung in the local Presbyterian choir, Mrs. McKaye and her daughters had been wont to greet her as "Nan." The girl did not relish the prospect of facing again that camera-shutter smile, and she shrank with the utmost distress from a chance meeting at the hospital with Elizabeth or Jane McKaye. As for The Laird, while she never felt ill at ease in his presence, still she preferred to meet him as infrequently as possible. As a result of this decision, she wrote Andrew Daney, and, after explaining to him what she intended doing and why, asked him if he would not send some trustworthy person to her every evening with a report of Donald's progress.

Accordingly, Dirty Dan O'Leary, hat in hand and greatly embarrassed, presented himself at the Sawdust Pile the following evening under cover of darkness and handed her a note from Daney. Donald's condition was continuing to improve. For his services, Mr. O'Leary was duly thanked and given a bouquet from Nan's old-fashioned garden for presentation to the invalid. Tucked away in the heart of it was a tiny envelop that enclosed a message of love and cheer.

Dirty Dan was thrilled to think that he had been selected as the intermediary in this secret romance. Clasp the bouquet in his grimy left hand, he bowed low.

"Me heart's wit' ye, agra," he declared. "Sure 'tis to the devil an' back ag'in I'd be the proud man to go if 'twould be a favor to ye, Miss Brint."

"I know you would, Dan," she agreed. "I know what you did for Mr. Donald that night. I think you're very, very wonderful. I haven't had an opportunity heretofore to tell you how grateful I am to you for saving him."

Here was a mystery! Mr. O'Leary in his Sunday clothes bound for Ireland resembled Dirty Dan O'Leary in the raiment of a lumberjack as a butterfly resembles a caterpillar. Without pausing to consider this,

Dirty Dan, taking the license of a more or less privileged character, queried impudently,

"An' are ye glad they sint for ye to come back?"

She decided that Mr. O'Leary was inclined to be familiar; so she merely looked at him, and her cool glance chilled him.

"Becuz if ye are," he continued, embarrassed, "ye have me to thank for it. 'Tis meself that knows a thing or two wit'out bein' told. Have ye not been surprised that they knew so well where to find ye whin they wanted ye?"

She stared at him in frank amazement.

"Yes; I have been tremendously interested in learning the secret of their marvelous perspicacity."

"I supplied Mither Daney wit' your address, allanah."

"How did you know it? Did The Laird—"

"He did not. I did it all be meself. Ah, 'tis the romantic divil I am, Miss Brint. Sure I got a notion ye were runnin' away, an' says I to meself, says I: 'I don't like this idjee at all, at all.

These mysterious disappearances are always leadin' to throuble. Sure, what if somebody should die an' lave ye a fortun'? What good would it be to ye if nobody could find ye? An' in back o' that ag'in," he assured her cunningly, "I realized what a popular laddybuck I'd be wit' Mistor Donald if I knew what he didn't know but was wishful o' knowin'?"

"But how did you procure my address in New York?" she demanded.

"Now, I'm a wise man, but if I towld ye that, ye'd be as wise as I am. An' since 'twould break me heart to think anybody in Port Agnew could be as wise as mesel', ye'll have to excuse me from blatherin' all I know."

"Oh, but you must tell me, Dan! There are reasons why I should know, and you wouldn't refuse to set my mind at ease, would you?"

Dirty Dan grinned and played his ace.

"If ye'll sing 'The Low-backed Car' an' 'She Moved Through the Fair,' I'll tell ye," he promised. "Sure I listened to ye the night o' the battle, an' so close to death was I, sure I t'ought 'twas an angel from glory singin'. Troth, I did."

She sat down, laughing, at the antiquated piano, and sang him the songs he loved; then, because she owed him a great debt, she sang for him "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Pretty Holly Brannigan," "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," and "Kil-larney." Dan stood just outside the kitchen door, not presuming to enter, and when the last song was finished, he had tears in his piggy little eyes; so he fled with the posies, nor tarried to thank her and wish her a pleasant good-night. Neither did he keep his promise by telling her how he came to know her New York address.

### XXXVI

A MONTH passed, and to the Sawdust Pile one evening, instead of Dirty Dan, there came another messenger. It was Mr. Daney. To Nan's invitation to enter and be seated, he gave ready acceptance; once seated, however, he showed indubitable evidence of uneasiness, and that he was the bearer of news of more than ordinary interest was apparent by the nervous manner in which he twirled his hat.

"Well, Nan, he went home to The Dreamerie this afternoon," the general manager began presently. "He's back on a solid diet now, and the way he's filling up the chinks in his superstructure is a sight to marvel at. I expect he'll be back on the job within a month."

"That is wonderful news, Mr. Daney!"

"Of course," Daney continued, "his hair is falling out, and he'll soon be as bald as a Chihuahua dog. But—it'll grow in again. Yes, indeed; it'll grow in."

"Oh dear! I do hope it will grow out," she bantered, in an effort to put him at his ease. "What a pity if his illness should leave poor Don with a head like a thistle—with all the fuzzy-wuzzy inside."

He laughed.

"I'm glad to find you in such good spirits, Nan, because I've called to talk business. And, for some reason or other, I do not relish my job."

"Then, suppose I dismiss you from this particular job, Mr. Daney. Suppose I decline to discuss business."

"Oh, but business is something that has to be discussed sooner or later," he assured her. "I suppose you've kept track of your expenses since you left New York. That, of course, will include the outlay for your living-expenses while here, and, in order to make doubly certain that we are on the safe side, I am instructed to double this total to cover the additional expenses of your return to New York. And if you will set a value upon your lost time from the day you left New York until your return, both days inclusive, I will include that in the check also."

"Suppose I should charge you one thousand dollars a day for my lost time," she suggested curiously.

"I should pay it without the slightest quibble. The Laird would be delighted to get off so cheaply. He feels himself obligated to you for returning to Port Agnew—"

"Did The Laird send you here to adjust these financial details with me, Mr. Daney?"

"He did not. The matter is entirely in my hands. Certainly, in all justice, you should be reimbursed for the expenses of a journey voluntarily incurred for the McKaye benefit."

"Did he say so?"

"No. But I know him so well that I have little difficulty in anticipating his desires. I am acting under Mrs. McKaye's promise to you over the telephone to reimburse you."

"I am glad to know that, Mr. Daney. I have a very high regard for Donald's father, and I should not care to convict him of an attempt to settle with me on a cash basis for declining to marry his son. I wish you would inform The Laird, Mr. Daney, that what I did was done because it pleased me to do it for his sake and Donald's. They have been at some pains, throughout the years, to be kind to the Brents, but, unfortunately for the Brents, opportunities for reciprocity have always been lacking until the night Mrs. McKaye telephoned me in New York. I cannot afford the gratification of very many desires—even very simple ones, Mr. Daney—but this happens to be one of the rare occasions when I can."

"But, my dear girl, it has cost you at least five hundred-dollars—"

"What a marvelous sunset we had this evening, Mr. Daney! Did you observe it?"

"I didn't come here, girl, to talk about sunsets. You're foolish if you do not accept—"

The outcast of Port Agnew turned upon Mr. Daney a pair of sea-blue eyes that flashed dangerously.

"I think I have paid my debt to the McKayes," she declared, and in her calm voice there was a sibilant little note of passion. "Indeed, I have a slight credit-balance due me, and though Mrs. McKaye and her daughters cannot bring themselves to the point of acknowledging this indebtedness, I must insist upon collecting it. In view of the justice of my claim, however, I cannot stultify my womanhood by permitting the McKaye women to think they can dismiss the obligation by writing a check. I am not an abandoned woman, Mr. Daney. I have sensibilities and, strange to relate, I, too, have pride—more than the McKayes, I think sometimes. It is possible to insult me, to hurt me, and cause me to suffer cruelly, and I tell you, Mr. Daney, I would rather lie down and die by the roadside than accept one penny of McKaye money."

Mr. Daney stared at her, visibly distressed.

"Why, what's happened?" he blurted.

She ignored him.

"I repeat that The Laird owes me nothing—not even his thanks. I met him one night with Mrs. McKaye on the hospital steps, and he tendered me his meed of gratitude like the splendid gentleman he is."

"Oh, I see!" A great light had suddenly dawned on Mr. Daney. "The Laird led trumps, but Nellie McKaye revoked and played a little deuce?"

"Well, Mr. Daney, it seemed to me she fumbled the ball, to employ a sporting-metaphor. She bowed to me—like this—and smiled at me—like that!" Her cool, patronizing nod and the sudden contraction and relaxation of Nan's facial muscles brought a wry smile to old Daney's stolid countenance. "Even if I felt that I could afford to, or was forced to accept reimbursement for my expenses and lost time," Nan resumed, "her action precluded it. Can't you realize that, Mr. Daney? And Jane and Elizabeth went her one—no, two—better. I'm going to tell you about it. I went up-town the other day to send a telegram, and in the telegraph office I met Donald's sisters. I knew they would not care to have me speak to them in public; so, when the telegrapher wasn't looking at me and intuition told me that Elizabeth and Jane were, I glanced up and favored them with a very small but very polite smile of recognition."

"And then?"

"They looked at me, through me, over me, beyond me—"

"And never batted an eye?"

"Not even the flicker of an eyelash."

His canine loyalty bade Mr. Daney defend The Laird's ewe lambs.

"Well, maybe they didn't recognize you," he protested. "A good deal of water has run under a number of bridges since the McKaye girls saw you last."

"In that event, Mr. Daney, I charge that their manners would have been extremely bad. However, much as I would like to assure you that they didn't know me, I must insist, Mr. Daney, that they did."

"Well, now, how do you know, Nan?"

"A little devil took possession of me, Mr. Daney, and inspired me to smoke them out. I walked up and held out my hand to Jane. 'How do you do, Jane,' I said. 'I'm Nan Brent. Have you forgotten me?'"

Mr. Daney raised both arms toward the ceiling.

"O God!" cried the woodcock—and away he flew! What did the chit say?"

"She said, 'Why, not at all,' and turned her back on me. I then proffered Elizabeth a similar greeting (Continued on page 128)

*Beginning the escapades of*  
Archie in America

# *The* Man Who *Married* A Hotel

By P. G. Wodehouse

*who wrote "Piccadilly Jim"*  
*and the "Jeeves" stories*

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

PEACE had come at last. The great war, with all its horrors—its spy plays, its war novels, its articles by our military expert, and its revues with patriotic first-act finales—had passed away like a dark cloud. The time of reconstruction had arrived, and all the old problems had sneaked back like unwanted dogs from the background into which war had thrust them. There they all were, clamoring for attention, just as they had been five years ago. England was asking herself: "How about Ireland? How about Labor? And what on earth are we to do with Archie?" To be exact, this last problem was the private perplexity of the Moffam family.

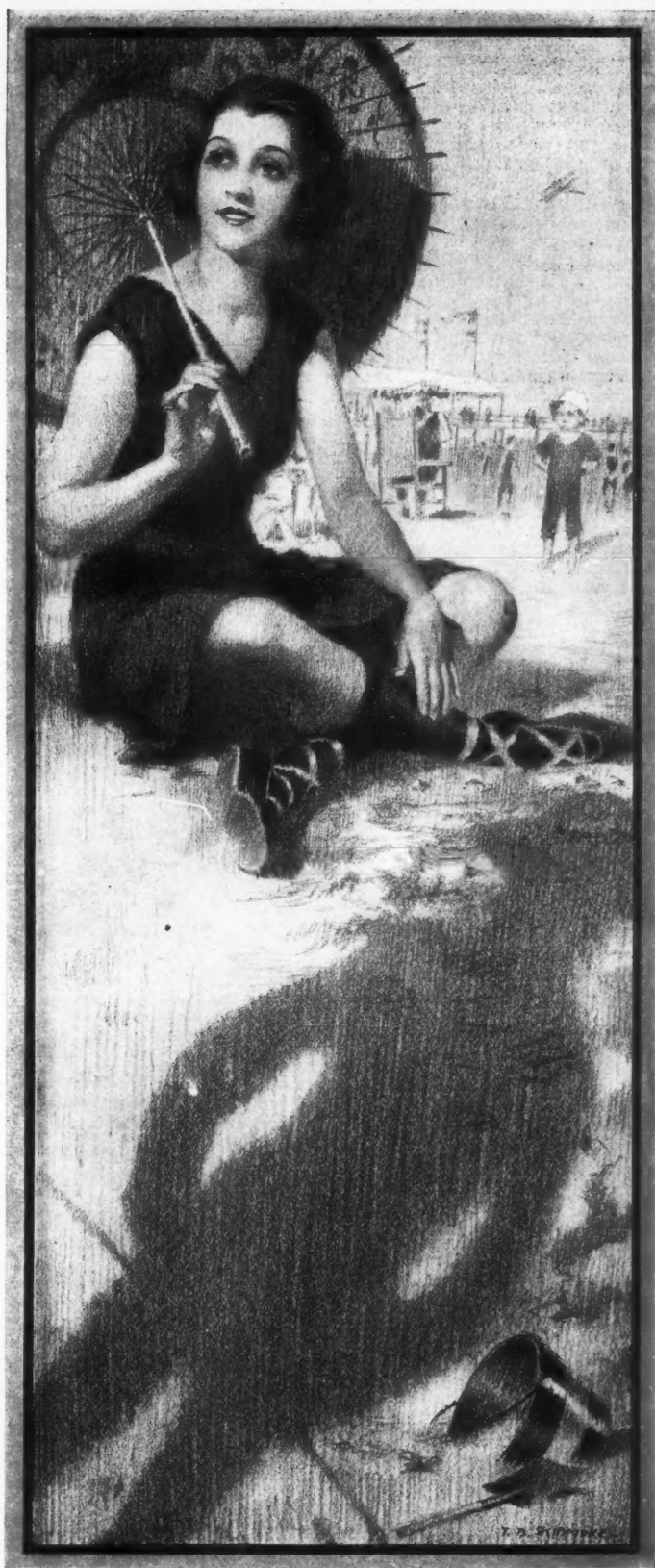
Archie was a good chap. Everybody admitted that, though his family were perhaps a little less enthusiastic than the outside public. He was all right, a sportsman, one of the lads, and a good egg. But he did not seem able to make a living. Just before the war started, he had passed affably through the Bankruptcy Court and turned up at home, cheerfully confident that somebody would do something for him. As a matter of fact, somebody did. A perfect stranger. The ex-kaiser, in fact. He kept Archie busier than he had ever been in his life for just over four years. But now that period of activity was over, and Archie was back home again, very hard and fit, with a questioning look in the eye which he turned upon his family and which said plainer than speech: "Well, old beans, how do we go? What about it—what?"

It was his brother Rupert, the head of the family, who finally answered the question.

"I think, old man," he said to Archie, in the smoking-room at the Beefsteak Club, "you'd better trot over to America and see if you can't wangle something over there."

Archie was agreeable. If he lacked most of the qualities that make for material success, he had the willingness to try anything once.

"Just as you say," he replied. "I'd be glad



It would be idle to deny that she looked pretty corking in that  
bathing-suit



## The Man Who Married A Hotel

to take a stab at it. As a matter of fact, I've one or two pretty good pals in America. Met 'em in France. There was one chappie—he was a cook in the Rainbow Division—I got very thick with. He asked me to look him up if I ever came over. His pater's a millionaire."

"I can get you several letters of introduction. There's a Mrs. Van Tuyl who was over here two or three years ago. You'll like her."

"Right-o! And as regards what you might call the sordid side of the jolly old expedition—"

"Oh, I'll see that you have plenty of money." Rupert paused for a moment a little thoughtfully. "Enough money," he went on, "but, of course, the idea is that you'll try to get a job—what?"

"Oh, absolutely!" said Archie.

Over in New York, Daniel Brewster, the proprietor of the Cosmopolis Hotel, went placidly about his business. No sympathetic angel whispered the details of this conversation in his ear. "See," as the poet says, "how the little victims play, regardless of their fate." That was exactly Daniel Brewster's position.

Mutual antipathy is a curious thing, odder, even, than love at first sight. Scores of people were extremely fond of Archie Moffam, and Daniel Brewster likewise had a large circle of friends. Each, therefore, one would say, had the elements of popularity in him, and there was no reason why they should not have got along capitally together except that they did not. Daniel looked upon Archie, and found no merit in him whatsoever; while Archie's verdict upon Daniel was crisp and uncompromising.

"My dear old chap," he said frankly to one who had sounded him on the subject, "the blighter is nothing more or less than the King of the Cooties!"

Of course, their first meeting was unfortunate. It happened in the lobby of the Cosmopolis Hotel on the morning after Archie's arrival in New York. Archie opened the proceedings by addressing the desk-clerk.

"I say, laddie," he said; "I want to see the manager."

"Is there anything I could do, sir?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, old man, I want to kick up a fearful row, and it seems hardly fair to lug you into it. The blighter whose head I want on a charger is the manager."

At this point, a massive, gray-haired man, who had been standing close by, joined in the conversation.

"I am the manager," he said.

His eye was cold and hostile. Others, it seemed to say, might like Archie Moffam, but he did not. As a matter of fact, Daniel Brewster was bristling for combat. What he had overheard had shocked him to the core of his being. He owned the Cosmopolis Hotel. It was his own private, personal property, and the thing dearest to him in the world after his daughter, Lucille. He prided himself on the fact that his hotel was not like other hotels. At other hotels, things went wrong and clients complained. At the Cosmopolis, things never went wrong, because he was there on the spot to see that they didn't, and, as a result, clients never complained. Yet here was this long, thin string-bean of a young man actually registering annoyance and dissatisfaction before his very eyes. His dislike of Archie began at that instant.

"What is your complaint?" he inquired frigidly.

Archie attached himself to the top button of Mr. Brewster's coat, and was immediately dislodged by an irritable jerk of the other's body.

"I took a room here last night," said Archie, quivering with self-pity and reaching absently for the button again, "a dashed expensive room. And there was a beastly tap outside somewhere that went drip-drip-drip all night and kept me awake. And I put my boots outside my door when I went to bed, and this morning they hadn't been touched. I give you my solemn word—not touched!"

"Naturally," said Mr. Brewster. "My employees are honest."

"But I wanted them cleaned, dash it!"

"There is a shoe-shining parlor in the basement. At the Cosmopolis, shoes left outside bedroom doors are not cleaned."

"Then I think the Cosmopolis is a bally rotten hotel!"

Mr. Brewster's compact frame quivered. The unforgivable insult had been offered. Knock Mr. Brewster down and walk on his face with spiked shoes, and you did not irremediably close all avenues to a peaceful settlement. But make a remark like Archie's about his hotel, and war was definitely declared. He stiffened.

"In that case," he said, "I must ask you to give up your room."

"I'm going to give it up! I wouldn't stay in the bally place another minute."

Mr. Brewster walked away, and Archie charged, snorting, round to the cashier's window to demand his bill. It had been his intention in any case, though, for dramatic purposes, he concealed it from his adversary, to leave the hotel that morning. An exchange of telegrams had resulted in an invitation from his brother's friend, Mrs. Van Tuyl, to her house-party at Bar Harbor, and Archie proposed to go there at once. But, oh, the difference between leaving the Cosmopolis as he would have done and leaving it as he did! He was seething with indignation. Mr. Brewster was seething with indignation, too.

"Well," mused Archie, on his way to the station, "one thing's certain: I'll never set foot in that bally place again!"

But nothing in this world is certain.

It was about two weeks later that a telegram arrived for Mr. Daniel Brewster. Not that this was unusual, for he was a man



who received many telegrams. But this one was rather interesting. It ran:

Returning New York to-day with darling Archie. Lots of love from us both.

LUCILLE.

Mr. Brewster was puzzled, not to say startled. When you send your only daughter away to Bar Harbor for the summer minus any entanglements, and she mentions in a telegram that she had acquired a darling Archie who sends you lots of love, you are naturally startled. It occurred to Mr. Brewster that by neglecting a careful study of his mail during the past week, as was his bad habit when busy, he had passed up an opportunity of keeping abreast with current happenings. He recollected now that a letter had arrived from Lucille a day or two before, and he had put it away unopened till he should have leisure to read it. He was extremely busy just now with the preliminaries of building a new hotel, and Lucille was a dear girl, but her letters when on a vacation seldom contained anything that couldn't wait a few days for a reading. He now hurried to his suite and made a dive for the letter.

It was a long letter. Boiling it down, it announced that Lucille had met the most angelic man, an Englishman, and they were both so much in love with each other that they had simply been compelled to slip off and get married at once. Otherwise, they would have kept him posted about things earlier. And, anyway, darling Archie had wanted a quiet wedding, because he said a fellow looked such a chump getting married. And he must learn to love Archie, because Archie was all set to love him very much.

Mr. Brewster sat abruptly down and breathed heavily through his nose.

At about the same time, in

clearly from the welter—the thought that this was too good to be true.

Mrs. Archie Moffam, *née* Lucille Brewster, was small and slender. The color of her eyes Archie had never been able to decide. Sometimes they were gray, sometimes blue, sometimes almost green. But, whatever their color, they were always bright, always friendly, always shining with an expression that somehow made him feel that he couldn't be such a chump after all. She had a little, animated face, set in a cloud of dark hair.

"Honestly, old bean—I mean, dear old thing—I mean, darling," said Archie, "I can't believe it!"

"What?"

"What I mean is, I can't understand why you should have married me."

Lucille's eyes opened. She squeezed his hand.

"Why, you're the most wonderful thing in the world, precious! Surely you know that?"

"Absolutely escaped my notice. Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure, you wonder-child! Nobody could see you without loving you!"

Archie heaved an ecstatic sigh. Then a thought crossed his mind.

"I say, I wonder if your father will think that."

"Of course he will!"

"We've rather sprung this, as it were, on the old lad," said Archie dubiously. "What sort of a man is your father?"

"Father's a darling, too."

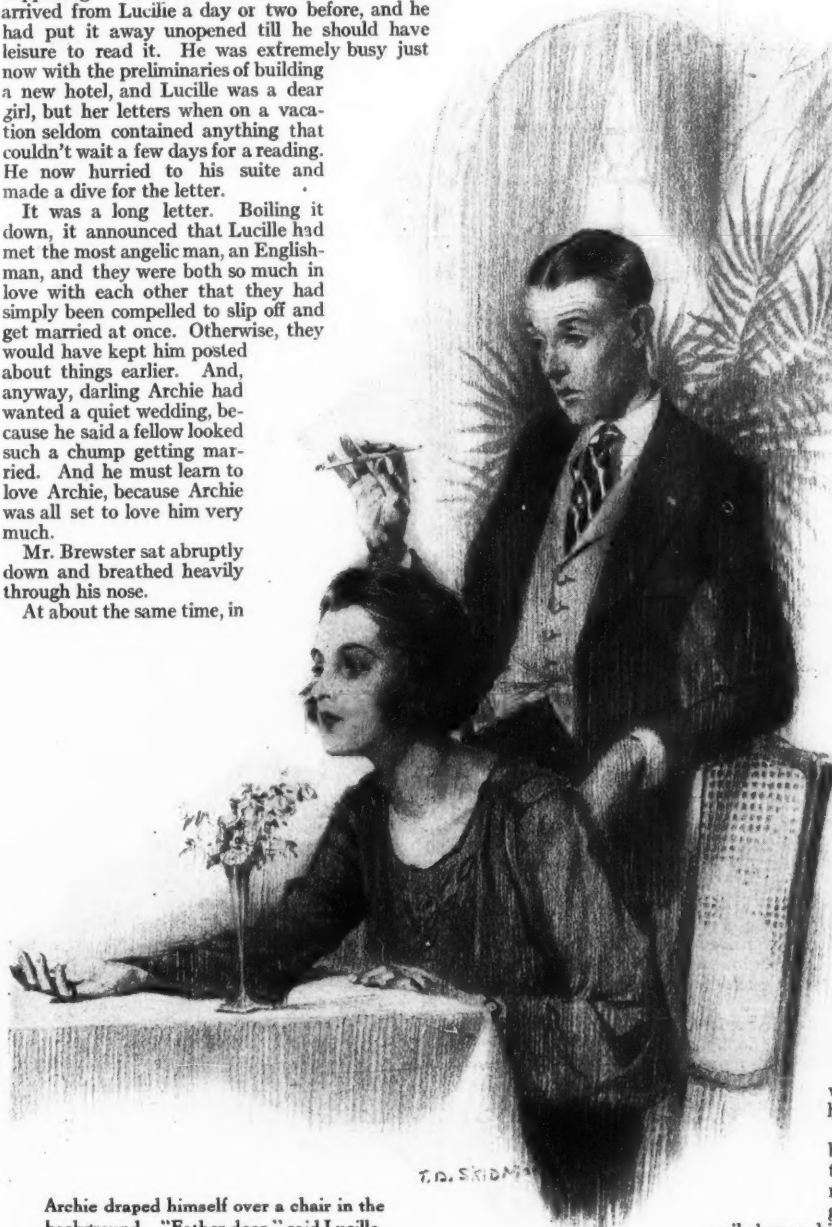
"Rummy thing he should own that hotel," said Archie. "I had a frightful row with a blighter of a manager there just before I left for Bar Harbor. Your father ought to sack that chap. He was a blot on the landscape."

It had been settled by Lucille during the journey that Archie should be broken gently to his father-in-law. That is to say, instead of bounding blithely into Mr. Brewster's presence hand in hand, the happy pair should separate for half an hour or so, Archie hanging round in the offing while Lucille saw her father and told him the whole story, or those chapters of it which she had omitted from her letter for want of space. Then, having impressed Mr. Brewster sufficiently with his luck in having acquired Archie for a son-in-law, she would lead him to where his bit of good fortune awaited him.

The program worked out admirably in its earlier stages. When the two emerged from Mr. Brewster's room to meet Archie, Mr. Brewster's general idea was that Fortune had

smiled upon him in an almost unbelievable fashion and had presented him with a son-in-law who combined in equal parts the more admirable character-

istics of Apollo, Sir Galahad, and Marcus Aurelius. True, he had gathered, in the course of the conversation, that dear Archie had no occupation and no private means, but Mr. Brewster felt that a great-souled man like Archie didn't need them. You can't



T.D. SKIDMORE

Archie draped himself over a chair in the background. "Father dear," said Lucille. "Archie has got an idea." "Archie?" said Mr. Brewster incredulously

a drawing-room on the express from Bar Harbor, Archie Moffam sat contemplating his bride. His brain had been in something of a whirl these last days, but one thought had always emerged

have everything, and Archie, according to Lucille's account, was practically a hundred-per-cent. man in soul, looks, manners, amiability, and breeding. These are the things that count. Mr. Brewster proceeded to the lobby in a glow of optimism and geniality. Consequently, when he perceived Archie, he got a bit of a shock.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" said Archie, advancing happily.

"Archie darling, this is father," said Lucille.

"Goo' God!" said Archie.

There was one of those silences. Mr. Brewster looked at Archie. Archie gazed at Mr. Brewster. Lucille, perceiving, without understanding why, that the big introduction scene had stubbed its toe on some unlooked-for obstacle, waited anxiously for enlightenment. Meanwhile, Archie continued to inspect Mr. Brewster, and Mr. Brewster continued to drink in Archie.

After an awkward pause of about a quarter of a minute, Mr. Brewster swallowed once or twice and finally spoke.

"Lu?"

"Yes, father?"

"Is this true?"

"True?"

"Have you really wished this—this on me for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Brewster swallowed a few more times, Archie the while watching with a frozen fascination the rapid shimmying of his new relative's Adam's apple. "Go away! I want to have a few words alone with this—this—wassyourname," he demanded in an overwrought manner, addressing Archie for the first time.

"I told you, father. It's Moom."

"Moom?"

"It's spelt M-o-f-f-a-m, but pronounced Moom."

"To rime," said Archie helpfully, "with Bluffinghame."

"Lu," said Mr. Brewster, "run away. I want to speak to—to—"

"You called me *this* before," said Archie.

"You aren't angry, father dear?" said Lucille.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I'm tickled to death!"

"Bit embarrassing, all this—what?" said Archie chattily.

"I mean to say, having met before in less happy circes and what-not. Rum coincidence and so forth. How would it be to bury the jolly old hatchet—start a new life—forgive and forget—learn to love each other—and all that sort of rot? I'm game if you are. How do we go? Is it a bet?"

Mr. Brewster remained entirely unsoftened by this manly appeal to his better feelings.

"What the devil do you mean, you—you panetela, by marrying my daughter?"

Archie reflected.

"Well, it sort of happened, don't you know. You know how these things *are*. Young yourself once and all that. I was most frightfully in love, and Lu seemed to think it wouldn't be a bad scheme, and one thing led to another, and—well, there you are, don't you know?"

"And I suppose you think you've done pretty well for yourself?"

"Oh, absolutely! As far as I'm concerned, everything's topping. I've never felt so braced in my life!"

"Yes," said Mr. Brewster, with bitterness; "I suppose, from your view-point, everything is 'topping.' You haven't a cent to your name, and you've managed to fool a rich man's daughter into marrying you. I suppose you looked me up in Bradstreet before committing yourself?"

From boyhood up, Archie Moffam had never been one of the world's great thinkers. Falling volcanically in love with Lucille the moment he had met her—and it would be idle to deny that she looked pretty corking in that bathing-suit—he had proceeded about his wooing with a single and undivided mind, a mind not distracted from its main purpose by those doubts and speculations which might have occurred to one with more brains and less concrete above the neck-band. Until this moment, it had honestly never struck him that, when you married a girl and hadn't any money, you might find it hard to support her.

"I say!" he observed, with dismay. "I never looked at it like that before. I can see that from your point of view this thing must look like a bit of a washout."

"How do you propose to support Lucille, anyway?"

Archie ran a finger round the inside of his collar. His father-in-law was opening up all kinds of new lines of thought.

"Well, there, old bean," he admitted frankly, "you rather have me." He turned the matter over for a moment. "I had a sort of idea of, as it were, working, if you know what I mean."

"Working at what?"

"Now, there again you stump me somewhat. The general

scheme was that I should kind of look round, you know, and nose about, and buzz to and fro till something turned up. That was, broadly speaking, the gadget."

"And how did you suppose my daughter was to live while you were doing all this?"

"Well, I think," said Archie, "I *think* we rather expected you to rally round a bit for the nonce."

"I see. You expected to live on me?"

"Well, you put it a bit crudely, but—as far as I had mapped anything out—that *was* what you might call the general scheme of procedure. You don't think much of it—what? Yes? No?"

Mr. Brewster exploded.

"No; I do not think much of it! You go out of my hotel—my hotel—calling it all the names you could think of—roasting it to beat the band—"

"Trifle hasty," murmured Archie apologetically. "Spoke without thinking. Dashed tap had gone drip-drip-drip all night—kept me awake—hadn't had breakfast—bygones be bygones—"

"Don't interrupt! I say you go out of my hotel, knocking it as no one has ever knocked it since it was built, and you sneak straight off and marry my daughter without my knowledge—"

"Did think of wiring for blessing. Slipped the old bean, somehow. You know how one forgets things."

"And now you come back and calmly expect me to fling my arms round you and kiss you and support you for the rest of your life—"

"Only while I'm nosing about and buzzing to and fro."

"Well, I suppose I've got to support you. There seems no way out of it. I'll tell you exactly what I propose to do. You think my hotel is a pretty poor hotel, eh? Well, you'll have plenty of opportunity of judging, because you're coming to live here. I'll let you have a suite, and I'll let you have your meals, but outside of that, nothing doing! Nothing doing! Do you understand what I mean?"

"Absolutely. You mean 'napoo.'"

"You can sign checks for a reasonable amount in my restaurant, and the hotel will look after your laundry. But not a cent do you get out of me. And, if you want your shoes shined, you can pay for it yourself in the basement. If you leave them outside your door, I'll instruct the floor-waiter to throw them down the air-shaft. Do you understand? Good! Now, is there anything more you want to ask?"

Archie smiled a propitiatory smile.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was going to ask if you would stagger along and have a bite with us in the grill-room."

"I will not!"

"I'll sign the check," said Archie ingratiatingly. "You don't think much of it? Oh, right-o!"

There is a perverseness in human nature which never permits us to know when we are well off. A canvass of the opinions of the inhabitants of New York would certainly have resulted in a verdict that Archie Moffam, the perpetual free guest of the Cosmopolis, was on velvet. The Cosmopolis is the best-run hotel in the city, and famous alike for the comfort of its rooms and the excellence of its cuisine. To be set down at the Cosmopolis with a free suite and a free hand in the matter of signing checks for meals would have been most New Yorkers' idea of heaven. Yet Archie's generous soul chafed him. For a month he was perfectly happy; then, gradually, "shades of the prison-house," so to speak, "began to close upon the growing boy." In other words, he got dashed fed-up with the place. After a month of breakfasting, lunching, and dining at the Cosmopolis, his chief problem was the difficulty of making up his mind whether he loathed the grill-room or the main dining-room the more intensely.

He knew every picture on the wall of the dining-room. He was familiar to satiety with every tile that made up the mosaic floor of the grill-room. The sight of the news-stand in the lobby gave him a tired feeling. And he felt as if he had been living in the elevators since boyhood. He had had enough of the Cosmopolis to last him a lifetime.

It was at the end of this first month that he became really intimate with Salvatore.

Salvatore was the dark, sinister-looking waiter who attended, among other tables, to the one at the far end of the grill-room at which Archie usually sat. For several weeks, Archie's conversations with the other dealt exclusively with the bill of fare and its contents; but, as time went by and he began to long for human companionship, he found himself becoming more personal. Besides, there was something about the waiter's demeanor that





Mr. Brewster rose dangerously from his seat. "Do you think you can hold me up, you—*you* angleworm?"

appealed to Archie's always sympathetic heart. Salvatore was a man with a grievance. You could tell that by looking at him, and Archie had been looking at him every day for a month. Whether he was merely homesick and brooding on the lost delights of his sunny native land, or whether his trouble was more definite, could only be ascertained by inquiry. So Archie inquired. Even before the war and its democratizing influences, Archie had always lacked that reserve which characterizes most Britons, and, since the war, he had looked on nearly everybody he met as a brother.

"There's something on your mind, old thing," said Archie.

"Sare?"

"I say there would appear to be something on your mind besides your hair. What seems to be the trouble?" The waiter shrugged his shoulders, as if indicating an unwillingness to inflict his troubles upon one of the tipping classes. "Come on," said Archie encouragingly; "all pals here. Barge along, old bean, and let's have it."

Salvatore, thus urged, proceeded, in a hurried undertone—with one eye on the head waiter—to lay bare his soul. What he said was not very coherent, but Archie could make out enough of it to gather that it was a sad story of excessive hours.

"Always," said Salvatore, "always—always—I am in this damn hotel."

"I know what you mean, laddie," said Archie feelingly. He tapped the waiter earnestly on the chest with his oyster-fork. "My dear old chap," he said, "there's only one thing to be done. You must strike. It's the only scheme. Everybody's doing it now."

Salvatore shrugged his shoulders again. Or, rather, he seemed to experience a kind of physical convulsion starting at the small of his back and ending at his eyebrows. It appeared that he had already sounded the other waiters guardedly on the matter of a strike, but the spineless peons seemed to be unwilling to jeopardize their jobs by making any demonstration. And you couldn't strike by yourself.

The reasonableness of this was plain to Archie. He mused a while. The waiter's hard case touched him.

"I'll tell you what," he said at last. "You come along with me when you're off duty, and we'll beard the old boy in his den. I'll introduce you, and you get that extract from Italian opera off your chest which you've just been singing me. It can't fail. He'll probably hand you his bank-roll."

The result was that Mr. Brewster, busy with accounts in his private room, was infuriated that evening by the entry of his son-in-law, heading a procession consisting of himself and a dark, furtive person who looked like something connected with the executive staff of the Black Hand.

## The Man Who Married A Hotel

"Not interrupting you—what?" began Archie amiably. "I say, this sportsman here has a few well-chosen words to say to you on the subject of dirty work at the crossroads, so to speak. It seems the lad is oppressed and ground down and what-not. He's a waiter in the grill-room; so I suppose you're probably old pals. If not, let me do the honors. Mr. Brewster, our courteous and popular boss—Salvatore (I wouldn't swear that's his name, but it sounded like it), the Italian Whirlwind. Seconds out! Time! Go to it, laddie! Spill the bad news!"

And before Mr. Brewster could get his breath, Salvatore had begun to spill. It was not such a long harangue as he had given Archie in the grill-room, for in the middle of it, Mr. Brewster, finding speech, ejected him from the room. But it sufficed to bring the hotel proprietor to boiling-point. Though not a linguist, he could follow the discourse closely enough to realize that the waiter was dissatisfied with conditions in his hotel. And we have already seen Mr. Brewster's attitude toward people who criticized the Cosmopolis.

"You're fired!" said Mr. Brewster.

Salvatore receded, muttering what sounded like a passage from Dante.

"And I wish to heaven," added Mr. Brewster, eying his son-in-law malignantly, "I could fire you!"

That night, meeting his father-in-law in the elevator, Archie found occasion to touch upon Salvatore again.

"I say—that chappie with the grievance whom you slung out this evening—I don't know if it interests you, but he appears to be slightly marked. Peeved, if you know what I mean."

Mr. Brewster signified that he was not interested. Archie chuckled amusedly.

"He said he meant to pay you out. He didn't specify how. I say," said Archie cheerfully, "perhaps he means to waylay you in a dark alley somewhere and insert about six inches of a stiletto in your lower ribs. Rather a lark—what? I understand these Italian chappies are always doing that sort of thing. Oh, well, you've had a long and happy life."

Archie's optimism, however, was not rewarded. Day followed day, and Mr. Brewster preserved an unpunctured skin, and his manner toward his son-in-law was becoming more and more a manner that would have caused gossip on the plantation if Simon Legree had exhibited it in his relations with Uncle Tom. Mr. Brewster's normal distaste for his daughter's husband was increased about this time by the fact that he was worried over business matters, and when your man of affairs is worried over business, he is apt to become irritable even with his nearest and dearest. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the spectacle of his son-in-law mooning about the hotel should have afflicted Mr. Brewster to some extent. At any rate, whether it is to be wondered at or not, it did. Mr. Brewster, at about this period, specifically stated in the presence of witnesses, weighing his words and speaking with due premeditation, that the mere sight of Archie Moffam gave him a pain in the neck.

The details of the business which was worrying Mr. Brewster were at first hidden from Archie, and he made no effort to probe into them. It was enough for his simple, unspoiled nature that his father-in-law should be worried. That was happiness enough for him.

It was Lucille who apprised him of the nature of the trouble. "Archie darling," said Lucille, one afternoon, as they sat at lunch, "it's such a shame about father!"

There was a troubled look in Lucille's gray eyes. Life was not running as it should those days.

"I know," said Archie. "I was hoping that Italian chappie would have done something definite by this time."

Lucille regarded him with surprise.

"Why, has father been talking to you?"

"He hasn't been very chatty of late. What do you mean?"

"Well, you spoke as if you knew all about it. I mean, all about Salvatore. The waiter, you know, whom father dismissed."

"I remember the chappie. What's he been doing?"

"Well, you know father wants to build a new hotel, and he thought he'd got the site and everything and could start building right away, when this hitch occurred."

"What hitch, queen of my soul?"

The waiter was hovering over their table with dishes. Lucille waited till he had gone.

"Well," she said, "this man Salvatore's mother owns a little newspaper and tobacco shop right in the middle of the site where father—poor darling!—wants to build, and there's no way of getting him out without buying the shop, and he won't sell. At least, he's made his mother promise that she won't."

"A boy's best friend is his mother," said Archie approvingly.

"So father's in despair."

"I knew old friend Salvatore would come out strong in the end if you only gave him time. Great pal of mine. Man of ripe intellect."

Lucille's small face lightened. She gazed at Archie with proud affection. She had known all along that he was the one to solve this difficulty.

"You're wonderful, darling! Is he really a friend of yours?"

"Absolutely! Quite the old college chum."

"Then it's all right. If you went to him and got him to sell the shop, father would be happy."

"I know. That is the objection, of course."

"Think how grateful father would be to you! It would make all the difference."

Archie turned this over in his mind.

"I see what you mean. How much did your father offer the johnnie for his shop?"

"I don't know. There is father. Call him over and ask him."

Archie glanced over to where Mr. Brewster had sunk moodily into a chair at a neighboring table.

"You call him," he said. "You know him better."

"Let's go over to him."

They crossed the room. Lucille sat down opposite her father. Archie draped himself over a chair in the background.

"Father dear," said Lucille, "Archie has got an idea."

"Archie?" said Mr. Brewster incredulously.

"This is me," said Archie, indicating himself with a spoon, "the tall, distinguished-looking bird."

"What new fool thing is he up to now?"

"It's a splendid idea, father. He wants to help you over your new hotel."

"Wants to run it for me, I suppose?"

"By Jove," said Archie reflectively, "that's not a bad scheme! I never thought of running a hotel. I shouldn't mind taking a stab at it."

"He has thought of a way of getting rid of Salvatore and his shop."

For the first time, Mr. Brewster's interest in the conversation seemed to stir. He looked sharply at his son-in-law.

"He has, has he?" he said.

Archie balanced a roll on a fork and inserted a plate underneath. The roll bounded away into a corner.

"Sorry!" said Archie. "My fault, absolutely! I owe you a roll. I'll sign a check for it. Oh, about this sportsman, Salvatore. Well, it's like this, you know: He and I are great pals. I've known him for years and years—at least, it seems like years and years. Lu was suggesting that I seek him out in his lair and ensnare him with my diplomatic manner and superior brain-power and what-not."

"It was your idea, precious," said Lucille.

Mr. Brewster was silent. Much as it went against the grain to have to admit it, there seemed to be something in this.

"What do you propose to do?"

"Act as a good old agent. How much did you offer the chappie?"

"Three thousand dollars. Twice as much as the place is worth. He's holding out on me for revenge."

"Ah, but how did you offer it to him—what? I mean to say. I bet you got your lawyer to write him a letter full of whereases, peradventures and parties of the first part and so forth. No good, old companion!"

"Don't call me 'old companion.'"

"All wrong, laddie! Nothing like it, dear heart! No good at all, friend of my youth! Take it from your uncle Archibald! I'm a student of human nature, and I know a thing or two."

"That's not much," growled Mr. Brewster, who sometimes went to vaudeville and was finding his son-in-law's superior manner a little trying.

"Now, don't interrupt, father!" said Lucille severely. "Can't you see that Archie is going to be tremendously clever in a minute?"

"He's got to show me."

"What you ought to do," said Archie, "is to let me go and see him, taking the stuff in crackling bills. I'll roll them about on the table in front of him. I'll tell you what to do: Give me three thousand of the best and crispest, and I'll undertake to buy that shop. It can't fail, laddie."

"Don't call me 'laddie.'" Mr. Brewster pondered. "Very well," he said at last. "I didn't know you had so much sense," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, positively!" said Archie. "Beneath a rugged exterior

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Is the biggest one in sight  
And with Campbell's on your menu  
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I hide a brain like a buzz-saw. 'Sense?' I exude it, laddie; I drip with it."

There were moments during the ensuing days when Mr. Brewster permitted himself to hope, but more frequent were the moments when he told himself that a pronounced chump like his son-in-law could not fail somehow to make a mess of the negotiations. His relief, therefore, when Archie curveted into his private room and announced that he had succeeded was great.

"You really managed to make that fellow sell out?"

Archie brushed some papers off the desk with a careless gesture and seated himself on the vacant spot.

"Absolutely! I spoke to him as one old friend to another, sprayed the bills all over the place, and he sang a few bars from 'Rigoletto' and signed on the dotted line."

"You're not such a fool as you look," owned Mr. Brewster.

Archie scratched a match on the desk and lighted a cigarette.

"It's a jolly little shop," he said. "I took quite a fancy to it. Full of newspapers, don't you know, and some weird-looking sort of chocolates, and cigars. I think I'll make a success of it. It's bang in the middle of a dashed good neighborhood. One of these days, somebody will be building a big hotel round about there, and that'll help trade a lot. I look forward to ending my days on the other side of the counter with a full set of white whiskers and a skull-cap, beloved by everybody. Everybody'll say: 'Oh, you *must* patronize that quaint, delightful old blighter. He's quite a character.'"

Mr. Brewster's air of grim satisfaction had given way to a look of discomfort, almost of alarm. He presumed his son-in-law was merely indulging in badinage, but, even so, his words were not soothing.

"Well, I'm much obliged," he said. "Now I can start building right away."

Archie raised his eyebrows.

"But, my dear old top, I'm sorry to spoil your day-dreams and stop you chasing rainbows and all that, but aren't you forgetting that the shop belongs to me? I don't know that I want to sell."

"I gave you the money to buy that shop!"

"And dashed generous of you it was, too!" admitted Archie unreservedly. "Some day, when I'm the newspaper and tobacco shop king, I'll tell the world all about it in my autobiography."

Mr. Brewster rose dangerously from his seat.

"Do you think you can hold me up, you—you angleworm?"

"Well," said Archie, "the way I look at it is this: Ever since we met, you've been after me to become one of the world's workers and earn a living for myself and what-not, and now I see a way to repay you for your confidence and encouragement. You'll look me up sometimes at the good old shop, won't you?" He slid off the table and moved toward the door. "There won't be any formalities where you are concerned. You can sign checks for any reasonable amount any time you want a cigar or a stick of chocolate. Well, toodle-oo!"

"Stop!"



### How to wash your woolens

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a lather in very hot water, and then add cold water till lukewarm. Work woolens up and down in the suds. Squeeze the rich lather again and again through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last water. This leaves wool softer and fluffier. Run blankets through a loose wringer and hang in the shade to dry, in a moderate atmosphere. Spread sweaters on a towel.

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**H**OW you used to avoid the thought! When you came upon dingy corners where those precious blankets *would* trail on the floor, and dim edges where they tucked themselves in—you shut your eyes! If they had to lose their luxurious softness, their warm fluffiness in the laundry, it was going to be the last minute possible.

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Just the purest bubbling suds. There's not a particle of hard cake soap to stick to the fuzzy wool

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They'll come out downy and snug. The Lux way is so gentle and so careful. You always know just how nice and soft and fluffy your winter covers are going to be. You can get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

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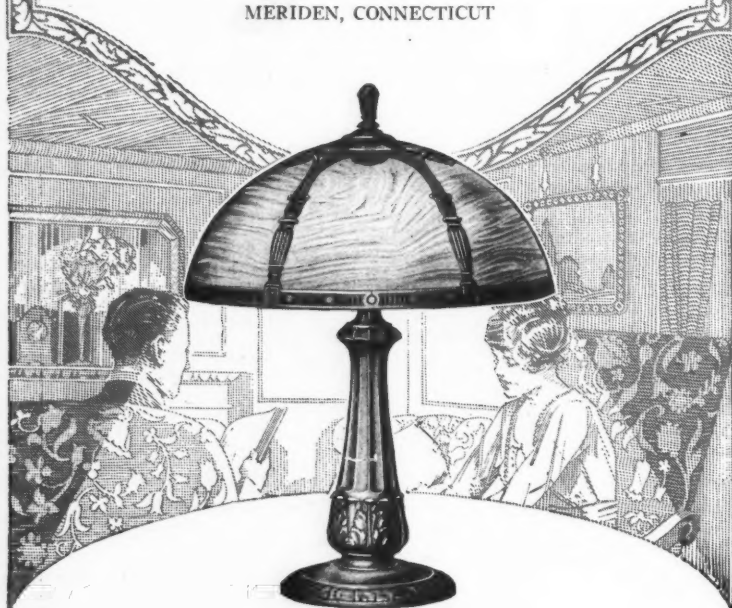
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"Now what?"  
"How much do you want for that shop?"

"I don't want money. I want a job. If you are going to take my life-work away from me, you ought to give me something else to do."

"What job?"

"You suggested it yourself the other day. I want to manage your new hotel."

"Don't be a fool! What do you know about managing a hotel?"

"Nothing. It will be your pleasing task to teach me the business while the shanty is being run up."

There was a pause, while Mr. Brewster chewed three inches off a penholder.

"Very well," he said, at last.

"Topping!" said Archie. "I knew you'd see it. I'll study your methods—what? Adding some of my own, of course. You know, I've thought of one improvement on the Cosmopolis already."

"Improvement on the Cosmopolis!" cried Mr. Brewster, gashed in his finest feelings.

"Yes. There's one point where the old Cosmopolis slips up badly, and I'm going to see that it's corrected at my little shack. Customers will be entreated to leave their boots outside their doors at night, and they'll find them cleaned in the morning. Well, pip-pip! I must be popping. Time is money, you know."

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Brewster suspiciously.

Archie breathed a sigh of ecstatic anticipation.

"I'm going over to the Ardmore to get a bite to eat," he said.

The next escapade of *Archie in America* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.

## The Face in the Fog

(Continued from page 70)

he announced. "Jimmy Byrnes is on his way up here, and he has another prisoner. He caught him slipping out of the morgue with the dead beggar's crutch hidden beneath his coat. When he tried to steal the crutch—"

"He made a mistake," interrupted Blackie. "As soon as your partner arrives, we must get to Chinatown. The girl has been missing ten hours. With that red-hot poker fresh in my memory, we may find something not pleasant for a white man to see."

### IV

THE crooked walls, rotting sills, and sagging roof of the old dwelling on the edge of Chinatown were outward evidences of a swift, impenitent decline from former rectitude to squalor and things sinister and hidden. Boston Blackie and Huk Kant parked their car at the corner and studied it speculatively.

Not a light shone from behind its boarded windows. Blackie vaulted a dilapidated iron fence and crossed the yard, with the detective a step behind. Noiselessly he tried the locked doors and peered futilely into the barred windows. Then he drew out a bunch of skeleton keys and motioned inquiringly toward the rear door. Huk nodded approval. Blackie's key turned slowly in the lock, and the pair entered a



# At Every Move of Your Hand— Your Nails are Conspicuous

**Y**OU jot down a memorandum—instantly eyes are attracted to your hands. Instantly a judgment of you is formed, based upon the appearance of your nails.

Eyes follow a moving object automatically; follow it as inevitably as they blink when something suddenly flies towards them. Nature makes eyes that way.

You will be amazed to find how many times in one day people glance at your nails.

## At each glance a judgment is made

Consciously or unconsciously people judge you by the appearance of your hands. Indeed, some people make a practice of basing their estimate of a new acquaintance largely upon this one detail.

People no longer excuse unsightly hands. Well kept nails are simply a matter of a little care.

However busy you may be, however hard you use your hands, you need never be ashamed of your finger nails. It requires only a few minutes of the right kind of care once or twice a week to keep them in perfect condition. But be sure it is the *right* kind of care.

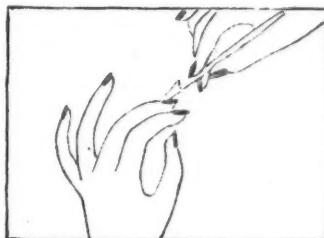
The safe method of caring for the cuticle is softening it and wiping it away. This is easily done by the use of Cutex, the pure liquid cuticle remover.

The simple Cutex method



takes less time than the old painful cuticle cutting, and is *absolutely harmless*. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish complete a perfect manicure. You will be astonished at the wonderful results you can obtain from one Cutex manicure. Repeated once or twice a week, it will keep your nails in perfect condition.

Cutex can be obtained at every drug store or department store in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.



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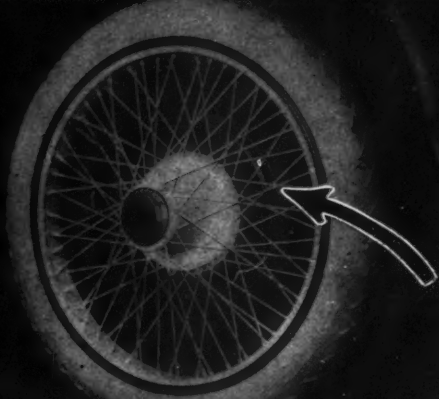
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pitch-dark room heavy with the damp, moldy odor of long disuse. As Blackie felt for his electric lantern, a faint gleam of light suddenly pierced the blackness. It came from the bottom of a stairway that descended from the level of the street floor. Listening, the men heard a muttered exclamation of impatience from the basement beneath them and the grating of a tool upon steel. The light vanished.

"In the basement! We'll surprise somebody at work there if we step softly," whispered Blackie, feeling for Kant in the darkness. With infinite caution, the two crept down the stairs. As they reached the bottom, they heard the quick, panting breath of one who stealthily struck steel upon steel.

"God have mercy! God help me!" murmured the muffled voice of a woman. Huk Kant drew out his flash-light. As he felt for the ignition-button, another flash-light flamed through the darkness. In the center of the basement floor was an old, fire-eaten house safe. An emptied trunk with broken lock lay on the floor. In the corner, on a pallet covered with a ragged rug, was a figure with bound hands, moaning faintly as it twisted painfully beneath its covering. Bending over the safe and working upon it with feverish haste was a second figure, masked. The light snapped out. Again Blackie heard the woman's murmured prayer:

"God help me!"

Kant seized Blackie's hand with a grip that announced immediate action. Both men drew their revolvers and then, as Kant shouted, "Hands up!" Blackie pinioned the figure at the safe under the sudden glare of his flash-light.

With a sharp cry of alarm, the masked face whirled toward them and looked into the two menacing gun-muzzles. Ignoring their threat, the safe-cracker snatched a revolver from the top of the safe. Blackie struck it to the floor with his flash-light, which was shattered to fragments. Again impenetrable darkness.

The two men sprang forward, grappling blindly for an antagonist too reckless to submit even to the authority of leveled revolvers. Blackie's fingers clutched a coat sleeve. It tore away from the shoulder, dangling uselessly in his hands. Kant, springing forward, stumbled over the safe, and sprawled headlong. Blackie heard a quick step beside him, but his groping hands found the darkness empty.

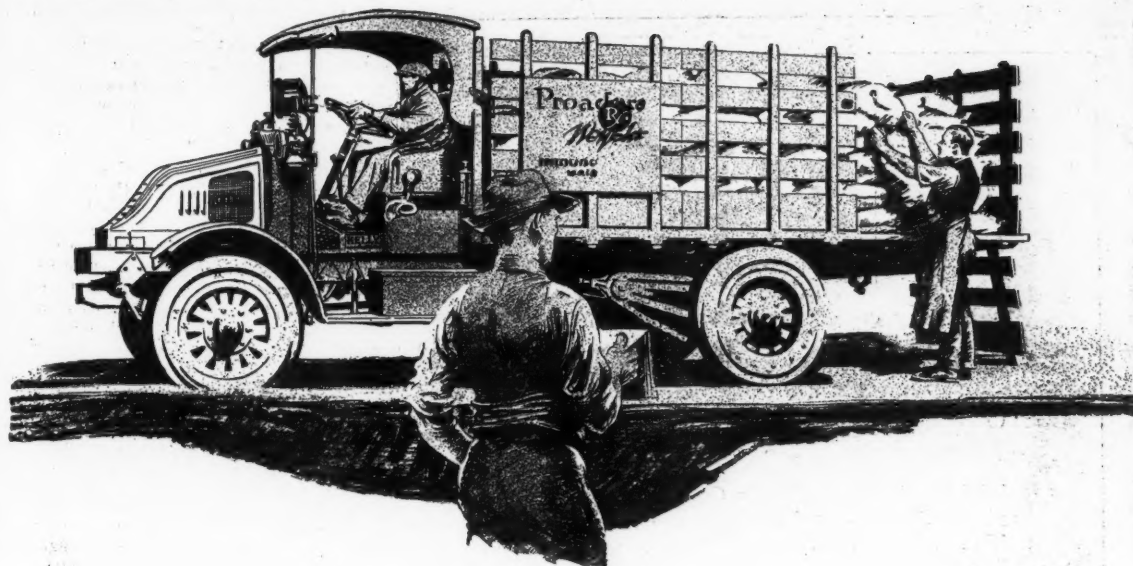
"Your flash-light! Quick, Huk!" he cried. The narrow patch of light from the detective's bull's-eye disclosed the safe-cracker darting up the stairs. "I'll cut him off at the upper door. Release the girl, Huk, and come on with your light."

The little detective knelt hurriedly beside the pallet. He turned the prisoner gently, feeling for the cords.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Titania," he said soothingly. "I'm a friend. I'm—Hounds of Babylon!" he exclaimed as he threw back the rug and saw the lemon-hued, parchment-like face of an old and particularly hideous Chinese.

Kant determinedly snapped shut the pocket-knife with which he had intended to sever the prisoner's bonds.

"You'll stay just where you are for the present, you yellow heathen!" he muttered crossly, as he sprang nimbly to his feet and rushed up the stairs to Blackie's assistance.



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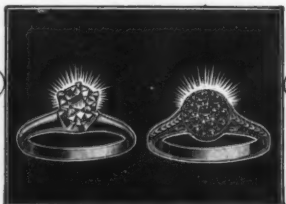
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The upper room was as black and silent  
as a tomb.

"Blackie!" called Huk inquiringly.

"Here," answered his friend. "Our  
mysterious safe-cracker is as slippery as an  
eel and as elusive as a shadow, but I'm  
holding the door, and he's still here. A  
little light, Huk."

The detective's flash-light, slowly trav-  
eling round the room, fell upon the fugitive,  
still masked and crouching in a far corner.

"The game is up. Be reasonable, young  
fellow," advised Kant, advancing.

"Dog! Don't you dare to touch me!"

The words were flung at him with the  
important fury of an enemy hopeless but  
conquered. Kant lunged forward and  
caught his opponent. There was a fierce  
struggle.

"Come on quickly, Blackie!" panted  
Huk.

Boston Blackie, seizing the light from his  
friend's hand, saw Huk Kant crushing his  
antagonist against his breast while the  
prisoner beat vainly at his face and clawed  
his pink cheeks with fingers that drew long  
streaks of blood. Blackie caught the cap-  
tive's hands securely but gently.

"If you two would open your eyes in-  
stead of fighting blindly, I think—" Blackie  
paused, laughing.

The pair did open their eyes and then,  
in amazement, opened them wider.

"Hounds of Babylon!" exclaimed Huk,  
hastily releasing the captive he had been  
hugging so vehemently, and backing away  
shamefacedly. "By the Sacred hounds of  
Babylon, it's Titania—Miss Titania!" he  
stammered.

"The little taxi-driver! Spies! Spies!  
Spies! Enemies—everywhere!"

The girl covered her face and sank to the  
floor, instinctively trying to cover her  
trousered legs with her torn coat as she  
sobbed a final surrender to unbeatable  
odds. Blackie picked up the boy's wig,  
which had been torn off in the tussle.

"I am amazed at you, Huk," he protest-  
ed, with mock severity. "I never expected  
to discover you, a confirmed bachelor,  
hugging a young lady in the dark. The  
idea of a United States secret-service  
agent being scratched—"

"Secret-service agent?" echoed Ti-  
tania, springing to her feet, and, smiling  
for the first time, she held out a slender  
hand to each of the men. "Thank God,  
you're not what I thought!" she ex-  
claimed. "Forgive me for mistaking you  
for—"

"Terrorists?" supplied Blackie, as she  
hesitated. "That pair of infant-brained  
scoundrels already are safely in the custody  
of Detective Kant's men."

"You have arrested them?" she cried  
joyfully. "Then I am rid of two deadly  
enemies. They trailed me across the  
ocean. They murdered my faithful serv-  
ant, Michael, for the jewels he was carrying  
to me. Knowing their Terrorist connec-  
tions, I easily located this den and came  
here determined to recover my gems. I  
entered like a burglar. I found the old  
Chinese asleep in the basement and tied  
and gagged him like a—a highwayman,  
do you say? And then I couldn't force  
open the safe in which the jewels must be  
hidden. When you two appeared—"

"Your jewels are not here. They are in  
my safe at home," interrupted Blackie.  
"With Mr. Kant's permission, we'll take  
you to them."

"They are found? I thank the good God, and am ready this instant to go with you, friends!" cried the girl exultantly.

"Let's go, then," said Huk. "I'll pick up a copper somewhere on the street to take charge of this place and the Chink prisoner until I can get one of my own men up here."

## V

"WHERE are the two assassins? Not here I hope," said Titania, as the car stopped before Blackie's home.

"Yes. Why?"—from Huk.

The girl shrank into the shadow of the closed tonneau.

"They must not see me!" she exclaimed. "For them to know me as the one whose trail they have been following means that they or their brother assassins will track me forever, if necessary."

"There's no need for them to see you. I'll have my men take them to their den in Chinatown while the place is being searched. Remain in the car while I get rid of them."

Huk Kant, talking through the speaking-tube, instructed his subordinate. The handcuffed pair of Terrorists were brought down and slouched across the pavement to a waiting car. Behind them, another officer led the third prisoner—the man against whose breast Titania had lain weakly for an instant as she fought off her faintness at the scene of the murder. Though his face was haggard with deep lines of distress, he walked with the step of a man who, notwithstanding appearances, feels his conscience clear and his honor unsullied.

Titania saw him and seized Huk's arm.

"That last man—why have you arrested him?" she demanded.

"He was taken to-day after an attempt to steal the dead beggar's crutch from the morgue."

"Michael's crutch? I don't understand. Why could he possibly want that? Anyway, I know he is neither a thug nor a thief. His liberty is important to me. May we not keep him here?"

"Boys, I'll take charge of the crutch-thief for the present," ordered Kant. Slender fingers pressed his arm gratefully.

A moment later, the four faced each other over Blackie's library table with Mary, eager and curious, beside them.

"Introduction first, then explanations," began Huk, with the pleased cordiality of a host. "I am Huk Kant, operative in the United States secret service. This"—laying his hand on Blackie's arm—"is Mr. Dawson, widely known to his familiars as 'Boston Blackie.' Mrs. Dawson—Boston Blackie's Mary to her friends—stands beside me. Miss Titania, we all recognize, I am sure. And you, sir?"—turning to the prisoner. The man's dark eyes met Titania's and looked into them for an instant inquiringly. The girl nodded.

"I am Captain Orloff, of his majesty, the czar's, Imperial Guard."

"And I, Titania, the dancer in San Francisco, in Petrograd was the Grand Duchess Tatiana."

"Sacred hounds of Babylon!" ejaculated Huk, using the ultimate expletive in his vocabulary. "The czar's—"

"No; not that Tatiana. She, poor girl, was my cousin. My father is the Grand Duke Nicholas. I fled from my country

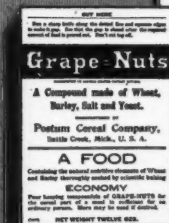


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**DETROIT**

like a hunted fugitive," she explained. "I became a public dancer to lose the greedy earth-scum who trailed me. I did this, friends, not idly or without a sacred purpose. My father's jewels are the beginning, the nucleus, of a fund we hope may yet rid our Russia of a Red tyranny, vile, beastly, unspeakable. An hour ago, when the jewels seemed irrevocably lost, even that faint hope was dead. But now since they are recovered—"

"Recovered?" Are they recovered? Thank God!" cried Orloff fervently.

Boston Blackie crossed to his safe, opened it, drew out the chamois bag, and handed it to Tatiana.

"Look!" she exclaimed, unknitting the cords. "On these trinkets depends the future of my country."

Orloff drew back with a silent gesture of despair as the girl emptied the bag and he saw its contents. Tatiana stared at the gleaming gems in complete consternation.

"What are these?" she cried. "These are not my father's jewels. These are—"

"Paste imitations," interrupted Blackie.

"I knew. I wondered if you did."

"But the real gems were given to Michael. You yourself delivered them," the girl insisted, turning upon the soldier.

"Speak, Orloff!" she commanded imperiously.

"I, and I alone, am to blame," he answered, his words broken by distress and humiliation. "I, witless fool, have wrecked the hope for which I gladly would give my life. Knowing the dangers of Michael's journey across Siberia and the Pacific with the Bolshevik hounds trailing his every step, I substituted these for the real gems in the bag I carried to him."

"But the others—what of them?" persisted Tatiana.

"One of the crutches I made for him was hollowed and a steel tube inserted. In that tube I put your jewels, thinking to doubly safeguard them. I alone knew they were there, and yet the crutch that contained them disappeared at the moment of Michael's murder. In the hope that the crutch at the morgue might be the precious one, I tried to-night to recover it. It was not the right one. See? We broke it here to-night."

*Cosmopolitan for May, 1920*

Tatiana sank limply into a chair.

"The Terrorist prisoners may have taken the missing crutch. It may still be hidden in their cellar," she suggested.

"Impossible. If they had the crutch with the jewels, would they have come here seeking them?" Blackie questioned.

"True. Too true!"

Tatiana's dark eyes as she stared somberly into the fire seemed to find visualized in the flames the final ruin of the forlorn hope that had brought her to America.

"It is the end," she said.

"Not yet," put in Boston Blackie.

From a hiding-place built into a phonograph cabinet, he drew out a broken crutch. A cap covering a steel tube was visible above the splintered end.

"I saw the tube when I first picked up the crutch and decided to carry it from the scene of the murder for further investigation," he explained.

Then, twisting off the cap, he poured out scores of jewels. Tatiana kneeled beside them, sobbing.

"Wait, wait!" cried Huk Kant, closing his eyes determinedly. "My instructions as a United States operative were to recover a bag of gems smuggled, presumably, for the use of a Miss Titania. Will some one kindly give me that bag and the paste jewels that came out of it?"

Blackie swept them up and handed him the chamois-skin.

"My duty is now fulfilled," said Huk, his eyes still tightly shut. "Friends, good-night."

"Wait, wait—and keep your eyes closed!" cried Titania, springing up.

Then she stooped—she had to stoop—and kissed him on the lips.

"That," she said, "is the Grand Duchess Tatiana's gift to you."

"A gift that shall never—" began Huk, red now as a peony as he stopped in hopeless embarrassment.

Boston Blackie laid a friendly hand on the little detective's arm.

"Mr. Huk Kant, I congratulate you," he said gravely. "Why, man, you've become famous in a night! You're the only man in the world, I'll wager, who has ever had the honor of being both kissed and scratched in an evening by a Russian grand duchess."

## The Man Without A Worry

(Continued from page 57)

"And he die," repeated Benjamin mechanically.

"And my mother is marry another guy—you know that? A man of our tribe, a Gipsy. I hate him! I go to run away some day for good-by! You know that?"

"Sure!" said Benjamin. "I've run away myself."

"You hate your family, hey?"

"I—well, I didn't care for it—that's a fact. It was too big and uncompanionable, and it made me work too hard—"

"You got a boat?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Benjamin."

"Ben-jamin." That's nice. You got any wife?"

"Good heavens, no!"

The girl moved toward him with a child-like smile.

"You know something, Ben-jamin?" she said. "You take me with you in the boat, and I will be your wife."

"My wife! You—"

"Yes. Do you not think I am pretty? And I would love you so much, Ben-jamin. I can tell to look at you."

Benjamin drew a deep breath and wiped his forehead of the perspiration that had gathered there. Common sense told him that the girl was a savage, that her proposal was grotesque, bizarre, impossible—perhaps even a trifle immoral. But the voice of common sense was confused by the song of a mocking-bird, pouring cascades of silver into the evening stillness, and by the thumping of his own heart against his ribs. Was it any real matter that he had never seen her before? Was there in all the world a woman more beautiful? He looked into her eyes and saw there no sug-



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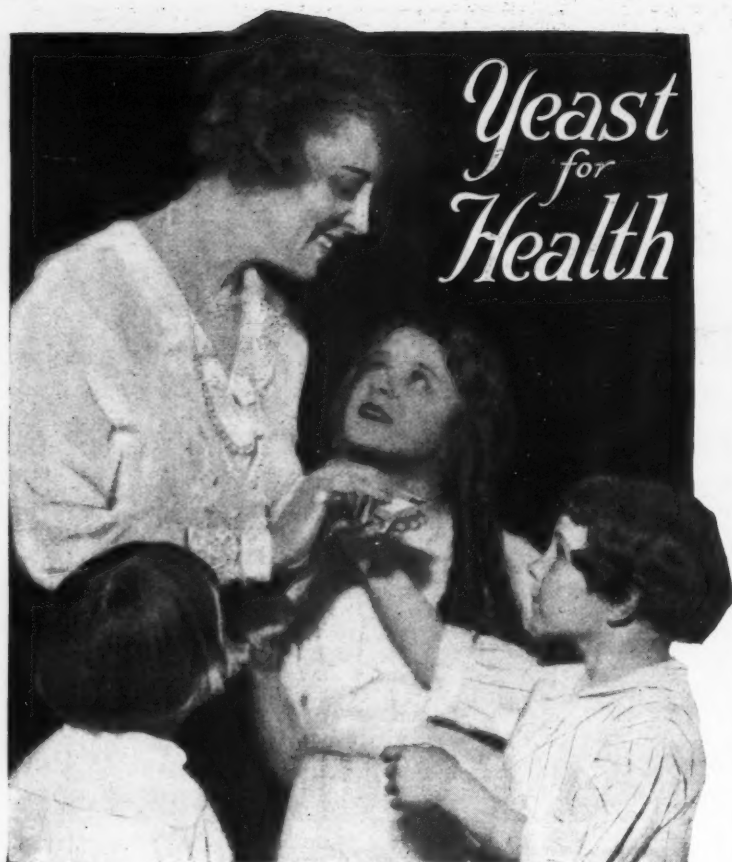
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gestion of sensuality, but only the clear flame of youth burning to be free.

Still gazing at her, Benjamin half lifted his arms. In that instant, the girl changed color like a chameleon. The blood flowed into her cheeks. She gave a soft cry and, turning, darted away up the trail. Then she stopped and looked back at him, brushing the hair from her eyes, smiling over her shoulder.

Forthwith, Benjamin decided that nothing on earth should prevent him from having this girl for his mate. He gave a loud laugh and went toward her. For a while, she kept running ahead of him, flirting with him outrageously, but finally she grew serious and permitted him to come up to her. Her hand slipped into his.

"The camp," she said, pointing through the thicket.

Benjamin looked ahead. In a clear space in the forest, beside what was evidently a primitive wagon-road, stood the Gipsy camp. It consisted of a number of brown tents pitched in a rough circle, some large covered vehicles, several tethered horses, and a score of dark-skinned humans, standing or squatting about a huge fire in the center of the clearing. There was a savory smell of cooking in the air.

Paula and Benjamin walked forward, hand in hand. In the door of a certain tent sat a short, stout, swarthy woman, with eyes and hair as black as night. She was covered from head to foot with ornaments—bangles, rings, and beads. Her face, despite its wrinkles, was still comely.

"It is my mother," said Paula simply.

Then, without relinquishing Benjamin's hand, the girl spoke rapidly in the Romany dialect. The woman answered in kind.

"I tell my mother you are Americano fisherman and I love you," said the girl, at last, turning to him. "My mother, she say what you give her for bearing such a pretty child? How much you pay?"

"Yes—pay!" repeated the woman in very bad English, regarding Benjamin with her beady black eyes. "Pay—have—Paula!" And she smiled ingratiatingly.

"Why, you mercenary old witch—" began Benjamin, when suddenly he happened to think of the mother of the girl in the perfumery department. Promptly he revised his opinion of the Gipsy. She, at least, was frank about the matter of a dowry.

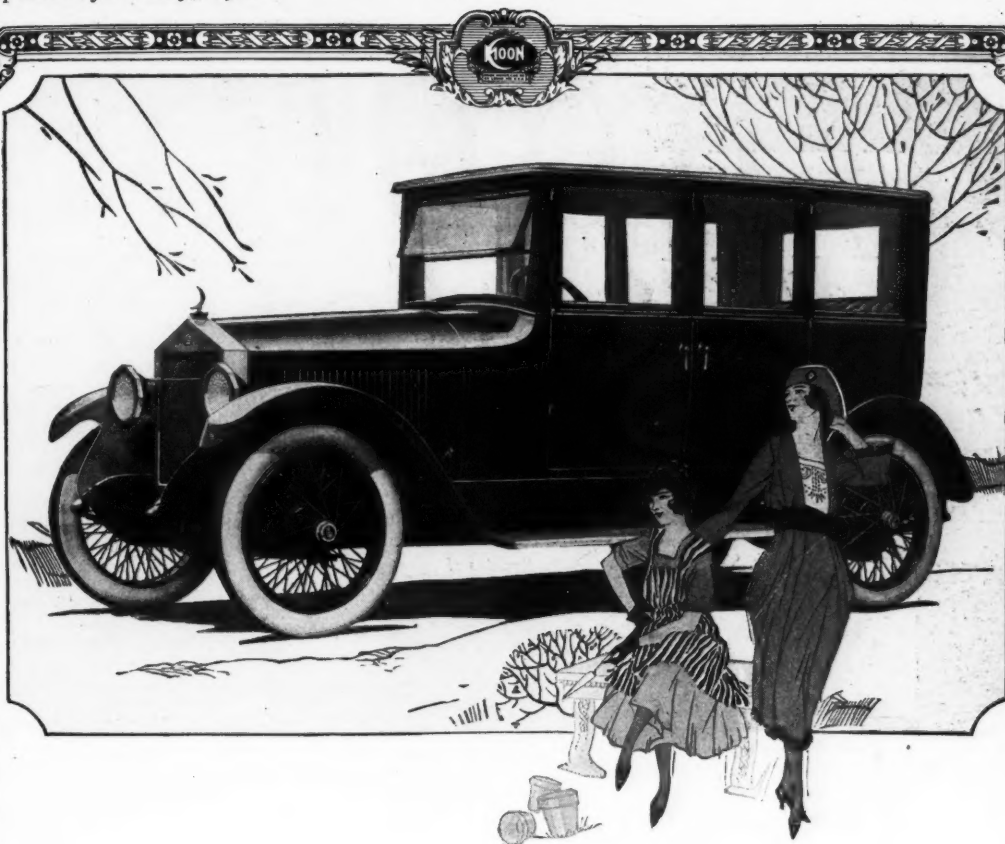
He took out his worn black-leather wallet and selected four ten-dollar bills, which was a little more than a tenth of his entire fortune. These bills he dropped into the lap of Paula's mother. By this time, half the camp had stopped work and was crowding round the stranger.

The Gipsy's brown fingers closed upon the money, but followed Benjamin's hand as he placed his wallet back into his pocket. Then she began to wave her arms and to pour out floods of shrill dialect, which Paula translated briefly to Benjamin.

"My mother say to make a wedding-feast. You must sit down here with me, Ben-jamin. It is the custom. We must eat with the family of my mother."

A child, half naked, brought mats and placed them upon the ground. Paula sat upon one of these and Benjamin upon another. The girl then placed her head on his shoulders, and, as though murmuring some bridal confession, whispered:

"She is plan to steal your money, that she devil, my mother! When they make



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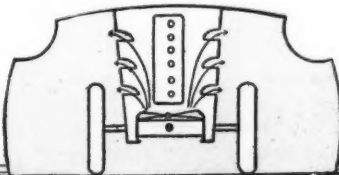
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the dance, we will go away—ver' quiet—you and I."

Benjamin looked deep into those extraordinary agate-brown eyes, and was conscious of a thrill he had not felt before.

"It's up to you, sweetheart!"

The word went to his head. He leaned toward her and kissed her on the lips. Then he turned his head slowly, as though compelled by some mysterious force, and saw standing before the tent a short, squat man with a hideous face, who stared at him diabolically. The man wore silver earrings, and there was a great scar across his cheek. He had no hat, but was muffled to the chin in a dirty red scarf.

"It is José," said Paula. "He is love me ver' much. He will maybe try to kill you, Ben-jamin."

The latter looked at his Gipsy rival and concluded that Paula was right. There was murder in the man's eyes. But when one is in love, one fears nothing. Benjamin smiled boldly and pressed his sweetheart's hand. He felt cool and exalted.

The feast began. Dishes were set before Benjamin—highly flavored, pungent dishes that he hardly tasted. Afterward, the entire camp had recourse to tobacco.

Then several men of the tribe produced musical instruments—guitars and mandolins—and, squatting on their haunches about the camp-fire, began to play. A woman got up and danced. Others followed her. The music was wild and sad. It made the heart beat fast and filled the mind with fragments of bright, meaningless visions.

At the height of the dance, when the fire had died down to a few glowing embers and the music was sobbing its wildest, Benjamin felt a touch upon his sleeve. He glanced about and saw that Paula had drawn herself back into the shadow of the tent. He did likewise. Then both rose, and together they stole cautiously away from the camp.

Paula found without difficulty the trail that led to the water's edge. They walked as rapidly as possible, the girl in front, Benjamin following. As though to assist their progress, the moon came up behind them and cast a pale light through the trees. Soon they came out upon the beach of the little cove. The dingy was still grounded upon the sand. Fifty yards offshore lay the Golden Star, a graceful shape upon the shimmering water.

Benjamin, greatly excited now, took Paula's hand and helped her into the small boat. He was about to shove off when the girl gave a sudden scream.

"José!"

Benjamin sprang back and to one side, twisting about as he did so. In the moonlight he saw plainly a fantastic, terrible figure lunging down upon him from the forest. It was the Gipsy. He had a knife in his hand. Its blade flashed, and the silver rings in his ears flashed, and his teeth flashed as he rushed at Benjamin.

The latter had no time to think, no time to organize a defense. The Gipsy was on him almost instantly. But as José lifted the knife to strike, Benjamin stepped forward, straight into the other's path, and hit out like lightning at the man's jaw. Never before had he delivered a blow like that, but he delivered it now, fair and true, with the whole force of his body behind it.

The Gipsy's head snapped back as

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though it had been jerked by a noose. His arms flew out at awkward angles; he fell heavily on his back, and lay groaning. Benjamin looked down at that strange, grotesque form and gave a short laugh.

"What can I do for you to-day, sir?" he said, somewhat breathlessly.

"Ben-ja-min!" cried Paula, "Come quick! You have not time to lose!"

Benjamin ran back to the boat, pushed it clear of the bank, leaped in, and rowed out to the sloop. Ten minutes later, the Golden Star was heading out to open water, blown by a gentle wind and plowing a long, moonlit furrow. In the stern-sheets sat Benjamin, his right hand holding the tiller. Beside him nestled Paula, with his coat about her for warmth and his arm about her for love. Her hair continually brushed his cheek. His brain hummed with the remembered music of the Gipsy dances. The knuckles of his hand ached and bled where he had smitten the jaw-bone of his enemy.

"You know something, Ben-ja-min?" said the girl, gazing up at him. "You don't say you love me one little time—"

"Love you!" cried Benjamin. "I've loved you all my life!"

He had known her about five hours.

Two days later, Benjamin put into a certain coast town of considerable size and married Paula according to the law and the conventions. His reasons for wanting to marry were decidedly vague to his own mind. His intelligence could not provide him with any sound reason why he should pay a clergyman to invoke a formula in sanctification of a union that to him was divinely and genuinely beautiful in itself. But the fact was that he *did* want to marry Paula. So they went ashore and were married. As for the girl, she was delighted with the little ceremony, and heartily embraced the officiating minister at the close of it, much to that gentleman's horror. Benjamin had bought her some clothes, too, which she thought entrancing. But she hated the little hotel where they stayed the night. Benjamin woke about midnight to find her kneeling on the floor with her head out of the window.

"I like best to go on the boat with you, Ben-ja-min. The town has too many walls—you know that?"

They embarked the next day, and Benjamin resumed once more that splendid, independent life of his, fishing, sailing, camping, prying into old wrecks. But now it was double sweet, for he had some one to share his freedom. He had Paula. She was his companion. She helped him at the nets. She took charge of the galley. She attended his bodily needs. And, for the hunger and thirst of his spirit, she gave him a love that was like the outpouring of some noble, unquenchable spring set in a desert place.

She thought him a simple fisherman; nor did he tell her that he was searching for Spanish galleons. He did not wish to spoil the great moment, the supreme moment when he should announce to her that he had discovered riches. It would happen thus: She would be on board the sloop, preparing supper. He would be exploring some ancient hulk as usual, unostensibly hunting for brass or copper, when suddenly his pick would strike a whole cargo of doubloons, bullion, or

pieces of eight. He would stand up and shout to her:

"Paula, Paula, I have found a treasure! Spanish gold—heaps of it! We're as rich as Croesus. No—we're rich as Rockefeller!" (This was a little joke that Benjamin thought especially well of.) "We'll go back to New York and live in a house on Fifth Avenue. I'll buy you a hundred dresses, all straight from Paris. We'll have a dozen automobiles and fifty servants. I'll open an account at Newman's and order my shoes by the carload."

One night, they dropped anchor under the lee of a coral island, the surface of which was covered with a series of sand-dunes. After breakfast the next morning, Benjamin rowed ashore, and, with his pick-axe on his shoulder, set forth to investigate the island.

He had climbed several dunes and was descending the slope of one that overhung the beach when he saw, sticking up from the rank grass, a piece of driftwood. From force of habit, he stopped and struck this piece of wood with his pick. Instantly the sand about the jutting fragment gave way, the ground sank under Benjamin's feet, and he went slipping and sliding down the short incline to the beach. Just as he reached the bottom, his head struck some hard object. He got up, rather dazed, and, looking about, saw what appeared to be a rusted knob of iron laid bare by the miniature landslide.

He touched it with his hand. It was hard and rough. He tried to dislodge it. It was immovable. He began to dig at it with his fingers, then with his pick.

Five minutes later, he stood with the sweat dripping from his face, staring wildly at the object that his furious labor had disclosed. It was an iron box, some five feet long by two wide, completely covered with rust, the lid of which was fastened down by a huge hasp and staple.

Benjamin lifted his pick and rained frantic blows upon this lock. It broke. He knelt down, almost beside himself with excitement, and lifted the lid.

The box was full of ornaments, pieces of plate, large candelabra, coins, and so forth. Some of the objects were black with tarnish. Others were covered with a greenish mold.

Benjamin picked up a coin at random and rubbed it on his sleeve. It showed yellow. He got up, laughing, and danced on the sand.

He had found the treasure! He had stumbled upon the wreck of a Spanish galleon, buried these three hundred years in the sand! He had struck his head on a fortune!

He opened his mouth to shout "Paula!" But suddenly he thought better of it.

What would Paula think about it? She would be delighted, of course. Was not the acquisition of wealth a cause for rejoicing the world over?

But Paula was different. On second thought, *would* she be delighted?

He sat down upon the sand and stared at the box of gold. Strange thoughts came into his mind. He pictured himself as a man of riches, having a place in society and being possessed of costly properties. Would he be any happier than he was now? Was not the owner of property possessed by his possessions? Was not a place in society conditioned





# DODGE BROTHERS

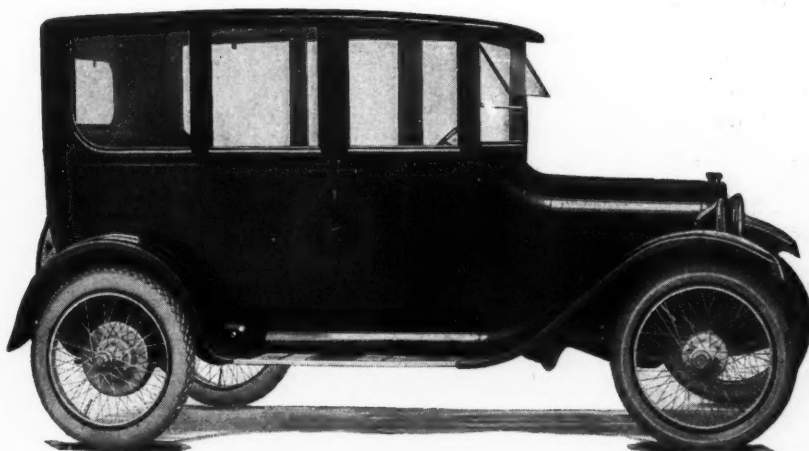
## 4 DOOR SEDAN

The Sedan meets so many emergencies, at such a trifling cost, that it is no wonder it stands so high in the family esteem

It is a straight and steady traveler, always, and yet its lightness is a source of real economy

The gasoline consumption is unusually low  
The tire mileage is unusually high

**DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT**





## Lucky Boy

to have a food confection waiting after school. And to have it Puffed Wheat, which is whole wheat, steam exploded and made easy to digest.

### Millions Now Enjoy Them

There are millions of lucky children now who revel in Puffed Grains.

American homes are now enjoying some 750 million dishes of Puffed Grains in a year. And this is why:

These bubble grains have made whole grains enticing.

Prof. Anderson's process—steam explosion—has made digestion easy and complete.

Once they were breakfast dainties. Now they are all-day foods. Millions of dishes are served in milk for suppers and between meals.

Millions are mixed with fruit.

Millions are crisped and lightly buttered for hungry children to eat like peanuts—dry.

### All shot from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By steam explosion they are puffed to eight times normal size.

Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

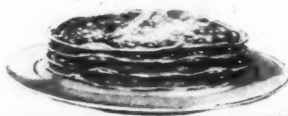
These scientific foods are also the most delightful grain foods known. They are airy, flimsy, nut-like—flavorful food confections.

In every home such foods are needed several times a day.

Puffed Wheat	Puffed Rice	Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour		

### Pancakes with Nut Flavor

Now we have added Puffed Rice flour to a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutty taste. You have never tasted pancakes so delicious. When you order Puffed Grains order Puffed Rice Pancake Flour as well. Simply add milk or water—the flour is self-raising—and hear what your people say.



3313

upon the surrender of personal freedom? In God's truth, was wealth anything more than a weight in men's pockets and a burden to their souls?

Suddenly, he heard Paula's young voice from a distance, singing one of her wild Gipsy songs. Paula a rich man's wife! Paula made idle, transformed into a pretty doll, buying life with money from the pooled toil of drudging millions, given houses instead of horizons! No! The idea was inconceivable.

And what of him? Had he made his revolt against civilization in vain? Was he one to be blinded by apparent success to the true preciousness of living? Could he be bought back from the sea, from the sun and the stars, the wind and the rain, from the abundance of a love too great for bridal doors and marriage-chambers?

He leaned over and looked into the treasure-chest. He lifted his head and listened to his wife's song.

"No!" he said, and got to his feet. Then, in a hoarse whisper: "It's beautiful—gold is! I'll take a little of it. I'll take an ornament for Paula's hair."

He stooped once more and plunged his hands into the box. Finally he discovered a head-dress made of gold chain and studded with yellow stones. This he stuffed into his coat pocket. Then he closed the box, covered it carefully with sand, and walked slowly back to Paula.

"Oh—ee, Ben-jamin!" she called, when she saw him. "Come quickly! It is a fine day to go for the fishing!"

But Benjamin did not answer, and, when he came aboard, looked so pale and worn that she questioned him anxiously.

"I walked too fast and got overheated," he said, by way of explanation. Paula put her arms about him and kissed him.

"Then we will not go for the fishing today," she said. "We will go for sailing with the wind—and for love!"

Benjamin took her chin in his hand.

"When will you grow tired of loving me, little wife?"

"Not till I am die," she answered simply. "And after that, when I am in the ground, a flower will grow out from my heart, and it will turn its face to you, Ben-jamin, wherever you are."

For a moment, Benjamin held her tightly in his arms. Then he went forward, hauled up the anchor, and hoisted mainsail and jib. A puff of wind ruffled the surface of the bay and swung the boom outward. He trimmed the sheet-ropes and took the tiller from Paula. The Golden Star began to glide through the water. They rounded the end of the island and laid a long course into the wind. A short, choppy sea was running and the sloop's bow went swish, swish, swish through the waves. The sky above them was cloudless, clear and blue.

Paula sat, as usual, close beside Benjamin. A strand of her hair blew across his eyes. He took it in his fingers, smiled, and kissed it.

"Spanish gold!" he muttered, and suddenly the smile passed from his lips. A look of wonder, of supreme understanding, came over his face. And while Paula leaned against his shoulder, her gaze fixed upon the distant horizon, he put his hand into his pocket, took out the golden head-dress, and surreptitiously dropped it into the sea. The sun made a bright path upon the water before them.

## The Perfect Plan

(Continued from page 48)

between the two until Andrews yielded. Then, for a horrible eternity, the two huddled over the prostrate form. Wenham stood up, frowning and holding his left hand away from his coat. The fingers of that hand dripped blood. Andrews was on his feet also, staring at the red butt of his revolver. The hand that held it was spattered with blood.

"Bad business," said Wenham, in cool disapproval. "You should have struck only once." He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his bloody fingers. Then he stepped back and stooped over the lieutenant again. "Dead as a door-nail," he announced, as he stood up. "Bad business." Abruptly, he said, "Go lock that door!" Andrews laid his gory weapon on the table and sped to execute the command.

Wenham looked back at the policeman. Mr. Horrow was looking also; he could see nothing else. The man lay on his face. The back of his head was a splotch of red that was running down on the rug.

"Bad business," Wenham repeated to the banker gravely. "We must dispose of him somewhere. How about the cellar? Is there a coal-bin?"

Horrow was speechless; he merely nodded his head. Wenham somehow made him find the key to the sub-basement door. They went down the dark stairs. Wenham struck a match, found the electric switch, turned on a light, and explored the furnace-room. There were four coal-bins, in fact. One of them had, perhaps, a ton of coal in the corner. Its door shut quite tightly. Wenham said it would do. And while Wenham was about this, Mr. Horrow stood by, speechless. He followed Wenham back up-stairs. Andrews was there then—contrite and crestfallen, as Horrow vaguely gathered.

"We'll put him in the coal-bin, Joe," said Wenham. "You take his head; I'll take his heels." Mr. Horrow folded down into a chair, his back turned, while they carried the ghastly burden by.

Wenham returned promptly, saying, "Joe will cover him with coal." He was very grave, yet his capable mind was alert and purposeful as ever. "The bin shuts up pretty tight," he observed. "This is only July. It may be two months before they find him—several weeks, anyway. Joe made an awful mistake; but we'll get by all the same. We'll scrub that rug and then spill some ink over the blood stains. Joe will have to wash up and dust his clothes before we can appear on the street. But you may as well dig out, Mr. Horrow. Somebody may have seen the policeman come in here. We take the risk. Just help me put this box back and lock up the vault."

They bore the iron box back, to the vault, and, when it was replaced, Wenham reminded Mr. Horrow to lock the vault door behind them.

"And here's your box, you know," he said, handing it to him. "You can leave it up in your office or take it with you and find a cab outside."

Mr. Horrow took the box under his arm, vaguely surprised to find how very heavy it was. Wenham let him out of the basement door and bolted it after him.



# HEINZ

## OVEN BAKED BEANS

DID you ever see a boy eat Heinz Oven Baked Beans? No better endorsement was ever made than his grin of appreciation as he passes his plate for more.

You can't fool a boy. He knows what is good. He recognizes that *baked* taste which makes Heinz Baked Beans so delicious.

His instincts are right. The food value is there, as well as the flavor. *Baking* does it.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce  
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style  
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)  
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

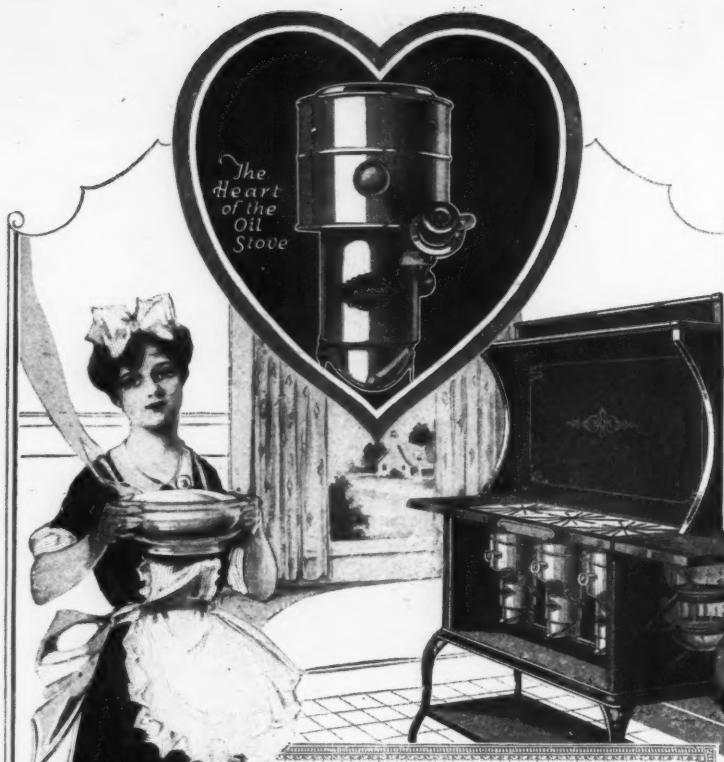
Some of the  
**57**

Vinegars  
Spaghetti  
Apple Butter  
Tomato Ketchup



*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*





### The New KEROGAS Oil Stove Burners Are a Joy to Housewives

Thoughtful women who are seeking to cut the high cost of cooking have learned that oil stoves equipped with patented KEROGAS Burners are much more efficient and economical than ordinary old-style oil stoves.

They have proved by experience that the perfect fuel consumption and accurate heat control of the KEROGAS Burner add to oil stove cooking the efficiency of the modern gas range. By simply turning a little control wheel you get just the degree of heat you want—quick, slow, intense or "simmering."

The KEROGAS Burner prevents waste. It consumes *all the fuel* and concentrates the heat where it does the most good—the greatest test of a cook stove's value!

KEROGAS Burners are built to last as long as the stove itself. No complicated parts to get out of order. Simple, durable, one-piece genuine brass construction—rust and leak proof.

A large number of reliable makes of oil stoves are now equipped with the new patented KEROGAS Burner. Ask your dealer to demonstrate this ingenious fuel-saving device. *You, too, will be delighted with it.*

**DEALERS' NOTE**—The best jobbers are prepared to supply various excellent brands of oil stoves equipped with the KEROGAS Burners. Patented KEROGAS Burner—Standard Equipment on the Better Makes of Oil Stoves. We also manufacture the KEROGAS Oven—a really efficient article.

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., 1214 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

PATENTED **KEROGAS** BURNER

There was an idea somewhere or other in the banker's mind—namely, to hail a cab. His legs took the eastern course, toward Michigan Boulevard. As soon as he turned into it, a voice struck his ear.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Horrow."

He twisted his head and saw Ben Bodet, the detective, walking composedly along beside him. Then the daylight swiftly dimmed, the earth reeled beneath his feet, and Bodet was holding him up, saying sharply in his ear:

"Brace up! Brace up! My lodging is just on the next corner."

Next, they were going up in an elevator and into an odd, dim room, where Horrow sank down in a big chair. In a moment, Bodet was giving him a tall glass of pale-yellow ice-water that smelled and tasted of spirits. Having gulped that down, the banker felt a stir of life in his empty carcass, and in a moment the paralysis began to lift from his brain. He burst into tears—a tragic and shocking spectacle—and presently began to talk disjointedly, hysterically.

"I'm all done, Bodet—all up with me. My wife and daughter—seashore now. You help them, Bodet—fix it up for them someway—best way you can. You're clever. Try to make up a story—let them out of it best you can—save them all you can, you understand. I'll tell you the whole thing—start to finish."

"That will, you know—Borland's will—it was crooked. I was going to help Wenham put it over—" But an explanation back of that was necessary. "I owe the bank a million dollars—over a million now—you know," he appealed.

He meant, as the detective understood, that his hearer knew the crooked and downward path of the embezzling bank-officer desperately trying to recoup. He put a finger to his breast.

"A man in hell, Bodet; a man in hell—Wenham came back here—another crooked scheme." Disconnectedly, yet sufficiently for the detective's understanding, he related the scheme to rob Mrs. Borland's strong box. "But I wouldn't do it, Bodet." And he was not aware how much he was confessing when he added: "I was afraid of Wenham. I said, 'Absolutely no.' But he had me, you see—wouldn't let up—bound to make me. He wrote letters." But Bodet already knew of that. "You see, Bodet," the shattered banker went on. "Bound to ruin me. I couldn't stand it." A hint of his former shrewdness came back to his ashen face as he added: "A man can't stand that—too much hell. He loses his judgment—goes wild, you know. I said, 'All right; anything.'"

He then told hysterically of going to the bank. But presently the narrative grew more coherent; a fascination held the speaker as though the scene from the moment the policeman stepped in were reenacting itself before his staring eyes. At the end, he dropped back in the chair, gazing at Bodet, his face the color of tallow, with beads of sweat on his forehead. His eyes shifted to his hands as though they were strange objects.

"Blood! Murder! A man can't get away from it. Blood!" As though it were a logically unfolding sequence of what had gone before, he gave a little nod and said: "I'll kill myself to-day. My wife and daughter—you fix it up for them—best story you can."

Bodet was regarding Horrow very gravely indeed, and thinking of a woman who had said, "Leave it to Providence." He realized that he was looking, veritably, upon a man in hell. And he believed, also, that the man belonged there.

"I'm not clear yet on one point," he remarked thoughtfully. "That is, just how they meant to get the securities out of the bank. Of course, you ought to know that a man like Wenham, with his experience and resources and underground connections, can dispose of government bonds almost as well as you can."

That remark seemed to come to Mr. Horrow from another world. He stared over it an instant and replied,

"Well, I suppose he could."

"Of course he could," said Bodet confidently. "What do you suppose is in that box?" He nodded toward the bulky object on the floor.

Mr. Horrow evidently made no sense of the question. Bodet stepped over to the box, stooped, and untied the string. When he had taken off the wrappings and lifted the cover, Mr. Horrow saw that the box was full of worthless paper.

"I suppose you've heard of the green-goods game," Bodet remarked, as he stood up. "The crooks propose to sell the sucker a lot of fine counterfeit money—exactly like the genuine. But at the psychological moment they manage to distract his attention and slip a package of waste paper in the place of the counterfeit money. It is the oldest trick in the box. I suppose it was practised before the Flood. But it still works."

Horrow seemed to be slowly and painfully gathering the sense of these observations.

"Your policeman," Bodet continued, "is a broad-faced, snub-nosed man. He's been occupying room 1060 at the Hotel Cardinal. When I saw him go into the bank, I thought I understood what the game was; before that, I knew well enough there was a game, but I didn't know just what it was to be. While you and Wenham were down-stairs examining the coal-bins, the murdered man was busy helping his murderer take the government bonds out of your box and put waste paper in—taking due care that the red ink, or whatever else it was on the back of his head, didn't drip around. When you left the bank, I followed you. Whenever the other fellows come out, they will fall into the capable hands of my friend, Inspector McCabe."

Mr. Horrow passed a hand over his brow.

"You have a wife and daughter," said Bodet. "For their sake—and somebody else's—your sucker-role in this affair may be hushed up. I'll talk to Inspector McCabe about that. There are plenty of other things to hold those three crooks on. But only," he added decisively, "only on condition that you go with me to Abram Hodge right now, and confess your embezzlements from the bank."

Mr. Horrow hesitated a moment.

"Otherwise," said Bodet, "the story goes to the newspapers this evening."

"I'll go with you—now," Mr. Horrow replied.

*Her Husband*, relating the next adventure of Ben Bodet, business detective, will appear in  
**June Cosmopolitan.**

# HEINZ

## APPLE BUTTER



*Something especially fine for children*

HERE it is once more, Heinz Apple Butter, the same old-fashioned apple butter, made from choice apples, cooked in cider, with the same rich, appetite-provoking spiciness, made the way your mother used to make it. It is just as good for your children as that old-time apple butter was for you. They will like it better than dairy butter—just as you did. And you will have found a new dainty for the children's table, which you will also insist on for your own supper.

Some of the

# 57

Vinegars  
Spaghetti  
Baked Beans  
Tomato Ketchup

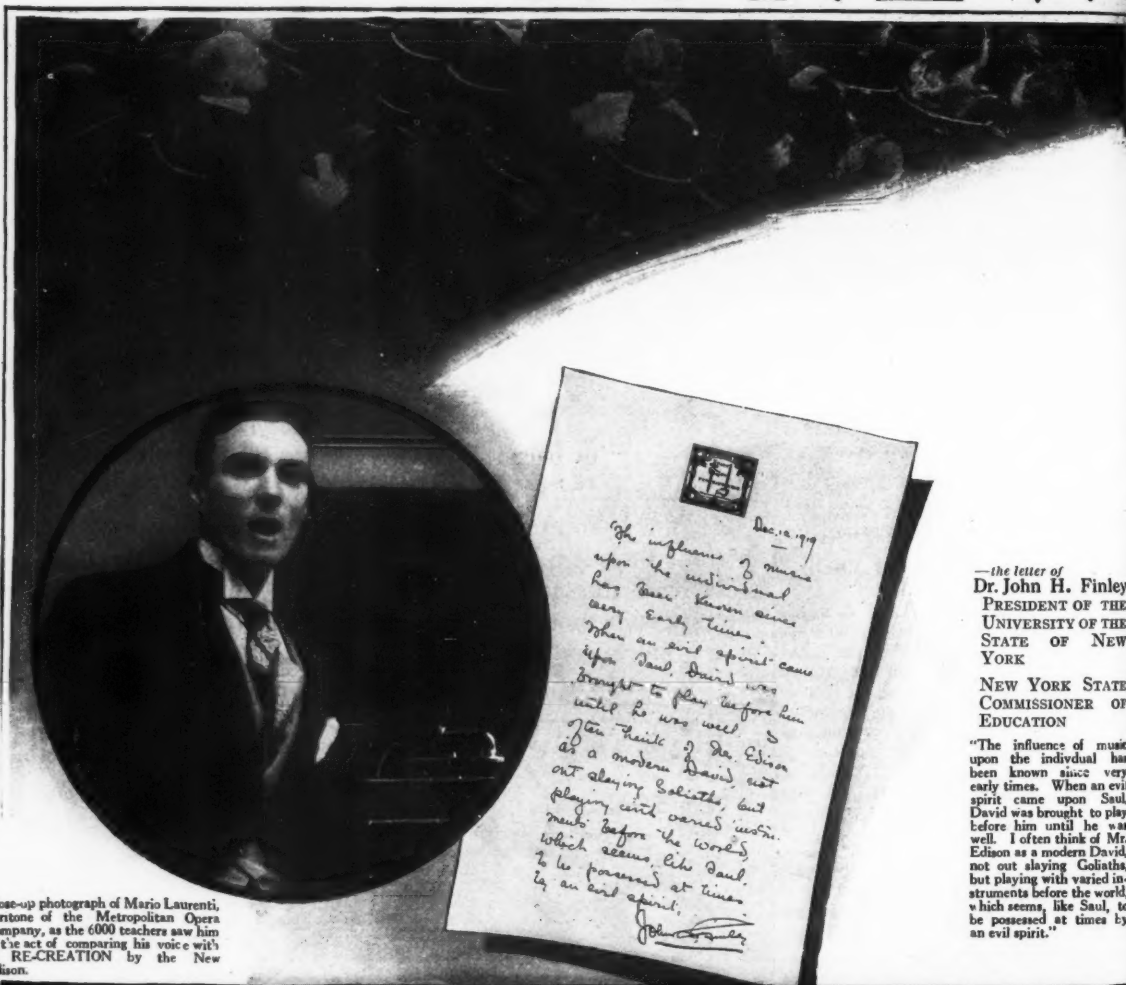


*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*



"The Phonograph  
with a Soul"

# The NEW



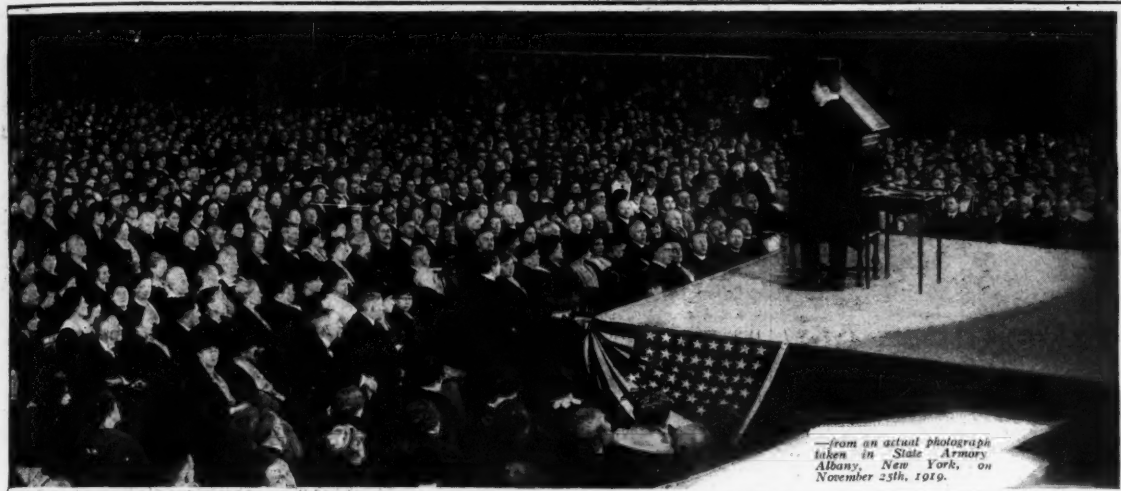
Close-up photograph of Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as the 6000 teachers saw him in the act of comparing his voice with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

—the letter of  
Dr. John H. Finley  
PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF THE  
STATE OF NEW  
YORK

NEW YORK STATE  
COMMISSIONER OF  
EDUCATION

"The influence of music upon the individual has been known since very early times. When an evil spirit came upon Saul, David was brought to play before him until he was well. I often think of Mr. Edison as a modern David, not out playing Goliath, but playing with varied instruments before the world, which seems, like Saul, to be possessed at times by an evil spirit."





—from an actual photograph  
taken in State Armory  
Albany, New York, on  
November 25th, 1919.

# EDISON

*"The Phonograph  
with a Soul"*

## 6000 Empire State Teachers Hear Phonograph Achieve Triumph

THE illustration, although it is reproduced from an actual photograph, but faintly portrays the memorable scene at the State Armory in Albany, New York, on the night of November 25th, when 6000 teachers, principals and superintendents of the public schools of New York State sat spellbound as they heard Mario Laurenti, world-famed baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sing in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his magnificent voice.

LAURENTI stood beside the stately New Edison Cabinet. His voice filled the auditorium. The audience, which at first had been a trifle tense because of the unusual nature of the proposed experiment, gradually relaxed under the magic influence of the great baritone's artistry.

Then suddenly there was a stir, a subdued murmur of surprise and a perplexed rubbing of eyes. Laurenti's voice, undiminished in quality and beauty, continued to reach every quarter of the vast auditori-

um, but his lips had ceased to move. The cabinet at his side had taken up the song and was matching his voice so perfectly that the human ear could not tell when Laurenti had ceased to sing.

*Edison Had Won  
Another Triumph*

THIS great event proved that Edison's genius has produced the phonograph of supreme realism. It also earned for his achievement the indorsement of one of the world's most famous educators,

Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York. Dr. Finley's beautiful tribute to Mr. Edison and the latter's new phonograph is reproduced herewith. It is doubtful if Edison's ambition to serve humanity through the agency of music could have been more accurately divined.

*Official Laboratory Model*

THE instrument used at Albany was a duplicate of Edison's original Official Laboratory Model, on which he spent more than three million dollars in research work. The Edison dealer in your city will be glad to show you a duplicate of this original three million dollar phonograph and he will, without quibble or question, guarantee it to be fully equal in tonal quality to the instrument used at Albany and to be capable of successfully sustaining the test made at Albany.

Let us send you our book "Edison and Music," and our booklet, "What the Critics Say." "Edison and Music" is written by one of Thomas A. Edison's right-hand men. Address Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

## A Rendezvous in Pelham Bay Park

(Concluded from page 41)



### "Two Things"

says the Luxeberry Painter, "are essential to real success. One is the making of a good reputation, and the other the ability to keep it good after you've made it. The world is full of one-timers who couldn't stand the strain."

In all varnish products Berry Brothers' label means constant, uniform quality—the same in the thousandth can as in the first. That's because Berry Brothers have devoted the same skill and effort to maintaining their reputation as they did to making it over sixty years ago.

For every varnish need—  
industrial or home—there's  
a Berry Brothers' product.  
Write for handsomely il-  
lustrated booklet "Beauti-  
ful Homes" sent free.

**BERRY BROTHERS**  
World's Largest Makers  
Varnishes and Paint Specialties  
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.



we were both tired, and I wanted to be sure whether it would be any good to you or not. Well, it's yours if you want it—a hundred and twenty-five a month. The gentleman said he'd rather have a married man. He said they were steadier."

His mouth wore a whimsical look, but his eyes, with which he steadily looked up into her face, were whimsical and tender. "Didn't I take care of you all right the other night?" he asked. "Don't you think we get on fine, considering how short a time we've known each other? I'd like to go right along taking care of you."

Lucy McNab had been made love to, but never like this. The gentleman who had seen better days just talked along quietly and looked her in the eyes. He didn't even try to hold hands or anything.

"So that," he concluded, "if it hadn't been for you, I'd be dead. I've been born again into a new world. And, such as I am, I belong to you, unless you consider that you don't want me."

Lucy McNab thought of ten long hours that she had spent behind the ribbon-counter—of the jarring voices, the stuffy air, the mean little room that she had rented on an air-shaft three flights up.

"We could get a train to New Rochelle and a trolley to Greenwich," said Doane.

"The laws are different in Connecticut, and we could be married to-night. My boss and his family are to be away till Thursday. He told me to drive the cars and get the hang of them. We could have a sort of honeymoon with a pretty run every day. Over the garage there are five rooms and a bath, all freshly painted, and new furniture, and new pots and pans and things—and we get our coal free, and our milk and cream and vegetables. And I'm just telling you this for you to decide. Are you tempted? A little tiny bit?"

"Of course. Who wouldn't be? But I'd have to do a lot of thinkin'. And one thing worries me. You said it was booze. I couldn't stand that."

Doane laughed.

"I didn't drink the booze," he said. "My money was all in brewery stocks, and, of course, when the country went prohibition, all such stocks became as worthless as that claim in our Constitution which guarantees that no man's property shall be taken away from him without due process of law. It's no fun being ruined out of hand like that. But I'm game to begin at the bottom and work up, if you'd like me to. I'll do anything you say." He sat up suddenly and leaned toward her. "You've got the sweetest and the prettiest and the honestest face I ever saw," he said. "And you've got sweet little hands and feet, and if you ever did love a man, you'd never go back on him. And the other night you were so natural and brave, and trusted me without question. Is it any wonder that I wanted to go on living? And I'm only twenty-seven. That's not too old for you, is it? And I've got no father or mother or anyone to care what becomes of me unless you care. You see, it isn't as if you had only your own life to think about. You have to think about mine, too—because it belongs to you. You have two lives—"

"How do you know I'm straight and decent?" she asked suddenly.

"You!" he exclaimed. "Oh, rats!" And he slipped his arm round her waist and laid his cheek gently against hers.

"What about that other girl?" she asked, neither resisting his caress nor yielding to it.

"I don't know quite how to put it," said Doane. "But that's all over."

"If she was to come along and say she was sorry and wanted you back, you'd drop me like a dead fish, and jump up and run to her."

A high-powered runabout came swiftly along the shore road as sweetly and softly as a yacht under sail. The driver was a young girl, cool, expressionless, and exquisite. She turned the slowing car out of the road and brought it to a stop on a level promontory set with stunted cedars. She set the car's wind-shield wide open, so that the pleasant breezes off the bay blew into her face.

For the children playing on the shore and digging in the pockets of sand she had never a glance, or for the groups of picnickers, or for those pairs of lovers whose home conditions are such that they must find privacy in the public parks. For a moment, however, in their uninterested roamings, her eyes rested on Doane and Lucy McNab—almost she could have touched them with a fishing-rod. Her eyes rested for a moment and returned to an unseeing contemplation of the bay. After a few minutes, she backed her car into the road and drove off.

The pressure of Doane's arm tightened. But Lucy McNab stiffened her little body with resentment.

"That's your kind, and I'm not," she said. "And, say, she looked like she was going to speak. Was that her?"

"Might just as well have been," said Doane.

"And you was going to drown yourself for an iceberg like that?"

"You are a little iceberg yourself," Doane smiled. "And you don't tell me what you are going to do with my life."

"You'd sicken of me and go back to your own kind."

"To the women who look and see nothing? To the loves that look before they leap? To the world in which a duty ceases to be a duty the moment it ceases to be a pleasure? To the world in which no man is really bad if his manners are really good? Oh, no! I am not going back. I'm going to try my best to be all the world to a kid that trusts me. That's what I'm going to do."

She made one last feeble protest.

"We don't even talk alike," she said. "We don't talk the same langwidge."

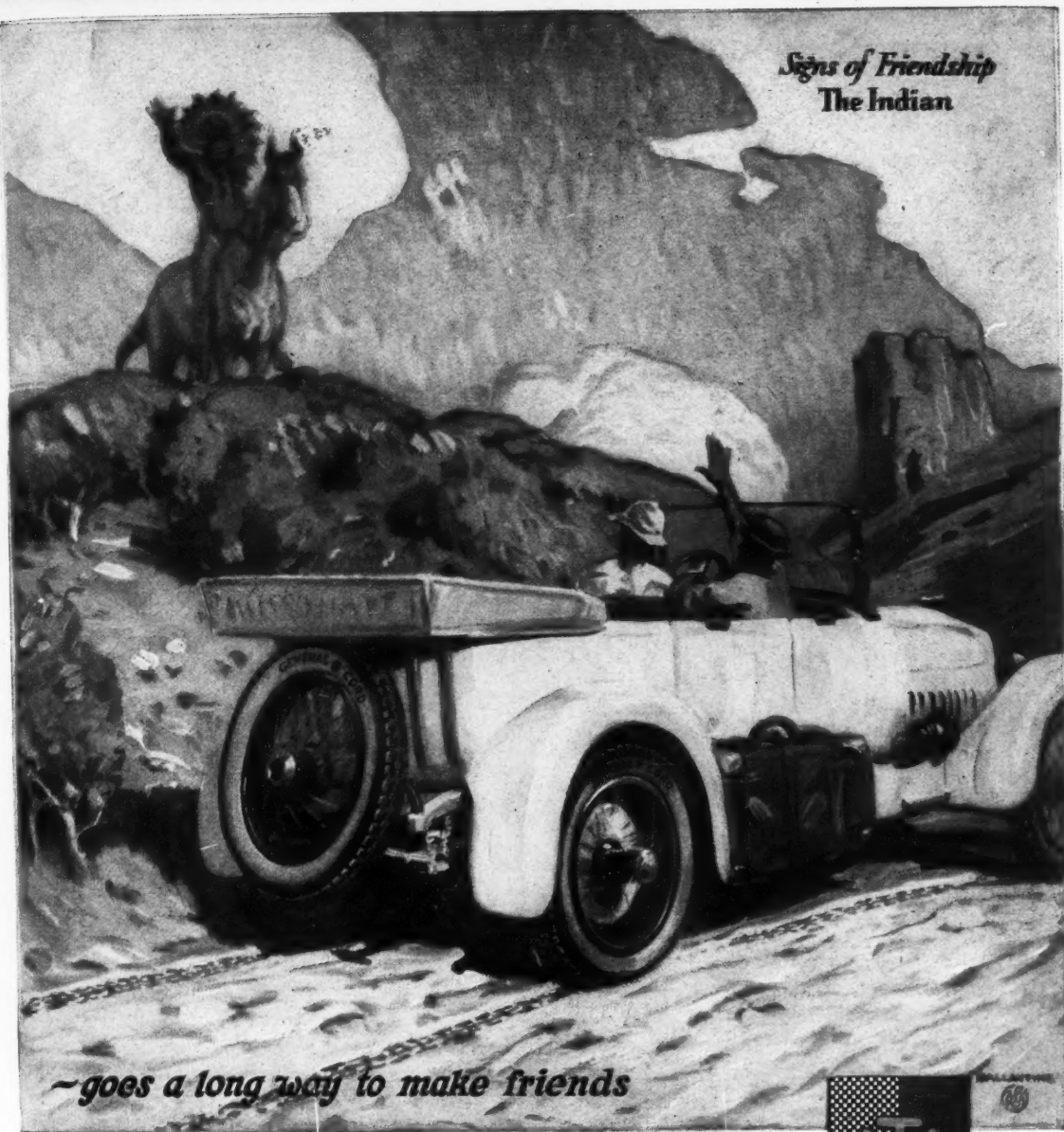
Thereat the arm that was about her tightened, oh, ever so much, and he said: "What does that matter if our hearts beat the same time? I love you."

She rubbed her little face against his and whispered,

"I've got an awful mash on you."

And thereafter they journeyed to Greenwich, where little fuss is made over marriage, and feathers are unnecessary. And there, in the presence of a magistrate and some witnesses haled in for the occasion, they joined hands and leaped boldly and hopefully into the great melting-pot.

*Signs of Friendship*  
**The Indian**



*~ goes a long way to make friends*

The General Tire has made so many friends that they have kept its ever-expanding factories running 24 hours every day for the past three years. In 1919, production was doubled—and now another large factory building is adding its output to this great Akron success.

The fact that one of the first successful cord tires was a General Tire—

undoubtedly has had something to do with the present position that The General holds in the tire world—but the main reason is that *every* General Tire—Cord or Fabric—Truck or Passenger Type—for small cars or large

—has gone a longer way to make friends than its price promised. Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.



© 1920 The General  
Tire and Rubber Co.

**THE GENERAL CORD  
TIRE**





# Vode KID

The Leather  
for Fine Shoes

## *The Leather of Distinction*

HE admires the smooth fit and graceful lines which Vode Kid gives the shoe. His wife is dreaming of how perfectly this Gray shade of Vode Kid will blend with her new frock. Both are convinced that Vode Kid is the leather for fine shoes.

Shoes of Vode Kid complete the picture which a well-dressed woman always presents. They are fashionably correct. They are comfortable as well. They are sold in the smartest boot shops.

Let your shoe salesman show you shoes of Vode Kid. You may select the pair which becomes your foot in Camel, Chippendale, Aluminum, Blue, Chestnut, or Black. There is a shade of Vode Kid to blend with any costume in shoes correct for all occasions. Illustrated booklet on request.

*Ask for shoes of Vode Kid*

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., BOSTON, MASS.  
*Agencies in all Shoe Manufacturing Centers*



## The Bewitching Hour

During that last quarter of an hour is charm often created—or at least *perfected*. Garden Court Face Powder is an efficient aid, but a modest one. It never thrusts itself upon the attention. For Garden Court is the powder invisible—invisible by virtue of its fineness, yet giving a healthy bloom to the texture of the skin.

Garden Court Face Powder will stay on in all climates. It comes in white, pink, naturelle and brunette; and it carries the famous Garden Court perfume of 32 chosen fragrances. Use Garden Court Double Combination Cream as a foundation.

### The Garden Court Toiletries

Face Powder  
Double Combination Cream  
Cold Cream  
Talc

Toilet Water  
Extract (bulk)  
Extract, The Gift Package  
Benzoin and Almond Cream

NELSON, 828 Lafayette Avenue Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

# Garden Court



Garden Court toilet creations are on sale exclusively at the thousands of Penlar Drug Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for free sample of Garden Court Face Powder and copy of our new booklet "The Eighth Art," with interesting information about toilettes for every occasion.



Sold wherever this sign of the Penlar Stores is displayed.



When charms like these their power display,  
And steal the wildered heart away—  
Who can, dissembling, coldly seem  
Unmoved as by an idle dream? —Nisum

To give and to guard the  
charms which compel adoration,

# NYSIS

## TOILETRIES

America's most distinctive contribution to  
the enhancement of feminine loveliness

PARFUM · FACE POWDER · COLD  
CREAM · VANISHING CREAM  
SOAP · TOILET WATER · TALCUM

Obtainable at **NYAL AGENCIES** Everywhere  
(GROC. · DRUG · STORES)  
**AGRA PARFUMEUR**  
Detroit Michigan

Entrancingly Fragrant  
Charmingly Packaged  
Delightfully Satisfying



# NYSIS



## The Race-Track of the Dollar

(Continued from page 79)

If anything goes wrong with the theater, wire me at the Hotel Stuyvesant. If I'm not there, I'll leave word with the clerk which poor-farm they took me to.

Yours,

F. R. A.

New York, Jan. 30, 1920.

DEAR HARDY:

You know my other car—the one I didn't drive to New York, or, if I must speak right out, the Ford? See if you can sell that, will you? There's a Broadway theater-ticket speculator holding two seats for "The Gold Diggers" until I hear from you.

Yes; we're still hanging onto the life-lines here-between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets, but every wave threatens to wash us overboard. We had an idea that we'd rent an apartment after we got here. It would have been a better idea if so many other people hadn't had it at about the same time.

And landlords have some brand-new wrinkles in New York which have never been thought of before, so far as I know. The best one is not to sign leases. About half the apartments are rented by the tenants from month to month (payment in advance) without knowing what the amount will be next rent-day, but being reasonably sure that it will be higher. Rents are not based upon ground-space covered or the overhead expense of the building. What, then, is the standard? Merely the limit which the renter can be forced to pay. (Very ordinary apartments rent for five thousand a year, and the problem of the family that must secure shelter for around a thousand dollars annually is one of those desperate ones without any answer that has to be answered anyway.)

For instance, say you paid sixty dollars for your flat once upon a time. It is a very tiny one, but you can crowd into it with your family of three or four. Last October, the landlord notified you that the rent would be eighty dollars. You kicked. He did not seem to mind, and intimated that some one else was very anxious to move into that very select building, anyway. You hadn't noticed that the building was so particularly select; so you were inclined to sit back and call his bluff—until you and your wife had spent a few days trying to locate a good place in which to sit back and laugh while your ex-landlord tried to fill the vacant apartment. You made the alarming discovery that there wasn't anything in town of equal comfort for less or even the same money.

So you decide to save the extra money somewhere else, though heaven only knows where, with the prices of meat, sugar, butter, eggs, hair-cuts, and winter furs taking the steepest grades on high without faltering, and you go back to your landlord and say you'll sign a lease at the new figure. He laughs pleasantly and intimates that a lease will not be necessary.

It isn't—for him. Because in about three months the rent takes another twenty-five-per-cent. climb. And you have to pay it, because there is a wolf of an apartment-hunter ready to pounce upon your abiding-place if you hesitate. Then,

as soon as you get your breath, the landlord lights another sky-rocket.

You doubtless wonder, as I did, how the devil the salaried man manages to live at all under those conditions. It is perfectly obvious that salaries are not increasing proportionately to the rise in rentals.

The way it is done is for two or more families to get together and live in an apartment that formerly was hardly large enough for one. It is happening all over the city of New York. Some of the most thrilling fiction of the future is going to be written about the feuds between families that were friends until 1920. Harold Smith will doubtless meet Percy Jones in Central Park at dusk on a cool October evening of 1938, and both will shoot from the hip, just because, when they were boys, their parents all lived in Apartment H, Westchester Mansions, on One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. (Don't be deceived by that Westchester Mansions stuff. The only thing that's regal about it is the hall-boy.)

The way the economists (I wonder if there really is such a thing) account for the alarming condition of affairs in New York is by the statement that all the possessors of war-fortunes are moving here in the effort to find larger fields of endeavor.

It certainly is a fact that there are two kinds of people who come to New York—those who have to in the line of business, and those who can't find anything expensive enough around home. The first class has heard that prices are high, and is conservatively figuring how to beat the game by hurrying a little on the trip and cutting out some of the usual amusements. The other class arrives waving a bank-roll ostentatiously and defying the profiteers to make an impression on it. Guess which class the prices in hotels, restaurants, apartment-houses, box-offices, and shops are scaled to.

We have an entirely new type of a millionaire to-day. In pre-war times, a man who made a roll usually got rid of part of it at least in genteel fashion by trying to break into society. Now there are so many millionaires that they have pretty well trampled down the barbed-wire entanglements round the social elect. There isn't much sport in stalking the First Families any more. It has become fashionable to be democratic. Even kings and queens are doing it.

There isn't a single exciting thing for the fresh-made plutocrat to do except the obvious amusements.

The possessor of a war-fortune usually has a lot of two things he doesn't know what to do with—time and money. No one who has not been carefully trained for it can amuse himself without work for more than a week or so at a time. Idle Americans are usually bored to death. Most of us have been brought up to fill in our spare time away from the office or shop with eating, drinking, and theaters. We don't know of anything else to do; so, when we have more time, we eat more, drink more, and go to more theaters. Later, perhaps, we will learn how to have a whale of a day sipping tea, reading a novel, and playing chess with our old col-

*Who can blame the Child?*

*He knows how deliciously cold he'll find the food in Mother's*

**BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR**

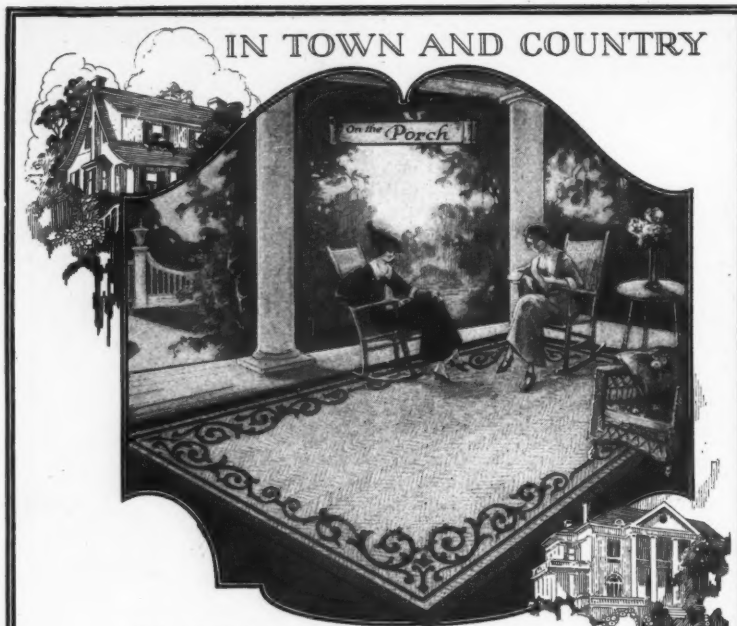
*Honestly Constructed*  
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

**BOHN REFRIGERATOR CO.**

SAINT PAUL, MINN.  
NEW YORK EXHIBIT 23-46-47-48-51  
CHICAGO EXHIBIT 1812-1813-1814-1815

*Catalog on request*





ALL YEAR 'ROUND

# CREX

## GRASS RUGS

MADE IN AMERICA

### *The Ideal Floor Covering*

**Y**OUR porch or verandah — the outdoor living room of the whole family from spring to fall — can be made as cheerful and comfortable as any room by a judicious selection of CREX rugs.

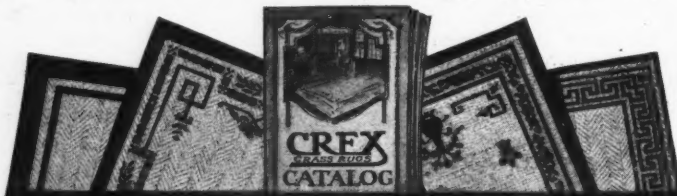
Sun parlors, too, offer the same opportunity for simple yet artistic treatment. The natural grass blending with soft neutral color designs in which green, brown and blue predominate produces an effect at once most charming and delightful.

Remember all grass rugs are not CREX. You may even be offered imitations made of split or crushed straw. But genuine CREX rugs will give you the same satisfaction they have given to millions of other users during the past twenty years.

CREX is easily said and easily read. The name woven in the side binding provides an inefaceable identification mark.

*Handsomely illustrated catalog showing actual colors and sizes of the three CREX weaves—DELUXE, HERRINGBONE and REGULAR—mailed free on request.*

CREX CARPET CO., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.



*Look for name in the edge of side binding*

*It's your protection and our guarantee*

lege chums or cell-mates, depending upon what institutions we hail from.

But now we have to do something with more hurrah in it, or we don't think we're having a good time, and we mope. And the only way we know to put jazz into life is to have a lot more of the same things we had before. Our theory seems to be that, if a piano soloist pleases us, let's have two players and two pianos going at once, and we will double the pleasure; it certainly costs more—it must be better.

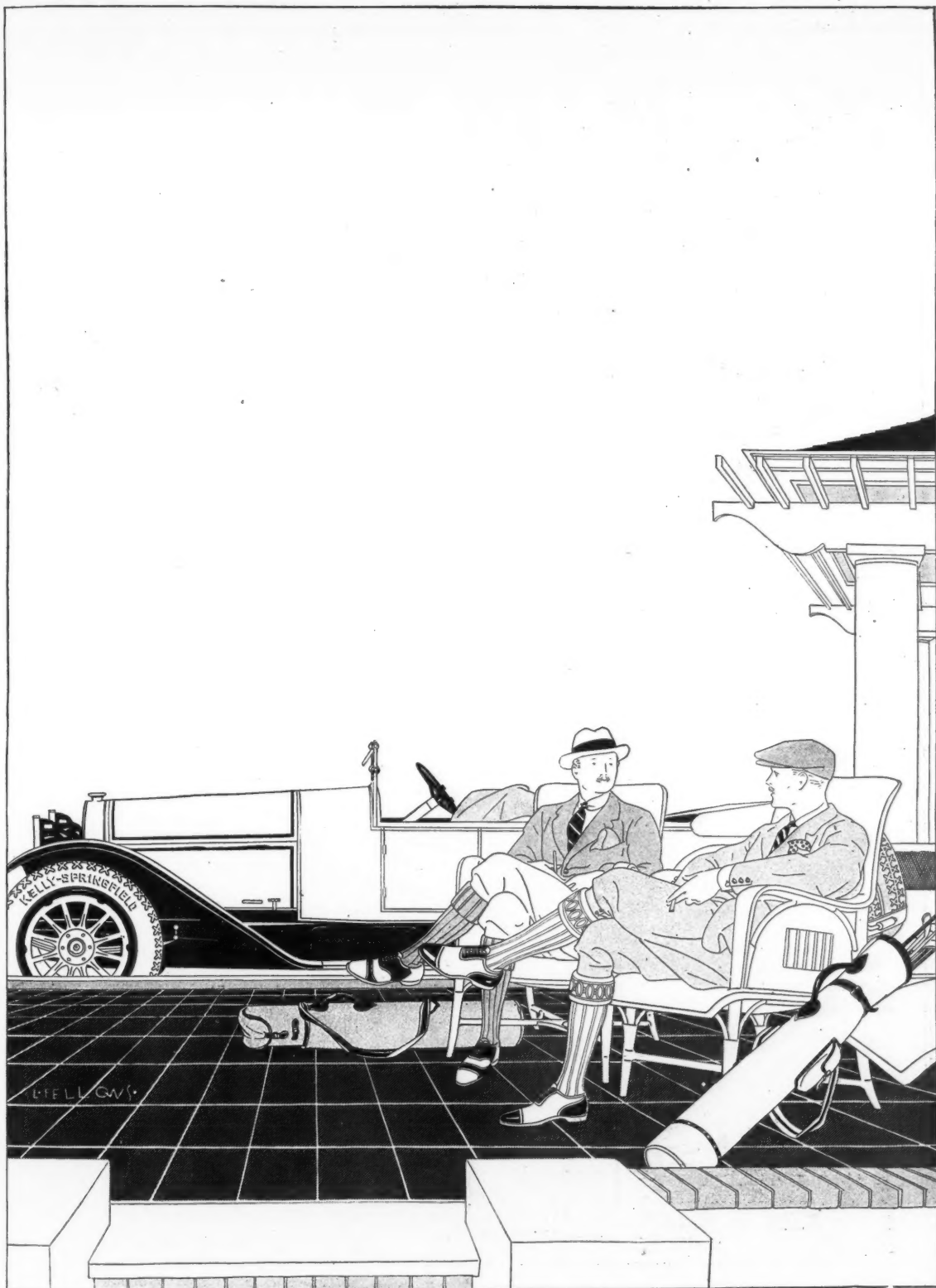
Broadway used to be the oat field of the adolescent. Where, oh, where does the young man of to-day cavort? There aren't many of him in the gilded cafés. Look down from the balcony round the dancing-space in a popular restaurant. Those white spots that move aren't part of the tiled floor, as you at first supposed. They're baldheads. I've been counting, and the men under thirty are snowed under by the ones over forty. I can guess the reason. The salary of the beginner in business will not stand the strain of a Broadway bender so often as it used to. It takes a lot of saving from fifty dollars a week to provide for a party lasting only mildly from seven to one—say, dinner, theater, and supper. The only chaps who can afford the racket are the men who are taking second helpings of the good things of life; the widowers and confirmed bachelors are the ones who are showing the girls around.

I'm not really worrying about the American young man. He will doubtless survive the privation of having to dine at lunch-counters and spend his dry Saturday evenings in a game of penny-ante. But the problem is not going to work out so well for the American young woman. She will either have to stick to the self-sustaining commercial niche she found for herself during the war or else marry an older man simply because he has enough money to support her. The healthy comradeship of two people about the same age engaging on the great adventure together is well-nigh impossible. Hardly any man is going to ask a girl he loves to live on half of an income that is barely large enough for one.

The girls who have decided to take out luxury insurance, no matter what the cost, the salamanders, the gold-diggers, are not a happy crew. They think and talk too much of places where extra-legal alcoholic stimulant may be had; they laugh too much at things which are not funny, and they are too fatigued when no one is looking. The splendor of sacrifice is not theirs; soon they will be too old to find out.

Honest to Drinkwater (that's the new cuss-word down here), I can't see any livable future for these girls. Most of them come from Middle-Western towns like our own, come here full of ambition to do something artistic or commercial. Only a few can possibly succeed. The rest are mostly too proud to go home acknowledging defeat. What then? You can search me.

I note what you say in your last letter about not forgetting to make out my income-tax schedule. Hardy, I didn't think you were that kind of gloom. I believe if a man were drowning, you'd throw him the anchor. That was the last straw on the back of a citizen that has to be a camel whether he wants to or not. How can the government tax the money



"How much mileage do you get out of those tires?"

"Mileage? You don't reckon the life of a Kelly-Springfield by miles; you reckon it by years."





# DELTOX

## GRASS RUGS

### Beauty without Extravagance

**D**ELTOX Rugs offer exceptional opportunities to beautify your home at a reasonable price. These wonderful rugs are made by skilled workmen in rich colors and beautiful designs which harmonize with all decorations.

No other floor covering offers so many advantages for the money invested as Delttox. Ask your dealer to show these rugs to you today.


**Delttox Grass Rug Company**

Oshkosh

E. H. STEIGER, Pres.

Wisconsin





*Button One, Troubles Done*

**IN** business, as in every-  
thing else, success de-  
pends upon concentrated  
effort consistently applied.  
That is one reason why  
business men everywhere  
are so partial to the

## HATCH

### ONE BUTTON UNION SUIT

They appreciate the sound-  
ness of its having just the  
one button in just the right  
place. They realize how  
this master button can do  
the work so much more  
successfully than a row of  
nine or more could do.  
They see how it results in a  
smooth, even fit instead of  
in the pulling and wrinkl-  
ing that come when a  
whole row is working at  
cross purposes. They see  
how much time and trouble  
is saved by avoiding the  
constant repairs that a row  
entails.

*The Hatch One-Button Union Suit  
comes in the finest of combed cot-  
ton materials, and in slate and pure  
mercerized garments, silk trimmed.  
An illustrated catalog describing the  
complete line will be sent free on  
request.*

This garment is featured at  
the best stores everywhere,  
but if you cannot get it easily  
and quickly, send your size  
with remittance to our mill  
at Albany, N. Y., and you  
will be supplied direct, de-  
livery free.

Men's Garments: \$2.50,  
\$4.00 and \$5.00  
Boys' Garments: \$1.50  
and \$2.00

**FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.**  
*Albany New York*

just got back from Siberia, wondering where all the flowers were that they'd expected to walk home on, and not realizing that people were scowling at 'em for obstructing the traffic. Nobody seemed to give a hang about those boys and their band. Some even jeered a little at the age of the musical selection.

But not the lad in the service overcoat. You'd think he must have heard that "Over There" music just about once too often, but if he ever had, he'd forgotten about it now. He elbowed his way through the curbstone fringe of people and went out and stood in the street just as near as he could get to the column of squads. Me, too—only to watch him, though. I pretended I was in a hurry to get across the street.

There was a look in his eyes such as you can only find if you peep from the inside of a toy-shop window around Christmas time at the five-year-old faces of the kids in the street who will never get any nearer to a steam-engine that really runs or a doll that says "Ma-ma" than the other side of a piece of plate glass.

The boy in the service coat wanted to follow that band—in uniform with a rifle and a full pack—you get that way if you've ever done it once—but he knew that you can't fool even a recruiting sergeant with a leg that ticks when you walk.

There wasn't a tear in his eye—nothing like that: maybe he laid back his ears a little, but I couldn't notice. But when the last squad had passed and the music was getting fainter down the street, he crossed over to the other curb, and when he got in front of one of those big windows that are just as good as a mirror for seeing yourself in, he came to a "shoulder arms" with his cane and did a "rifle-salute" with his left hand—just to see if he still could.

Then he looked round sheepishly to find out if anybody had caught him at it. No one, apparently, was noticing, because the only person who knew what he was up to bent down suddenly to fix a shoe-lace. If he had looked closely, he might have seen that my shoes weren't untied at all.

We were going to leave New York in a few days, but this influenza thing makes it impossible. I've sold the automobile for enough to last a little longer. According to my calculations, we can buy one good meal with the selling-price of each tire. There are six of them, including two spares. About the third day we'll begin nibbling the chassis and finish up on the motor toward the end of the week. Even automobiles go pretty fast on Broadway. Forgive me for that last. It makes us about even for that telegram mentioning the overdraft.

Yours,  
F. R. A.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

1920, Feb. 13 A.M. 2:19

R. 24 N.Y. 90 N.L.

D. New York, N.Y. Feb. 12

HARDY ESTERDAHL,

State Bank of Whitehall, Whitehall,  
Mich.

Accept your proposition to come home in order to avoid wrecking the bank. Telegraph transportation Hotel Stuyvesant, New York. Thanks.

F. R. A.





## Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman, because it refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Try it today not only for your complexion but for your bath.

At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

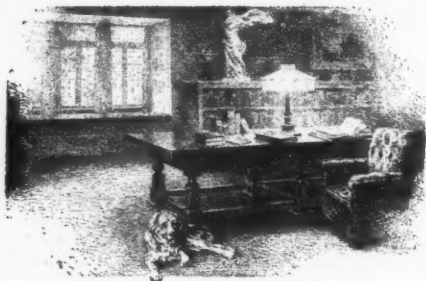
Trial cake free.

Dept. 7H Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

# RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK  
cannot be excelled for the man  
with a tender skin.





## Investment Opportunities

### *How to weigh them*

**T**AKE home with you our Purchase Sheet for Investors. It is indispensable to anyone who intends to get the best out of the field. It contains information gathered as a result of careful investigation throughout the world.

The April sheet spreads before you facts about more than 20 issues of United States and Foreign Government Bonds, a wide range of Railroad, Public Utility, Industrial and Realty Bonds and Preferred Stocks, all recommended as investments.

In addition you will find 17 Municipal Bonds, exempt under Federal Income Tax, many being tax-free in certain states.

If you have funds to invest or re-invest at this time, you may turn to these securities knowing that we consider each issue desirable in its class.

This April Purchase Sheet will be found at any of the offices or will be mailed to you on request. You ought to have it. Don't invest until you get it. Ask for O-124.

### The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

A NATIONAL INVESTMENT SERVICE—More than 50 correspondent offices in the leading cities connected by about 10,000 miles of private wires



**KNOW DIAMONDS**

**WRITE FOR THE ROYAL CATALOG**

It posts you on values, prices, discounts and the way to cut out middlemen's profits. Learn how to get a high class article at a moderate price. The Royal Catalog is filled with information about high grade Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, and tells how to buy on charge account, paying monthly or weekly, as you like. Ask for Edition 126. It is Free!

**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**

35 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

**Nadine Face Powder**

(In Green Boxes Only)

**Keep the Complexion Beautiful**

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. Millions of delighted users prove its value. Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. At leading toilet counters. If you haven't it, by mail 60c. Dept. C. M. National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

## Kindred of the Dust

(Continued from page 86)

and said, "Surely, Elizabeth, you haven't forgotten me!" Elizabeth is really funny. She replied: "So sorry! I've always been absent-minded!" She looked at me steadily with such a cool mirth in her eyes—she has nice eyes, too—and I must have had mirth in mine also, because I remember that at precisely that minute I thought up a wonderful joke on Elizabeth and Jane and their mother. Of course, the poor laird will not see the point of the joke, but, then, he's the innocent bystander, and innocent bystanders are always getting hurt."

"Ah, do not hurt him!" Daney pleaded anxiously. "He's a good, kind, manly gentleman. Spare him—spare him, my dear!"

"Oh, I wouldn't hurt him, Mr. Daney, if I did not know I had the power to heal his hurts."

Suddenly she commenced to laugh, albeit there was in her laugh a quality which almost caused Mr. Daney to imagine that he had hackles on his back and that they were rising. He much preferred the note of anger of a few minutes previous; with a rush, all of his old apprehensions returned, and he rasped out at her irritably:

"Well, well! What's this joke, anyhow? Tell me, and perhaps I may laugh, too."

"Oh, no, Mr. Daney, you'd never laugh at this one. You'd weep."

"Try me."

"Very well. You will recall that, when Mrs. McKaye rang me up in New York, she was careful, even while asking me to return, to let me know my place?"

"Yes, yes. I was listening on the line. I heard her, and I thought she was a bit raw. But no matter. Proceed."

"Well, since she asked me to return to Port Agnew, I'm wondering who is going to ask me to go away again?"

"I'll be shot if I will! Ha! Ha! Ha! Egad, Nan," he declared, "but you have a rare sense of humor! Yes; do it. Do it! Make 'em all come down—right here to the Sawdust Pile! Make 'em remember you—all three of 'em— Why, dog my cats, girl, you've got 'em where the hair is short! So make 'em toe the scratch."

"Well, of course," Nan reminded him, "they are not likely to toe the scratch unless they receive a hint that toeing scratches is going to be fashionable in our best Port Agnew circles this winter."

Mr. Daney arched his wild eyebrows, pursed his lips, popped his eyes.

"Very well, my dear girl, I'll be the goat. A lesson in humility will not be wasted on certain parties. But suppose they object? Suppose they buck and pitch and sidestep and carry on? What then?"

"Why," Nan replied innocently, regarding him in friendly fashion with those wistful blue eyes, "you might hint that I'm liable to go to The Laird and tell him I regard him as a very poor sport indeed to expect me to give up his son, in view of the fact that his son's mother sent for me to save that son's life. Do you know, dear Mr. Daney, I suspect that if The Laird knew his wife had compromised him so, he would be a singularly wild Scot?"

"Onward, Christian soldier, marching as to war!" cried Mr. Daney, and he fled into the night.

# "61" FLOOR VARNISH

For Furniture and Woodwork *as well as Floors.*



"Since when, Betsy, are we so wealthy as to buy two new porch chairs?"

"Foolish boy! Tommy, those are the old chairs you wanted to sell. I refinished them with Forest Green '61' Floor Varnish."

If you can't have new things you can at least make the most of the old. A good place to begin is with the furniture. Whether it be a piece you are using or an old chair tucked away in the garret, it's really surprising how a small can of "61" Floor Varnish will rejuvenate it.

Some people who do not have "61" on their floors, learn with amazement that "61" presents a perfect surface on floors for two years, three years and even longer, under normal conditions, without renewal or care of any kind.

Imagine then the long-lasting service "61" Floor Varnish will give on furniture and woodwork of all kinds! "61" has become a universal varnish for all household purposes because it is so durable. It is marproof, heelproof and waterproof.

The semi-transparent wood-stain colors of "61" produce beautiful natural wood effects, frequently requiring but one application, as they stain and varnish in one operation. They are easy to use and

flow out smoothly without showing laps, streaks or brush marks.

"61" natural wood colors are sold in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry, Forest Green; also Natural (clear varnish), Dull Finish; and Ground Color for undercoats where necessary.

**Send for Color Card and Sample Panel** finished with "61." Try the hammer test on the sample panel. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

If you are building or decorating, engage a good painter. He knows Pratt & Lambert Varnishes and will be glad to use them.

Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

**Our Guarantee:** *If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.*

Pratt & Lambert-Inc. 99 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 41 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.



## Vitalite

LONG-LIFE ENAMEL

Vitalite, the incomparable Long-Life Enamel may now be had in a number of sight-satisfying *Tints*. No thick, dauby colors these! *Tints*; Ivory, Cream and Gray; Chinese Blue and Leaf Green!

*"Save the surface and you save all!"*

# PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES



# Belber

## TRAVELING GOODS



### Why Cheap Luggage is a Waste of Money

**T**O many people a leather bag is simply a leather bag. They can see the leather. They take for granted that it is good leather. And there their knowledge and interest stops.

It isn't to be expected that the average purchaser will know the facts about leather.

There are many ways of *cheapening* a bag without the purchaser being any the wiser—until he takes it out on a trip!

Even the dealer himself cannot always detect the cheapening processes. That is why he puts his faith in a reliable manufacturer—like the Belber Company.

The Belber name is an absolute guarantee of sound value—today as for thirty years the *dominant* name in the luggage business.

If your present need is a Wardrobe Trunk, a Bag, a Kit Bag, an Overnight Bag, or a Suit-case—remember that name *Belber*.

When the dealer shows you luggage with this name on it—you can be sure that he puts responsibility to his customers *first*—that the article is *exactly* as represented—and full value for your money.

*For details of the fine luggage shown above, write for Booklet B.  
If a Wardrobe Trunk interests you, ask for Booklet A.*

**THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*Sales Offices and Factories: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Woodbury, N. J.,  
Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Oshkosh, Wis., San Francisco.*

UPON reaching his home, Mr. Daney telephoned to Mrs. McKaye.

"It is important," he informed her, "that you, Miss Jane and Miss Elizabeth come down to my office to-morrow for a conference. I would come up to The Dreamerie to see you, but Donald is home now, and his father will be with him; so I would prefer to see you down-town. I have some news of interest for you."

The hint of news of interest was sufficient to secure from Mrs. McKaye a promise to call at his office with the girls at ten o'clock the following morning.

It was with a feeling of alert interest that he awaited the arrival of the ladies from The Dreamerie. They arrived half an hour late, very well content with themselves and the world in general, and filling Mr. Daney's office with the perfume of their presence.

"Well, ladies," he began, "I decided yesterday that it was getting along toward the season of the year when my thoughts stray as usual toward the Sawdust Pile as a drying-yard. So I went down to see if Nan Brent had abandoned it again—and, sure enough, she hadn't." He paused exasperatingly, after the fashion of an orator who realizes that he has awakened in his audience an alert and respectful interest. "Fine kettle of fish brewing down there," he resumed darkly. "In some unaccountable manner, it appears that you three ladies have aroused in Nan Brent a spirit of antagonism——"

"Nonsense!"

"The idea!"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"I state the condition as I found it. I happen to know that the girl possesses sufficient means to permit her to live at the Sawdust Pile for a year at least."

"But isn't she going away?" Mrs. McKaye's voice rose sharply. "Is she going to break her bargain?"

"Oh, I think not, Mrs. McKaye. She merely complained to me that somebody begged her to come back to Port Agnew; so she's waiting for somebody to come down to the Sawdust Pile and beg her to go away again. She's inclined to be capricious about it, too. One person isn't enough. She wants three people to call, and she insists that they be—ah—ladies!"

"Good gracious, Andrew, you don't mean it?"

"I am delivering a message, Mrs. McKaye."

"She must be spoofing you," Jane declared.

"Well, she laughed a good deal about it, Miss Jane, and confided to me that a bit of lurking devil in your sister's eyes the day you both met her in the telegraph office gave her the inspiration for this joke."

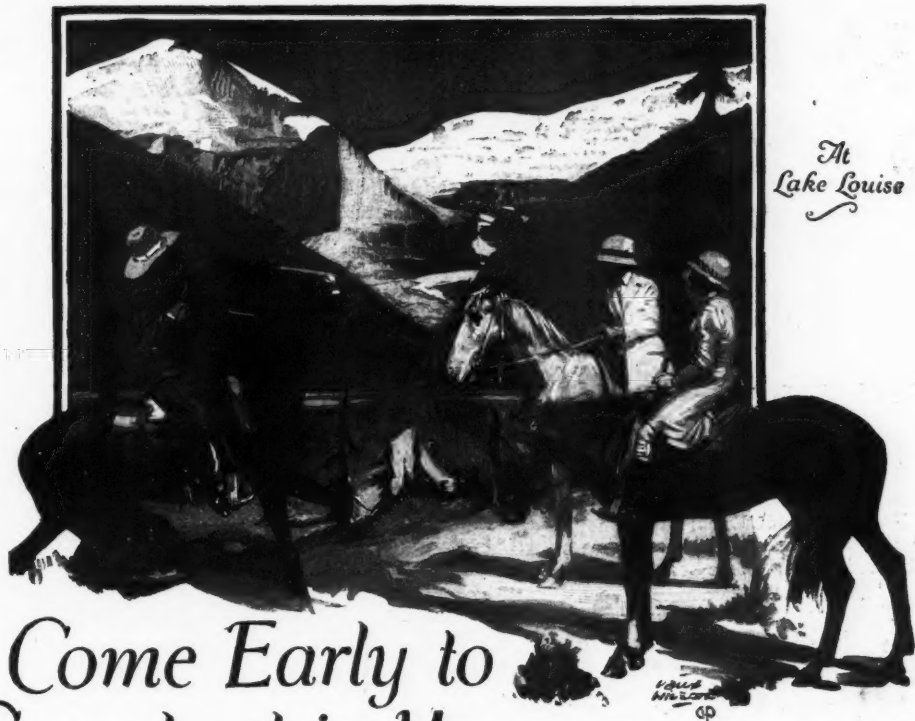
Mrs. McKaye was consumed with virtuous indignation.

"The shameless hussy! Does she imagine for a moment that I will submit to blackmail, that my daughters or myself could afford to be seen calling upon her at the Sawdust Pile?"

"She wants to force us to recognize her, mother," Jane, recalling that day in the telegraph office, stared at Daney with flashing eyes.

"Nothing doing," Elizabeth drawled smilingly.

Mr. Daney nodded his comprehension.



*At  
Lake Louise*

## Come Early to Canada this Year

**W**ITH a blaze of flowers and long sunny days, June swings over the glistening peaks into the Alpine Valleys of the Canadian Pacific Rockies. Sunny days that herald the four radiant months of the Canadian Summer offer the alluring charms of this Mountain Garden of the Giants to the tourist, the lover of the wild, the vacation seeker.

Trails to walk and ride upon, roads for tally-ho or motor, mile-high links for the golfer, peaks, snow-passes and glaciers for the Alpine climber, warm sulphur swimming pools, luxurious hotels at Banff and Lake Louise, with music, dancing and social recreation, mountain chalets at Emerald Lake and Glacier, trout fishing in season, superb scenery and big game for the camera (or in September for the rifle) opportunities for camping in regions of unparalleled majesty—these are but a few of the delights in store for you.

Nothing is more distinctive in North America.

So easy to reach by the

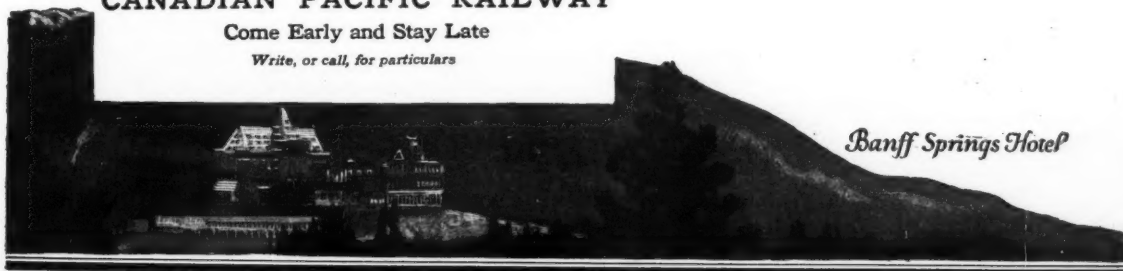
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

Come Early and Stay Late

Write, or call, for particulars

### Canadian Pacific Passenger Offices and Agencies in the United States

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Boston, Mass.	232 Washington St.
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Chicago, Ill.	140 South Clark St.
Cincinnati, O.	430 Walnut St.
Cleveland, O.	1040 Prospect Ave.
Detroit, Mich.	199 Griswold St.
Los Angeles, Cal.	605 South Spring St.
Minneapolis, Minn.	611 Second Ave. South
New York, N. Y.	1231 Broadway, cor. 30th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.	629 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	340 Sixth Ave.
Portland, Ore.	55 Third St.
St. Louis, Mo.	418 Locust St.
San Francisco, Cal.	607 Market St.
Seattle, Wash.	608 Second Ave.
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*Banff Springs Hotel*



## Supreme in Tone

At the Panama Pacific Exposition Sonora won highest score for tone quality and the trade mark Sonora on a phonograph indicates that it is of matchless beauty.

# Sonora

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY  
CLEAR AS A BELL



is made for those who take pride in owning the best. With the Sonora (which plays ALL MAKES of disc records perfectly without extra attachments) you are not limited to the records of any one manufacturer—the records of all makers are yours to command.

For superb tone, for elegance of design and for vital features, Sonora is supreme.

Magnificent upright and period styles are available at prices from \$60 to \$1000

Special models will be made to order. We are also prepared to place Sonora equipments in treasured cabinets which you may now own.

### Sonora Phonograph Company, Inc.

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New York City: 279 Broadway      Fifth Ave. at 53rd St.

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### The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

Use Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles. They play many times, give a sweeter tone and increase the records' life.

## FLORIDA

Fruitland Park in Florida's lake jeweled highlands will appeal to the homeseeker who, whether wishing land or an orange grove, desires the best. Write for book of actual photographs and learn how you can own your own grove on easy payments. **BOARD OF TRADE, 15 Trade Avenue, Fruitland Park, Florida.**

**COPY THIS SKETCH** and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. **FIGURE CHARTS** make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamp for sample Figure Chart list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. *Please state your age.*

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Cartoonists are well paid. We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamp for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. **THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING, 525 Lender Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio**

A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Booklet of information, advice, and form for disclosing idea, free on request.

**RICHARD B. OWEN**  
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or 2276 C-WOOLWORTH BLDG., NEW YORK.

"In that event, ladies," he countered, with malignant joy in his suppressed soul, "I am requested to remind you that The Laird will be informed by Miss Brent that she considers him a very poor sport indeed if he insists upon regarding her as unworthy of his son, in view of the fact that his son's mother considered her a person of such importance that she used the transcontinental telephone in order to induce—"

"Yes, yes; I know what you're going to say. Do you really think she would go as that far, Andrew?" Mrs. McKaye was very pale.

"Beware the anger of a woman scorned," he quoted.

"In the event that she should, Mr. Daney, we should have no other alternative but to deny it." Elizabeth was speaking. She still wore her impish glacial smile. "As a usual thing, we are opposed to fibbing on the high moral ground that it is not a lady's pastime, but in view of the perfectly appalling results that would follow our failure to fib in this particular case, I'm afraid we'll have to join hands, Mr. Daney, and prove Nan Brent a liar. Naturally, we count on your help. As a result of his conversation with you, father believes you did the telephoning."

"I told him half the truth, but no lie. When Hector McKaye asks me for the truth, he'll get it." In Mr. Daney's voice there was a growl that spoke of slow, quiet fury at the realization that this cool young woman should presume to dictate to him.

"I think you'll change your mind, Mr. Daney. You'll not refuse the hurdle when you come to it. As for this wanton Brent girl, tell her that we will think her proposition over and that she may look for a call from us. We do not care how long she looks, do we mother?" And she laughed her gay, impish laugh. "In the mean time, Mr. Daney, we will do our best to spare ourselves and you the ignominy of that fib. The doctors will order Donald away for a complete rest for six months, and dad will go with him. When they're gone, that Brent house on the Sawdust Pile is going to catch fire—accidentally, mysteriously. The man who scuttled the Brent's motor-boat surely will not scruple at such a simple matter as burning the Brent shanty. Come, mother. Jane, for goodness' sake, do buck up! Good-by, dear Mr. Daney."

"Good-morning, ladies. I shall repeat your message—verbatim, Miss Elizabeth," he assured the departing trio.

And that night he did so.

"They neglected to inform you how much time they would require to think it over, did they not?" Nan interrogated mildly. "And they didn't tell you approximately when I should look for their visit?"

"No," he admitted.

"Oh, I knew they wouldn't submit," Nan flung back at him. "They despise me—impersonally, at first and before it seemed that I might dim the family pride; personally, when it was apparent that I could dim it if I desired. Well, I'm tired of being looked at and sneered at, and I haven't money enough left to face New York again. I had dreamed of the kind of living I might earn, and when the opportunity to earn it was already in my grasp, I abandoned it to come back to Port Agnew. I had intended to play fair with





**another  
EVEREADY  
contest!**

**\$10,000<sup>00</sup> In Cash Prizes**

## \$3000.00 First Prize for a Thought

103 other prizes from \$1000.00 to \$10.00

**A**NOTHER Eveready contest! Another chance to win a big cash prize! Another incentive for active-minded men, women, boys and girls—for everybody with imagination!

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display in their windows the new Daylo Contest Picture. It has no title. The story it tells is a great big, interesting, intensely human one. A thousand different people will see a thousand different stories in the picture. The story the picture tells you may be the most interesting—the prize winner—the story that may be worth \$3,000.00 to you.

If your answer doesn't win first it may win the second prize—\$1000.00—or one of the 102 other prizes, none less than \$10.00.

Go to the store of a Daylo dealer. Study the picture in the window and write, on a contest blank which the dealer will give you, what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3000.00 in cash. Answers will be judged by the editors of **LIFE**. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of that prize will be paid to each.

*Anyone may enter. There is no cost or obligation of any kind. Submit as many answers as you wish. But do not delay. Get an early look at the picture. Then send in your answers. Contest closes midnight, August 1st.*

A-3113

### List of Prizes

#### 1 First Prize \$3000.00

1 Second Prize.....	\$1000.00
3 Prizes of \$500.00 each..	\$1500.00
4 Prizes of \$250.00 each...	1000.00
5 Prizes of \$200.00 each.....	1000.00
10 Prizes of \$100.00 each.....	1000.00
10 Prizes of \$50.00 each.....	500.00
20 Prizes of \$25.00 each.....	500.00
50 Prizes of \$10.00 each.....	500.00

104 Prizes ..... Total \$10,000.00



### This Sign

on the window identifies Daylo dealers throughout the country who have contest blanks for you and the new Daylo Contest Picture on display.

If you need new batteries for your flashlight, dealers displaying this sign can furnish you with the best—the long-lived Tungsten Battery,



**Year 'round moth protection**

The practical, economical and safe way to store garments. Easy to handle, keeps clothes free from wrinkles and ready to wear instantly.

**WHITE TAR Garment Bags**

*Air tight, dust, damp and moth proof*

One bag holds three garments—each on a separate hanger. The money saved in pressing alone more than pays for these compact safety garment containers. Sold by leading dealers all over the country.

Write for our instructive booklet "Clothes Protection."

**The White Tar Company**  
Dept. C. 56 Vesey Street  
New York City

White Tar Moth Bags. Six sizes. Protects clothes without fold or wrinkles.

Tar or Cedar Paper for packing trunks, lining bureau drawers, wrapping blankets, etc.

White Tar Moth Balls. White Tar Naphthalene Flakes.

them, although I had to lie to Donald to do that, but—they've hurt something inside of me—something deep that hadn't been hurt before—and now—and now—"

"Now what?" Mr. Daney cried, in anguished tones.

"If Donald McKaye comes down to the Sawdust Pile and asks me to marry him, I'm going to do it. I have a right to happiness; I'm—I'm tired—sacrificing— Nobody cares—no appreciation—Nan of the Sawdust Pile will be—mistress of The Dreamer—and when they—enter house of mine—they shall be—humbler than I. They shall—"

As Mr. Daney fled from the house, he looked back through the little hall and saw Nan Brent seated at her tiny living-room table, her golden head pillowed in her arms outspread upon the table, her body shaken with great, passionate sobs.

Will Nan, in calmer moments, reconsider her determination, and continue her sacrifice for the sake of Donald's future? The reader will find out in the next instalment of *Kindred of the Dust*, in June *Cosmopolitan*.

## The Kicker

(Continued from page 25)

But when he brooded over Miles Strategy, the possessor of Zeffie Colkins, the boy that Miles had been came back as vividly as the revenant Zeffie.

The sweet and shining virtues of sportsmanship, of manly emulation, team-patriotism, desperate endeavor, with modesty in victory and a plucky smile in defeat—these nobilities that the boy republic teaches to such as will learn—Miles never learned.

In consequence, Miles was as popular among his fellows as the mumps. They sickened of him, snarled at him, avoided him, but they never gave him what they said he needed most of all—a good sound beating. His parents never whipped him. His insolence was too depressing. His disobedience was always founded on a lofty motive.

Will Roake could remember his own disgust at Miles Strategy, the boy. He was his very opposite, always kicking himself for his own failures. He tried incessantly to repair his errors, and to make the best of his faulty equipment. He almost never blamed another, or the world, or bad luck for his mishaps. He could not imagine the high fates or his busy neighbors conspiring to thwart so unimportant a struggler as himself.

When he went to the meeting of his creditors on that black day, nefast in his calendar, he had said: "Gentlemen, it is all my own fault. I am sorry that you have to pay the penalty for my rashness, but if you will have patience, I will pay up every penny or bust myself trying."

When Will Roake succeeded at last, then he acknowledged a belief in luck. He said: "I was in luck. Things were coming my way, and I just got on and rode in." He was still riding. He had fought the undertow, the side currents, the breakers, the rocks, the sliding sands, and now he was high up on the beach. And he was still as meek as ever.

Even now he blamed himself more than



**Reduce Your Flesh**  
Exactly where desired by wearing

**Dr. Walter's**  
Famous Medicated  
**Reducing Rubber**  
**Garments**

For Men and Women  
Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated booklet.

Dr. Jeanne C. Walter  
353 5th Ave., New York  
(Billings Bldg., 4th Floor)  
(Entrance on 34th St., 3rd Door East)

Bust Reducer, \$6.00  
Chin Reducer, \$2.50

**PURITY CROSS**  
Deviled Ham  
with Chopped Olives  
*A spread de luxe of exceeding deliciousness—costing no more than plain Deviled Ham*

MADE BY A MASTER CHEF IN A MODEL KITCHEN  
Handy Tins—All Quality Stores  
FREE BOOKLET  
"The Daily Menu Maker"

PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN  
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY



**Lounge in Style!**

**Faultless**  
SINCE 1881

Pajamas & Night Shirts  
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation"

Rest assured—  
F. ROSENFIELD & CO. MAKERS ESTABLISHED NEW YORK, CHICAGO



# Why Teeth Glisten

## Millions of Them Now

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*

You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

### To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth,

on this account, discolor and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

### Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

### The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.

### A new era in teeth protection

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.



### Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. In three great ways it meets modern requirements. Druggists supply the large tubes.

**10-DAY TUBE FREE<sup>377</sup>**

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 351, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY





## "Hey, Tom!"

DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning. But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alas and alas, he used black instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.

## MARK TWAIN

25 volumes: Novels, Boys' Stories, Biography, History, Travel, Essays, Humor.

Albert Bigelow Paine's Life of Mark Twain is recognized as the foremost American biography. We had a few sets of the four-volume edition on hand—not enough to dispose of in the usual way. So, for the past few months, we have been able to give you the Biography free with your Mark Twain. But the end of our limited edition is in sight. There are only a very few sets left. Our offer has to close May 20th. Send the coupon and get Mark Twain at the low price and the Biography FREE.

The great biographies of the past pale before this life story that is as human, as inspiring, as lofty as Mark Twain himself. You must have Mark Twain. If you wait you can have him later, but you can't have him at the present price and you can't have this marvelous biography free.

## Only a Few Days Left

Tomorrow may be too late—Today—Now is your last chance to get a FREE SET of Paine's Life of Mark Twain. Don't miss it. Delay will cost you money. Don't be left out of this last chance offer. There will be no next time. Your chance is here now—while you've got the coupon before you—Send it—Get a beautiful gift—DO IT NOW!

Remember that the end of the free offer is at hand. A day lost will cost you money.

*Cut out this coupon  
as mail it today*

HARPER & BROTHERS  
Established 1817

HARPER & BROTHERS, 2 Franklin Square, N. Y.  
Send me, charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold with trimmed edges, and Paine's Life of Mark Twain, in 4 volumes, bound to match, FREE. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense, otherwise I will send you \$2.50 within 5 days and \$3 a month for 14 months. For cash deduct 6 per cent. from remittance.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Occupation.....  
If you prefer the beautiful half leather binding, change terms to \$6 within 5 days and \$6 a month for 13 months.

he blamed Miles Strategy for the disaster of Zeffie Colkins' life. He cursed himself because the rose-break of her dawn, the radiant forenoon of her girlhood had vanished under such drab clouds before her noon was tolled.

Zeffie could not have really loved Miles Strategy. Roake would have taken his oath to that. She would have died of starvation rather than earn a dollar by vice; yet she earned her living by cohabiting with this monstrous toad!

He remembered then what Ambler had told him of Strategy's pretenses to being a reformer. That gave Roake a clue. Strategy had appealed to Zeffie's idealism as a lovely and disprized redeemer, full of love and good works, but needing help. Her quick heart had responded to his need and mistaken sympathy for love. What an awakening she must have had!

Lost in savage gusts of cigar smoke, Roake imagined Zeffie's life with Miles. He saw terribly that hideous bridal, her entry into his home, and the secrecy of that sordid mystery. Like the man in the mad-Ophelia song, Miles Strategy "let in a maid that out a maid departed nevermore." The little slim thing that danced into his house had never danced out again. Zeffie had hippety-hopped to the barber shop, and had bought no candy. In her place, a heart-broken, life-broken woman shambled abroad.

Such thoughts inspired in Roake a wrath that was perhaps mere jealousy, the stag-wrath, the wrath of the bull. He wanted to gore and trample the male of her selection.

He told himself that his ire was all for her sake, against the ruin of the bliss life promised her, against the profanation of her person by the contemptible Strategy, who doubtless subjected her to the same torture he had inflicted on his family, his playmates, his fellow citizens. Probably—undoubtedly—Strategy was always berating her, always whining about her neglect of him, her unfairness to him. Having won the very Penelope among women, he was certainly dissatisfied.

Roake heard himself roaring with unseemly merriment at the burlesque of this. He found his fists clenched, and his knuckles itching to scratch themselves on Strategy's malcontent features. Instead of blessing God for bestowing on him the treasure of Zeffie's beauty, Strategy had probably asked God to forgive her for being so unsatisfactory—so selfish—so unjust! He was probably saying, "What chance have I got to be happy, with such a wife?"

Roake caught himself talking aloud to himself: "O Lord, let me smash him once! I've got to beat him to death. I've just got to! O Lord, let me! Just once!"

Roake was alarmed at his own insanity. If he had only stayed at home, he could have showed the faker up. He could have won Zeffie and been her servant.

Blaming himself for her misfortunes, he began automatically to devise means of retrieving his guilt and correcting the bankruptcy of his romance. He felt that he had owed Zeffie a fortune and had defaulted. He must pay her a hundred cents on the dollar, with compound interest.

But how to do that?

Roake had, at least, the average man's respect for the sanctity of wifehood. He made a religion of contracts, written and

implied. The thought of stealing Zeffie from Miles and taking possession of her threw him into a confusion of ecstasies that he denounced as infamous and profane. He felt sure, too, that, if he proposed an elopement, Zeffie would probably drop dead of amazement before she had time to be offended.

His only means of helping Zeffie decently and efficiently was to help Miles. He wore a rather nauseated smile when he reached this conclusion, but he grinned and took up the burden. Since Miles had stolen his sweetheart and wrecked his life, Miles should be rewarded by her possession and by affluence from the hands of his rival!

## IV

STRATEGY had little money and much debts. He would have had more debts if he had not been so insolent toward his creditors.

Some of them told the casually inquiring Roake that he treated them like thieves. His grocer, who had been his boyhood companion, and had been feeding him for years for next to nothing, grew tetchy at the mention of his name.

"He calls us capitalists, and he don't believe in capital. He hasn't done enough honest-to-God work in all his life to put a callus on a girl's hand, but he's always boostin' the poor workin' man. He's got 'em to takin' themselves so serious they hate the name of work. They act like they'd all inherited fortunes and we'd cheated 'em out of 'em."

To Roake, debts were more troublesome than hives. He spent more energy worrying over them than it took to work them off. But he soon learned that Strategy had no sense of obligation outward bound, but only of centripetal. Debts, to him, were but instalments in produce on the debt life owed him. The only time Strategy's debts troubled him was when his creditors troubled him. It was astonishing how large an amount he had been able to pile up, and how repeatedly he made new debts without paying off the old.

Roake heard of him from all the tradespeople, not the prosperous ones only, but the poor as well, who were in sore need of every penny.

Black disgust filled Roake's heart, and he yearned to efface Strategy and his sort. But he could not crush Strategy without injuring Zeffie. He bought up Strategy's debts quietly, insisting that no mention be made of the transactions. The creditors wondered, but were glad enough to get good money for bad claims. They looked upon Roake as a half-cracked demigod, and he grew mystically popular.

Yet the final possession of Strategy's debts did not give Roake the sense of absolute control that he had expected. His hope of converting Strategy to his scheme began to wane. He had not often been afraid of people, but he grew afraid of Strategy. What if he refused to deal?

The sight of Zeffie on her way to Sunday-school, shabby among her shabby children, gave Roake new resolution. It seemed peculiarly pitiful that even her church clothes were frayed and shiny. When all the other tots in town were trilled and fluted and Sundayed up, her own dolls wore the badge of poverty. Their neatness merely emphasized their bareness of ornament.

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### Radiator Cement

In liquid form and easy to use. Will ordinarily seal leaks in from two to ten minutes.



### Flaste Patch

A quick, permanent, inexpensive repair for tubes and casings. Can be applied in three minutes at a cost of 2 cents.



### Valve Grinding Compound

Will remove pits and foreign substances from valves, giving a velvet seat. Will not cut grooves.



### Carbon Remover

An occasional dose will stop that knock—quiet the motor—and save the batteries. You can do it yourself in ten minutes.

# Keep Your Car Young

It isn't fair to yourself or to your car to run it without any attention and then sell it at a big loss. With but little effort you, yourself, can keep your car in such condition that the depreciation will be very slight. We offer for your use **Johnson's Car Savers**. No experience is necessary for their use. They can all be applied by the amateur with perfect satisfaction.

## JOHNSON'S Car Savers

Johnson's Car Savers are of the very highest quality that can be produced. You will find cheap make-shifts on the market, but when you insist upon **Johnson's** you are taking no chance, for all of our preparations are fully guaranteed.

Start today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and **Johnson's Car Savers** will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car.

Representative dealers and jobbers all over the world handle **Johnson's Car Savers**. Don't accept or handle unknown substitutes. Write for our booklet "Keep Your Car Young"—it's free.

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON**

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RACINE, WIS.



### Cleaner and Body Polish

You can make your car look like new by cleaning and polishing the body, hood and fenders with Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax.



### Top Dressing

Johnson's Black-Lac is the ideal top dressing. One coat imparts a rich, black surface just like new.



### Auto-Lak

A splendid elastic varnish for bodies, hoods and fenders. A coat will increase the value of your car from 10% to 35%. Dries in 24 hrs.



### Stop Squeak Oil

It seeps between the springs, thoroughly lubricating them. Makes your car ride easier, reduces the liability of spring breakage.



## DANCE OF THE HOURS

PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH BARKER

*T*o ancient Greece, Time was a living, breathing personality. The Dance of the Hours was a vivid symbol of its flight.

The Hour-Glass of the Greeks had its limitations as a time-meter. Yet old-world churches still use it for checking the length of sermons.

\* \* \*

Cave-man's grass rope—Babylonian Sun-Dial—Grecian Hour-Glass!

Crude devices all, but *milestones*—

—marking the flight of Time down through the ages to the marvelous meters of our day—



# Elgin Watches





Seeing that Zeffie was sure to be away from home, Roake took the chance of finding Strategy there. He walked hastily in contrary direction to the churchward parade of the town people. They stared at him for going the wrong way, but he felt that he was on a hallowed errand, and was doing a Samaritan work entirely permissible to the Sabbath.

The first outward sign of a man's character is the sidewalk in front of his home; the fence and the gate and his front-porch come next. In all these manifestations, Miles Strategy revealed himself as having no sense of obligation to the comfort or safety of passers-by and no community-pride of appearance.

Roake stumbled over loose boards, swung back a dejected gate, and clattered along the front walk to the rickety porch steps. There were evidences everywhere of Zeffie's broom and a pitiful effort to encourage flowers. But it was impossible for her to be cook, butler, nurse, housemaid and tailor, as well as carpenter, painter, and landscape-gardener.

Roake found his enemy reading at the window. He put on a loathsome mask of hypocrisy as he greeted Strategy with a labored gusto:

"Well, well, Miles; and how are you? How's my old boyhood's pal?"

Strategy nonplused him by the coldness of his response. He opened the door and admitted him somewhat grudgingly. Roake observed the barrenness of the home. He noted that Strategy still held in his left hand the book he had been reading, with one finger keeping the place. Roake said,

"Hope I'm not interrupting you."

Miles would not stoop to the polite lie of denying that his visitor was inopportune. He said:

"Oh, that's all right. I was just studying the Working Man's Bible. Do you know Karl Marx's work?"

"Not very well. I tried to read it because I heard so much about it. It don't agree with what I know about capital. It's written by a man who wasn't a capitalist for readers who weren't capitalists—kind of like a book about France written by a Chinaman for Hindu consumption."

This sacrilege outraged Miles. He protested bitterly:

"It's over your head, no doubt. It's the masterpiece of the age."

"Maybe so," Roake smiled. "But it's a fact—ain't it?—that Marx lived on borrowed money while he wrote it and never finished it—got lost in his own mathematics, I guess. It's got a lot of terrible facts about the cruel things they used to do to laboring men, but that's ancient history already. We'd just got rid of slavery in this country; women had hardly any rights; children weren't much respected; the insane and the criminals were handled pretty rough. Old Marx blamed capitalists for everything from wet weather to chilblains. I couldn't find one word where he said anything about working men being to blame for anything. But you know, and I know, and everybody knows that a lot of working men are no better than they should be. You can't keep some of 'em from misusing safety-appliances. You can't make some of 'em save money. And there's a lot of wife-beaters and children-kickers among 'em."

"So far as I can find out, every darn thing Marx prophesied came out wrong."

He said the markets would come to a dead stop and there'd never be any more prosperity. Just look at the market to-day! He said unemployment would increase forever. He said the world was going to be depopulated, and even the war hardly made a dent. He said the middle class would soon be all gone, everybody paupers or millionaires. And now the Reds say the middle class is their worst enemy and must be destroyed. Twenty million people bought Liberty Bonds during the war.

"Marx shed tears by the bucketful over the poor working man, but his followers and the gang that's gone beyond him are perfectly willing to take away the prosperity and the homesteads that people have worked for; they're just itching to wreck all the governments, and kill everybody that gets in their way; they're worse enemies of free speech and free press and free votes than all the czars you ever heard of."

"My God, Miles, capitalists are no better than they should be, but I'd rather trust the worst of them than the mercy of these bomb-slinging, man-hating Reds. A few collie dogs may kill a few sheep now and then, but that don't mean we ought to let the wolves in, does it—or does it?"

"Opportunity is the main thing, as I see it. As long as it's possible for the poorest boy in the country to become the richest man in the world, or the president, or a professor, there can't be any such terrible injustice. It ain't such a bad country, Miles, and I can't see as those that want to tear it to pieces have got anything better to offer. About all they're doing now is to prevent anybody from making any money, cut down production, and get laboring men to loaf and eat up the reserve funds of their unions."

Strategy had not condescended to interrupt the passionate plutocrat. His unveiled contempt found a word or two now.

"Money! That seems to be your standard for everything."

"Well, good Lord, man, what else are these Marxiacs howling for but money? They want to get it without earning it, don't they? They want to take it away by mob-violence, don't they?"

"They want to get what they have earned!" Miles thundered, with prophetic dignity. "It's you capitalists that got it without earning it. What is capital but the accumulation of unpaid labor—the surplus value, as Marx calls it? He shows that even when wages rise, it doesn't help the poor laborer. Here it is—I was just reading it. 'A rise in the price of labor, as a consequence of accumulation of capital only means, in fact, that the length and weight of the golden chain the wage-worker has already forged for himself allow of a relaxation of the tension of it.' What do you say of that?"

"I say it's bunk," said the blasphemous Roake. "We're all wearing chains on this earth, and we're mighty lucky if they're gold and their tension is relaxed. The richer you are, the more chains you wear. Some of the poor won't even drag theirs. I never can forget that your man Marx spent most of his life on inherited money, mostly his wife's. He never started a factory, except for maniacs, never invented anything but nonsense, hated machinery, despised prosperity, and added nothing to the world but a mass of discontent and gabble and brotherly hate. He was one of



## Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

*Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She is a specialist in common sense baby culture.*



## The Loving Hour

Dear Beatrice:—

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to be sleepy and snug as a cocoon most of the time, but late in the afternoon, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and snuggled and carried about the room to see all the sights.

Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch. You will look forward to it as much as Baby does, stretching up his little arms and gurgling with delight.

You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years. And do you know, I use Mennen's on myself. If it's safer for Baby, it's safer for me.

What did people ever do before Mennen invented Borated Talcum—isn't it a comfort after a bath—especially if you are to put on tight clothes? Try it between sheets on a hot night.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

Lovingly,  
Belle.



**THE MENNEN COMPANY**  
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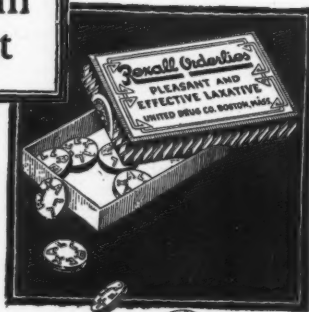
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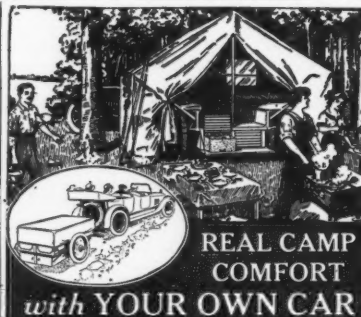



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30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old.

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provides home comforts with camp life. Fully equipped tent, electric lights, two large beds with sagless springs and downy mattresses big enough for four people. Beds are high and dry—a full yard above the ground.

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these conspiracy-imaginings. His bible makes the world a hell, and it's let loose a flock of hellions. I was reading somewhere that he despised them himself, and opposed the very things they're trying to put over now. No two people agree on what the old man wrote, anyway. And he did it all on borrowed money."

Stratey sneered at his tirade with a lofty derision.

"Borrowed money, eh? Well, what else do you capitalists use—though 'borrowed' is a rather flattering word? You all live on money you borrow from unpaid labor."

"Unpaid labor!" Roake gasped. "My God, have you tried to hire any recently? With wages sky-rocketing and hours coming down a mile a minute—whew! Us poor capitalists are having a hard time capitalizing anything."

"How much money did you contribute to charity last year? I gave a hundred thousand of my stolen dollars, and I know it covered a lot of nakedness and filled a passel of stomachs. But how many did you feed? Not one, I'll bet. And hardly your own family."

Stratey laughed away the inquisition so coldly that Roake blanched, knowing that, with Stratey, charity did not even begin at home. He had come with hot hostility, and he was met with placid contempt. He had already been called a thief. But his discretion reminded his temper that it must behave. He laughed rather dully, and said:

"But you probably didn't have much money to spare after you met all your own expenses. And that's what I've come to see you about. You believe in the noble working man, and so do I. I didn't use to believe in short hours, and I've been working myself in two eight-hour shifts a day all my life, but I've been well paid for overtime, and now I want to reform. I'm coming round to your man Marx's idea that long hours don't do the working man any good; they only fill up the purse of his oppressor. I want to lay off a little, now and then, and I need some bright minds to give me their advice. Andy Carnegie said he got rich by hiring men that knew more than he did. You always did know more than I did, and there you are."

Stratey studied Roake with narrowed eyelids. His first reaction was one of suspicion. Roake was trying to lure him into some trap.

He did not answer the implied questions Roake had asked, but waited, studying the man with all the condescension an unsuccessful man who calls himself an intellectual feels for a mere success.

Roake felt the distrust in Stratey's glance. He could not be sincere in his own expressions, for he must conceal the mainspring of his whole action, which was his desire to save Zeffie from poverty and the dull stupor of its twilight. He was not accustomed to duplex plots, and he put his case badly. He tried wheedling flattery on the man he wanted to throttle.

"Coming back to Carthage as I do, I can see how small a chance the town gives a big man like you to make himself bigger. You're choking here, Miles. Come on East and expand."

Miles alone was frank.

"What's it to you whether I expand or not? You don't believe in my gospel."

"Maybe I do, more than you think."



## Five Days to Prove I Can Raise Your Pay

I've done it for thousands of others. I can doubtless do it for you. If I can't, then it won't cost you a cent.

**I** MEAN just what I say. There's no trick or catch about it. Give me five days and I'll prove that I can get your pay raised for you. I'll do it on a "show you" basis. You get the proof before you pay me a cent.

You've probably heard of me. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches. There's no sound reason why I cannot do it for you. So let's try.

Now, follow me carefully. I'm going to tell you exactly how to do it. I'm the possessor of a "secret" for which men have been searching since Time began.

### A FEW EXAMPLES

**Personal Experiences**  
Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, of Detroit; Gov. Ferris of Michigan; E. T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture and many of others of equal prominence.

### \$300 Profit from One Day's Reading

"The result from one day's study netted me \$300 cash. I think it a great book and would not be without it for ten times the cost."—Col. S. W. Winkie, Roscoe, South Dakota.

**Worth \$15,000 and More**  
"The book has been worth more than \$15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

**Would be Worth \$100,000**  
"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, I would be worth \$100,000 to-day. It is worth a hundred times the price."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milana, Tex.

**From \$100 to \$3,000 a Month**

"One of our boys who read Power of Will before he came over here jumped from \$100 a month to \$3,000 the first month, and won a \$250 prize for the best salesmanship in the State."—Private Leslie A. Still, A. E. F., France.

There's no need to discuss the whys and the wherefores of this "secret." Suffice it to say that *It Works*. That's all we care about—*It Works*. Over 400,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves.

Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor Ferris, of Michigan; E. T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture; and thousands of others of equal prominence.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's

merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. To-day this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitted by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help go out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, also heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather,

from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

### HOW YOU CAN PROVE THIS AT MY EXPENSE

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive, not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL." Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing. But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$3.50 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a three and a half-dollar sale. But you—your may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

Mail the coupon or write a letter now—you may never read this offer again.

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## Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

## Genuine Aspirin

Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"



The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as 14 Karat on gold. Both mean Genuine!

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should be taken according to the directions in each

"Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

## Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Capital has to take Labor into its confidence more and more nowadays. It isn't safe to treat the unions rough any more. You could act in an advisory capacity and help me to steer straight."

"But would you take my advice?" said Stratey. Roake was unwilling to pledge himself too far.

"I'd pay for it, anyway," he said. Then he flashed his gilded bait. He knew that Stratey had never earned as much as a thousand dollars a year. He said, "I'd give you ten thousand a year for five years."

Stratey was jolted by the sum. It woke in him dreams of avarice. But his ruling passion was alert. He scented a conspiracy at once, and spoke more truth than he realized.

"I couldn't be worth a tenth of that to you. What's the game, Roake, anyway?"

Roake was doubly furious for being suspected in another duplicity than his own.

"What's it to you?" he roared. "If I'm willing and able to pay you fifty times what your time is worth, why don't you go ahead and cheat me?"

"Because I'm not for sale," said Stratey, with great majesty. "I have a conscience, even if you haven't."

"You have a conscience?" Roake snapped. "You haven't got a conscience; you've got a boil on your brain. You're so afraid of being cheated that you cheat yourself and your family and everybody else. Conscience——"

His last word was very insulting. He rose, expecting that it ended the interview. But Stratey brooked the insult. He was still dazzled by the glitter of fifty thousand dollars. He suspected Roake's motive, even, for rising to go. Probably he had overplayed his hand and wanted to get away.

Miles asked him to sit down and discuss the details of the work he would be expected to perform. Roake had no very clear idea of it himself. He dodged and fenced, but the more evasive he grew, the more Stratey pursued. They had not yet come to an understanding of each other when Zeffie returned from church with only one of the children. Roake was chagrined and bewildered by being caught in his chicanery. Miles did not tell her the marvelous offer he had had, and Roake hardly felt it his place to broach the subject. He said that, well, he guessed he'd be moseying back to the hotel.

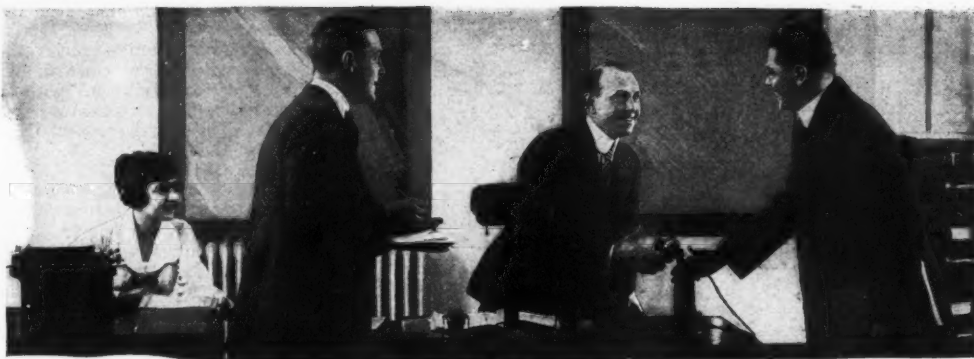
Automatically, Zeffie asked him to stay to dinner—take pot-luck with them. He declined. She insisted by formula. He accepted at last for the sheer luxury of being near her so much longer.

When she excused herself to get the dinner, and he realized that she had no servant, he tried to escape again, but she said that there would be no extra trouble, as two of the children had been asked to dine with Mr. Ambler's family, and she had consented. Stratey, who had not missed his children, was instantly in arms.

"What do you mean by letting our little ones go into that home? You know what I think of that thief, Ambler."

"Why, Miles, Mr. Ambler isn't a thief, and even if he was one, his children are very nice, and it gave our poor tots a chance to visit. They begged to go."

"Of course they did, the little snobs! They're getting so filled up with false notions of caste and pretense and fine



"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me—they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME"

# The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly

**A**LL the office was talking about it and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

**Y**OU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

**PETERS!** Peters!—surely it could not be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . Personality! Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. I stuck him up against a big man and he would look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition did not seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that, despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and phone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made you dizzy to look at. And offers of positions—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

**W**HAT I couldn't quite get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such a big hit with every one—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The mastery Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I couldn't quite make it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he wasn't afraid to do it as there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Lots of things which I couldn't see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within amoneth I was getting remarkable results. I had suddenly become popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. I could not only get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me.

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I don't take any personal credit for what I've done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We've both told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

**B**UT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It's simply this: You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they'll not only like you, and believe in you, but will literally take the shirt off their back to PLEASE YOU.

You can do it easily by knowing certain simple signs. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he is a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you'll surely want to use it if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

**W**HAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: Get Dr. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I've told you about.

You've heard of Dr. Blackford. She is a Master Character analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker, Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay her large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for her services that she could not even begin to fill all her engagements. So she has explained her method in a simple seven-lesson course entitled "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half-hour's reading of this remarkable course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

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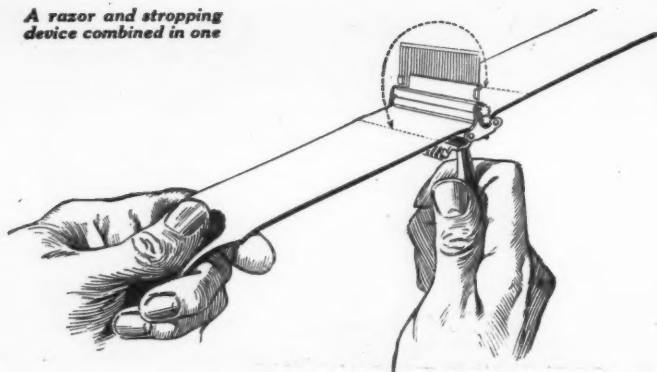
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Cosmopolitan for May, 1920

clothes and show there's no living with them."

Zeffie was suffering agonies of shame at being called down before company. She murmured, "Yes, dear," with the meekness of a wife trying to save her husband's face by playing the patient Grisél. And she slunk into the kitchen.

Stratey groaned.

"It's a terrible thing to have all your efforts thwarted by a family with no ideals."

Roake wanted to explode the wrath boiling inside him, but he dared not raise his voice against Stratey, because it would add another distress to Zeffie's lot.

When she announced that dinner was ready, Stratey began to apologize for the spread before he sat down.

"It's not what you're used to, Roake," he said. "But you know the old saying: 'High thinking and low living.'"

"It looks mighty good to me," said Roake. "The highest priced thing in the world is home cooking."

In place of the chicken, sacred to the Sabbath, there was a heathenish veal cutlet. Roake received it as if it were grilled nightingales' tongues, but Stratey did the dishonors.

"In God's name, not veal—and on Sunday! And such veal! That infernal meat strop ought to be the first one lynched. Why not chicken?"

Roake laughed.

"The farmers must have insisted on an eight-hour day and the full value for what they produce."

Zeffie passed round a large dish of dandelion greens from her own back yard. Stratey waived:

"And spinach! You know I abominate spinach. I really think she cooks it just to infuriate me."

Zeffie's bent form collapsed a little further. She could not explain before Roake that the butcher and the grocer had reluctantly begrudged her the cheapest things. So she took the blame in silence.

When the meat and vegetables were finished, Zeffie toted a load of plates and plated ware to the kitchen, aided by the gawky boy. Roake's eyes followed her with the helpless devotion in a dog's eyes, Stratey with undisguised impatience.

"I don't see how I could go East with you," he said. "I couldn't afford to leave Zeffie here, and I'm afraid she wouldn't shine in New York, especially not in the intellectual colony I'd gravitate toward. No; I'm afraid I'll have to give up the idea."

He was back in the martyr game once more, comfortable in the feeling that his sense of honor had been taken advantage of by a wife who would not be enlightened.

Roake saw through the mood. Stratey was a helpless victim of self-deception, and it was too late to change him. But Roake had no ability to attain the heights of pity and tolerance. He had a base and primeval longing to cure Stratey's big-head with a club. He vowed a deep and Sabbatical vow to collect a vengeance from Stratey for Zeffie somehow. But what, how?

He could hardly endure to wait while Zeffie served the cold apple pie, which Stratey greeted with a mock resignation.

"She knows that pastry disagrees with me. That's why she serves it."

"And that's why you eat it, I suppose," Roake laughed. But there was a pro-



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fundity of character-insight in his remark. Stratey ate what disagreed with him, and disagreed with what he ate. He really liked what and who disagreed with him. He thought he hated his opponents, but the proof of the opposite was his attitude toward those who agreed with him—at least momentarily, for it was impossible to agree long with him.

The querulous Stratey seemed to Roake to be the very concentration of all the destructive discontent of the world. He felt the repugnance he had felt as a child for the obese and nauseous sickly green tomato-worm that crawled about the vines. He wanted to knock it down and destroy it, but it was easier to let the thing live than to squash the sickening life out of it.

His gorge rose at the offense of Stratey's existence, but he could not smash him. Neither could he tolerate him longer. So he took flight.

He told Zeffie that he had letters to get off at his hotel. He clung to her hand and wrung it. She was not wicked enough to return the pressure, and the strange, sorrowing worship of his gaze confused her. She had never been stared at so by a man, least of all by her husband.

She could not imagine what Will Roake meant by his fierce scrutiny, but she felt that it was unusual, therefore improper. She had been pretty thoroughly cowed, pretty well starved out. She was emaciated of soul, and the rich foods of emotion would have been fatal to her.

Roake let her hand go at last, told Stratey that he would see him later, and left the house. He felt defeated and baffled. About all that he could solace himself with was the grim phrase: "I ain't dead yet."

How pleasant it would be if Stratey would only die, pass out of this "worst of all possible worlds," to the heaven where he would doubtless soon find fault with the injustice, discrimination, and subordination there!

Roake met Ambler out Sunday-walking and joined him. He told Ambler about his brush with Stratey, and his offer.

"You're crazy," said Ambler; "but the town would give you a vote of thanks if you'd remove Stratey from these precincts."

"I wish the Lord would remove him," said Roake. "But can you see him in heaven? He wouldn't be there a week before he'd start a strike among the singers and organize a harp-players' soviet. And then he'd start a new party and raise Cain in heaven. I'd be willing for him to stay there, though, if he'd only go there."

But simple solutions are not to be expected in real life, and Roake's vision of being Zeffie's second husband was not recorded in the dream-book as a probability.

The next-best wish to marrying her was his desire to endow her with all or part of his worldly goods. But this would take a bit of managing, for he knew that Zeffie would never accept cash or trinkets from him. He dared not make an open proffer of funds. He sought a way of smuggling riches into her possession.

Roake and Ambler wandered about the town, discussing the situation. Finally, they went to Roake's hotel room, and sat down to figure out a scheme that would work. They were as juvenile as they had been when they gathered in an old barn to cook up some mischief.

The conclusion of *The Kicker* will appear in *June Cosmopolitan*.



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## What Is Life?

(Continued from page 27)

theory explains many things. Among these is the hitherto mysterious force called the "subconscious mind."

Instances of startling ability, such as that, for example, which characterizes a Rockefeller, are beginning to indicate to me the chance gathering into swarms of individuals in which qualities of a certain kind are paramount.

In the institute which bears the Rockefeller name, and which, by the way, was endowed with some of the millions which the collective genius of the assembled Rockefeller intelligence has gathered, parts of a chicken "killed" two years ago—that is to say, then dismembered so completely that, were the old beliefs accurate, the process must have caused death and must have been followed by decay unless some method of artificial preservation had been resorted to—still "live" and "grow" in gelatine-filled glass jars provided for the purpose of the experiment. The cells—that is, the communes or groups of individuals which originally built that chicken—still are sending out workers, and these continue building. This is because the environment surrounding them is kept constantly favorable to their work despite the "death" of the "individual"—the aggregate called a "chicken."

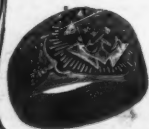
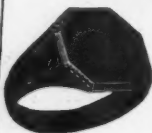
Now, let us think about that chicken's origin. The accepted age-old theory is that it was the development of an egg to which the life of the mother hen had imparted part of itself, and that this developed until, within the egg, an embryonic chick was formed, which, growing, became perfect and strong, broke the shell, and appeared, a fully developed baby fowl. As a matter of fact, if the theory upon which I work is accurate, the egg from which the chicken came held the nucleus, indeed, but held nothing which could be responsible for all that afterward brought about the formation of the chicken. That, I am beginning to believe, entered this egg from the outside.

It is generally contended that all which is necessary in order that a chicken may be built is a fertilized egg, and that, under favorable conditions, this egg develops into the chicken through the working of forces within itself. I do not believe this. I believe that what I have called a "swarm," liberated from something else, finds this nucleus from the outside, and, accepting it as its new home, goes into it and starts to build this or that kind of chicken according to the indication of the nucleus.

Then comes the inevitable question: "Can life come out of life in unlimited reproduction?" Already I have expressed a negative opinion with regard to this by saying: "Life can't make life. Life is." I do not believe the affirmative reply, which so generally is accepted. Had that affirmative theory been accurate, the earth long since would have been covered and smothered with all kinds of life. It is obvious that there must be some limit to reproduction. "Bad years" and "good years" for corn, for instance, could not explain the situation as it really is.

We don't know what the units of life are or what the requisites of their existence. It may be that they can live and

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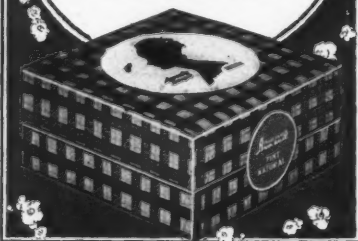
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prowl about in the ether of space and do not in the least require our atmosphere or soil. If so, earth-life can have accessions from the mysterious realms beyond our atmosphere. Probably that is how we got here in the first place, how life got here. The thought that life originated on this insignificantly little and comparatively unimportant sphere to me seems inconceivably egotistical.

As a matter of fact, the manner of the genesis of life upon this earth, I think, was this: After the earth cooled of the great heat of its assemblage, life-units came to it through space, into which they had been thrown from some other more developed sphere or spheres. Reaching the earth, they adapted themselves to the environment they found here; and then began the evolution of the various species as we have them, each "growing" individual being a collection of cell-communes.

I think this theory will explain special abilities better than any other. It will rid the world of harmful superstitions such as those of spiritualism. It will bring order out of the chaos of much of that puzzlement which we endeavor to accept as reasoning with regard to the creation and the genesis of man.

I have spoken about extraordinary developments of so-called genius in individuals. Special ability must result if, by some fortuitous chance, a collection, or swarm, (I find myself accepting that word as descriptive) chances to be made up of entities of very high class along one particular line. Affinity, the attraction of like for like, probably plays its part in the formation of such collections. There have been hundreds of cases of extraordinary significance.

Another question which must be answered before I can proceed on the intelligent development of this theory is: "Could such a little thing as I have in mind travel through the ether of space or only through the air?" If it could travel through the air only, then its progress would be slow. If it could travel through the ether, it could proceed at the rate of a hundred and eighty thousand miles a second, going a distance equivalent to the circumference of the earth in one-four-hundred-and-twentieth of a minute. There, as elsewhere in the general problem, is work for a mathematician who is very expert.

There is work here, also, for an expert botanist, because the line between animal and vegetable life is so very narrow. And there remains for determination the line between "live" and "dead" matter and between movable and fixed life.

In the early moments of this talk, I spoke about what seems to be but is not a "sea-bush" that grows in the water near my winter place in Florida. A certain class of organized, living beings, large enough even to be seen with the naked eye, builds structures which appear to be but are not plants, being nothing more nor less than swarms of insects gathered in that form in order that they may get food conveniently. Consider the sponge. It seems vegetable, but is animal. Investigate further, and you will find it to be an aggregate which has been built by a group of insects.

It is impossible to accept as fact all the apparent testimony of appearances. In geological ages, all of a certain type of crustacean creatures suddenly disappeared,

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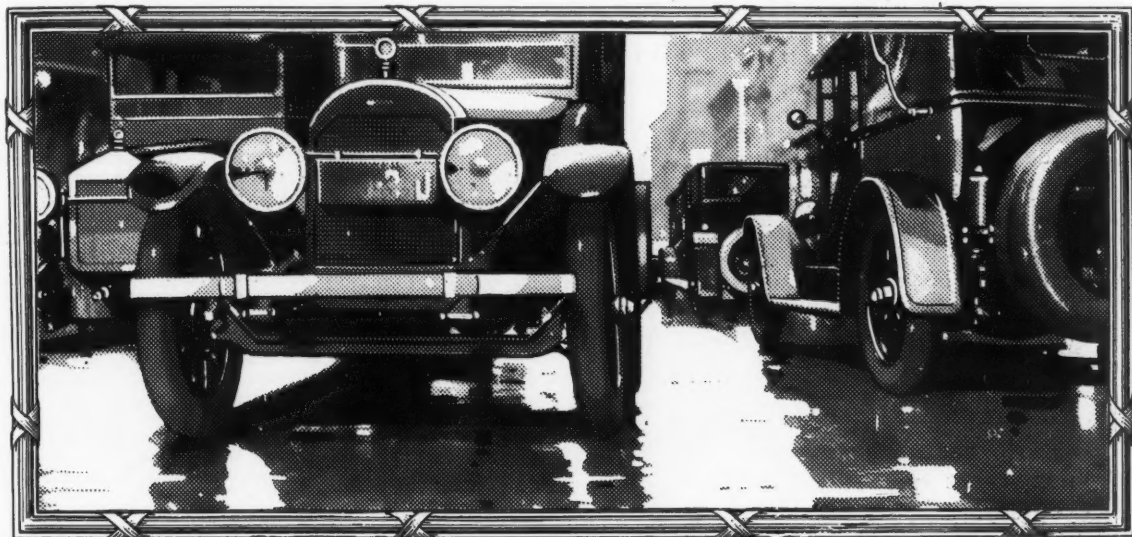
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and quite a different type came into being. The swarms that had built the first had not been annihilated, but the environment had changed, and, in order to meet its new conditions, they built mechanisms of another pattern. One mechanism has been replaced by another of a different type many times in the world's history. Changed conditions not only require but force new forms. When a new environment replaces an old one, old forces build in new ways, in order to adapt themselves to altered circumstances.

Doubtless something of the sort will happen many times again. Certain animals that we know much about have been changed entirely in order to meet altered environment, and of this we have incontrovertible evidence. For instance, the elephant used to be a woolly beast. He ceased to be. He didn't change himself. The animal doesn't know anything about such changes. It is the group which changes him, working quite beyond his consciousness. The individual members of the swarm—that is, its leaders—realize the new necessities and begin to meet them gradually and with invariable intelligence. They stop building the old forms; they stopped building wool on the outside of the elephant when the elephant's environment became tropical. When the swarm finds wool unnecessary, wool, then, is dispensed with.

Swarms do it all. The daisy has been the same for, say, fifty thousand years. Then comes a variation. Perhaps the daisy becomes blue. How could one daisy do that? Some disturbance of the swarm that built that daisy must be responsible for the change.

The absurdity of our present theories seems pitiful to me. "Nature does it!" What of that remark? It really means nothing, takes us nowhere. Botanists and allied scientists may prove me to be all wrong in saying that. That will not worry me if they will produce something which really will be reasonable. It will take thought, deep thought, and that high mathematical skill which I have mentioned to discover how many individuals can live in each cell; for a cell cannot be the unit of organized matter; it must be a group of organisms—a fixed commune.

I want some one to start along a new line of thought with regard to these and kindred subjects. We have been accepting old-established theories with a complacency unworthy even of our present imperfect mental grasp. We need fresh brain-energy among our scientists, new bravery, new initiative. Einstein has shown the world the sort of thought it needs, and it needs it along many lines. The more Einsteins we can get, the better. I wish we had an Einstein in every branch of science.

Many great discoveries remain to be made. We must start anew in many things, rejecting the old theories as Einstein did, building along new lines as Einstein did, fearing nothing any more than Einstein did.

It is not impossible that, when we find the ultimate unit of life, we shall learn that the journey through far space never could harm it and that there is very little that could stop it. Remember that it is smaller, infinitely, than anything the microscope can see. I believe the ultimate life-particle could go through glass with the greatest ease, and that not the

# WOMEN RESENTED THIS MAN'S STATEMENTS



A stenographer answers:

*"This is too much! Every woman in business knows that men are the real offenders in these matters."*

**W**HEN I published recently this article by a well known business man, entitled, "The Most Delicate Problem I Have Met in Employing Women," I was amazed at the result.

I had expected some protest, but not the wave of it which almost deluged me.

In this article, he said: "But too often the chance of these women to attain the highest success of which they were capable has been spoiled by a thing which until now I have hesitated to discuss with anyone but my wife. Often the very women who seem to be most scrupulously careful about their appearance are the ones in whom the odor of perspiration is most noticeable."

One stenographer's answer to this is typical of many. She writes: "This is too much! For goodness sake, get after the men, for any woman in business knows that they are the real offenders. If they only knew how unattractive and—yes—offensive they are with their wilted collars and stained shirts I am sure they would reform. Every girl I know, both in the office and out of it, guards against any chance of perspiration trouble by the regular use of Odorono, but the men apparently don't know such a thing exists."

What this girl says is undoubtedly true—men are the chief offenders. Yet I fear there are still many women who do not realize the facts.

## An old fault—common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce

excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

## How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness—excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

## Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put

it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 914 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to the Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agencie Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U. S. A. to

**The Odorono Company**  
914 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



## GRAY HAIR TELLS TALES



AS discordant as a costume of pink and orange, or as a precious jewel set in a tarnished mounting, is a youthful, piquant face framed in gray, faded hair.

Inattention to this important detail of the toilette is responsible for the failures of many women of otherwise impeccable appearance to win recognition in society or advancement in the professions or in business.

Gray, mottled or streaked hair may not be any more readily condoned than soiled linen or a shiny nose. To be well groomed the hair must be neatly coiffed and any gray spots or streaks must be tinted.

## BROWNA-TONE

Absolutely harmless and instant in its results is the BROWNA-TONE method for restoring to faded, gray hair all its pristine beauty and exact original color—any shade from golden to black.



Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 35 cents and \$1.15. In Canada, 50 cents and \$1.50.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

WINDSOR ONTARIO 431 COPPIN BLDG COVINGTON, KY. U.S.A.

highest or the lowest temperature known to human science could harm it. Such units of life could have come, and possibly still are coming, without injury through the cold of space. We know of microbes which will endure through four degrees of absolute zero, and some are so small that they can be forced through porcelain.

We human beings are colloids, not crystals; and we are in the best possible general environment for colloids. We never use crystals in our body-building if we can avoid them.

It is quite conceivable that these entities with which life starts have intelligence sufficient for the initiation of new lines of endeavor from time to time, as occasion or necessity for new lines arises. There is that hairless elephant; there is that blue daisy; there are countless changed and changing forms. That is the De Vries theory, which opposes the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. In these days, there is much opposition to Darwin's theory; De Vries' book shows that.

The little entities are fine chemists. They can make an alkali so strong that it will displace from its salts the chemist's master alkali, potassium, and they must be close to ultimate matter, for they decompose salt into sodium and hydrochloric acid. Obviously, it will take great chemical as well as great mathematical knowledge to cope with the problems which they offer, but the world has, or will have, men who can do it. Even now there is the wonderful Japanese, Takamini, who discovered adrenalin, that extraordinary astringent which is manufactured by a gland and controls blood-pressure.

There is a significant instance, an illustration! It is the product of a gland, not an effort of intelligence, which controls blood-pressure. The brains of men have little to do with the control of the bodies of men. Tell me that our brains are the sole seat of our intelligence? Why, seventenths of the action of our bodies is quite automatic—that is, entirely beyond and dissociated from brain-control. The brain does not control the circulation of the blood, the action of the lungs, stomach, or bowels, growth of any of the vital processes. It is controlled by them. Nothing could be more absurd than to regard the brain as the exclusive seat of knowledge. Knowledge is everywhere throughout our being and throughout all other beings, inanimate, perhaps, as well as animate.

It is everywhere. In the animal, human or otherwise, the head is merely the chief office in which orders are originated and from which they are distributed. The five senses realize, understand, and meet the conditions which exist outside the body. The brain is occupied by the high-class workers. They have charge. The balance are, I might say, the proletariat. But it is dangerous (as many politicians have discovered) to assume that any proletariat is without intelligence. Those among this proletariat who show special ability may achieve promotion, moving upward to the higher tasks, I think, as men developing special talents in industry may move upward. Perhaps it is this process which slowly is making us more civilized.

Now, I shall express another thought which may seem startling. I believe these swarms, or, at least, the individuals which make up these swarms, live forever. In-

dividuals among the entities which form them may change their habitat, leaving one swarm and joining another, so to speak, building corn, for instance, to-day and chickens to-morrow, in accordance with the material which they find at hand to work with. It is not impossible that the chief workers may keep together, from time to time changing their environment as circumstances may dictate, but I think evidence exists that the workers separate when a job on which they have been occupied is finished, and go to find new tasks with little or no regard for old companionships. This simply is a repetition, and perhaps the fundamental pattern of those processes which we find necessary in our ordinary lives. The personality-swarm abides within the fold of Broca, which, from eighty-two surgical operations, is known to be the seat of memory. If this swarm keeps together after body-death, our personality still lives.

It is the most complicated of subjects, opening up very novel lines of reflection. That thought of the swarms is fascinating. A swarm, any swarm, easily might contain beings which knew how to build us as we were when we were chimpanzees or even as we were when we were fishes; I understand that in one period while we are in embryo we have the gills of fish, which slowly slough away before our actual birth.

I think it is certain that, if our environment in future changes as materially as it has in the past, alterations as great as that from fish to man and from gills to noses will occur in the course of future ages. Then what shall we be?

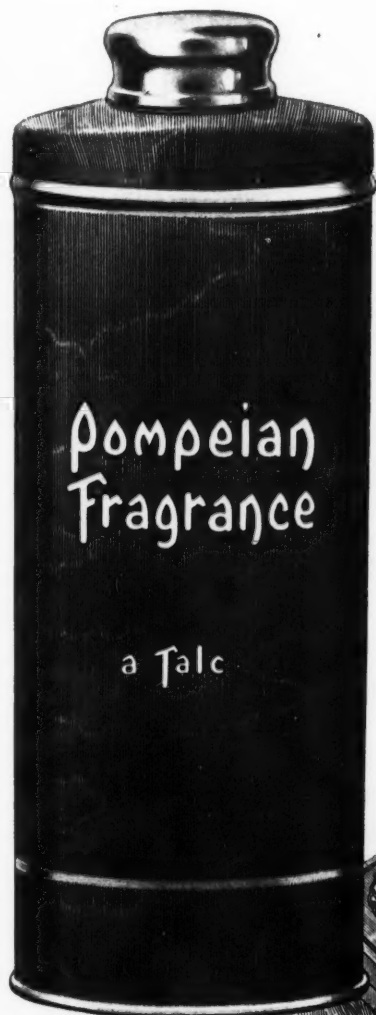
I have very vivid recollections of a motor journey through Switzerland not long before the war began. As it progressed, I saw the effect of environment upon myself. If we went to a hotel in a small town far from steam- or water-power, and therefore without electric light, we found everyone in it going to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock. In other towns, where there was electric light, product of developed water-power from the Alps, the people didn't go to bed till half-past eleven or midnight. They were alive and very likely out on the streets during those extra hours. We are virtually dead when we are asleep; that is, we then have no productive mental life, and no mental life which is not productive counts. Where there was light, we lived longer in the same length of time. Put a developed human being into an environment where there is no efficient artificial light and he must degenerate. Put an undeveloped human being into an environment where there is artificial light and he will improve.

Environment makes immense changes in animals, and it is interesting and hopeful to note that the environment of human beings is improving more rapidly than that of other animals. Perhaps, for an ant or a gnat, it is not changing at all, although primary changes are progressing in the world itself. Earthquake shocks, like those which recently occurred in Mexico, prove that the world is shrinking. They are the convulsions attending permanent alterations in the earth's size and shape, and indicate the release of strains.

Perhaps (said Mr. Edison) I ought not to sit here and talk casually like this upon such a tremendous subject. But such talk will start thought going, and that is the highest mission of mankind.

# Pompeian Fragrance

## a Talc



*"Its Fragrance Brings you Instant Charm"*

A LIGHT dusting of Pompeian Fragrance (a talcum) will absorb excessive moisture from your skin, and lend an indefinable charm to your person. The perfume from flowering meadows, the cooling touch of wayward breezes unite in the smooth loveliness of Pompeian Fragrance, a talcum your grateful skin will welcome with delight.

The perfume is delicate and refreshing, the powder is as soft and clinging as rose pollen. Its use gives constant pleasure. There are several times a day when an active person can wisely use a dash of Pompeian Fragrance. At all toilet counters, 25 cents.

### Art Panel and Samples

This 1920 panel is entitled, "Sweetest Story Ever Told." Size, 26 x 8 inches. In colors. Samples of Night Cream and of the three Pompeian "Instant Beauty" products (shown below) sent with the Fragrance sample for 10c. Please clip coupon now.



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2036 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose dime for 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and sample of Pompeian Fragrance—the new talcum. Also Instant Beauty and Night Cream samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Pink Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.

-like  
oranges?

drink  
**ORANGE  
-CRUSH**



**HAPPY**—in the anticipation of a cooling drink of Ward's Orange-Crush when the music stops.

Surely, Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush are ideal refreshment wherever people meet.

Purity and goodness supreme! Tempting fragrance combined with rare taste charm!



*Ward's*  
**ORANGE-CRUSH**  
and  
**LEMON-CRUSH**  
*cloudiness*

Whenever you enjoy a refreshing drink of Ward's Orange-Crush or Lemon-Crush, note especially their cloudy appearance. This is caused by the uniform distribution throughout the drinks of thousands of minute particles of the delicately flavored oils pressed from freshly picked oranges and lemons.

It is these particles of fruit oils, combined with pure granulated sugar and citric acid (the natural acid of all citrus fruits), that give the unmatched flavors to Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush.

Specially delightful are Orange-Crush or Lemon-Crush ice-cream soda, sundae and malted milk.

Try these drinks today—and compare them with every orange or lemon drink you ever tasted!

In bottles or at fountains.

*Prepared by*

**ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY**  
CHICAGO

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Send for free booklet, "The Story of Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush".



*San-Tox*

PREPARATIONS FOR  
TOILET & HYGIENE



Only San-Tox Druggists Specially  
Appointed Because of Their High  
Standing—Sell San-Tox Preparations.  
Look for this Sign of the Nurse

## ENCHANTMENT *Talcum Powder*

Film-fine as the bloom on a budding rose, soft as the touch of the moon-moth's wing. Breathing sweet odor like flowers in the perfumed dusk. How fitting a toiletry is this for the lady beautiful! Verily, 'tis a powder royal for lovely neck and arms. A certainty, too, it is that Enchantment is absolutely pure. In frosted crystal bottles to grace Madame's dressing table.

DE FREE

New York Holland, Michigan San Francisco  
SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

## The Truant Husband

(Continued from page 76)

glumness and her realization of her own marred aspect gaining the upper hand over good temper and tact. "Or did you tell her you were going to Philadelphia for the firm? Not that it's any of my business, of course."

"No," assented Billy, roiled by her new manner and with every nerve frayed; "it's none of your business. You're right. And now suppose we leave my wife's name out of the rest of our talk."

Headache and sickness had done their work with brain and nerves and temper-control. The man blurted out his boorish retort in a gust of wrath that tinged his words with something of the snarl of an angry dog. Then, ashamed, he would have apologized. But Vera gave him no chance.

"Certainly," she assented, very quietly indeed, as she turned to leave the smelly arbor. "I am perfectly willing to leave her name out of our talk. Because I don't care for further talk with a man who thinks I'm not worthy to speak of his wife. There's a taxi drawing up at the gate. I think I can get back to town that way. Please don't come with me," she bade him imperiously, as he made as though to follow. "I would rather you didn't."

Another accommodation train—twin brother to the one which had borne him out into Westchester—landed Billy Sayre at the Grand Central Station a little before noon. Half crazy with his headache and the heat, he made his way to a hotel, took a room, and left a five-thirty call. Ten minutes later, sprawling athwart an unstripped bed, he was sleeping the sleep of nerve-exhaustion. Nor did he awake until the persistent jangle of the room telephone-bell told him it was half-past five o'clock.

Dull and heavy, but with his headache and nerve-wrack gone, Billy sauntered out into the street. Stupidly, he reviewed the fiasco of the day. If the joke had not been on himself, he could have laughed at it all.

Here was ended his one extra-marital plunge—ignominiously and ridiculously ended. He had wrecked his last possible chance of winning Vera Delaunay. And, to his own surprise, he was heartily glad. He was cured. Quite cured.

With the cure came shame. He had lied to Sibyl. He had lied to the wife whose faith in him was sublime. He had—to all intents and purposes—deserted her for another and lesser woman, if only for one day. Had that day turned out as he and Vera planned, he might in time have been fool enough to desert Sibyl forever. And for—for a woman with a shiny nose and lanky hair and a hell-cattish temper.

He longed to run home and tell Sibyl all about it, to throw himself on her mercy. But he knew he could not tell her. The confession which would bring balm to his own conscience would smash her faith and happiness. No; he must keep silence, and let his future life atone for his one idiotic slip. The alibi must stand.

As Sayre reached the Hudson Tubes, on his leisurely way to the six-fifty train home, he stopped at a kiosk and gathered up his usual handful of evening papers. While he was waiting for the tube train, he opened one of the papers at random and glanced carelessly over its front-page

head-lines. And a familiar name caught his eye. He read, dazedly:

**WOLLER AND PASSENGER KILLED  
BY COLLAPSE OF PLANE  
AIRMAN'S NEW TWIN-ENGINE FLIER DROPS AT  
WEST POINT FROM HEIGHT OF NEARLY THREE  
THOUSAND FEET**

His blank gaze leaping from line to line, Billy Sayre devoured the brief story which had been received just in time to crowd it into the final edition. Woller, with a passenger whose name had not been learned, had started from Newburgh to Mineola at two o'clock that afternoon. Following the course of the Hudson, the plane had traveled as far south as West Point. Then, for some unknown reason, it had crumpled like match-wood and had crashed earthward.

It had fallen in the center of the asphalt esplanade at West Point with a force that had demolished it, and had strewn its two occupants' bodies about the asphalt in most gruesome unrecognizableness.

A fragment of the lettering on the rudder had remained decipherable. By this means, a despatch to Mineola had identified the machine and its pilot. That was all.

Over and over, Billy Sayre read the grim account, standing there on the tube platform, while train after train passed by him unheeded. Poor old Bram Woller! What a death! And, but for the day with Vera Delaunay, Billy himself might well have been that unidentifiable passenger!

Not till this morbid reflection entered his sorrowing mind did Sayre come to himself with a convulsive start.

That "unidentifiable passenger!" Why, to all intents, he himself was that passenger! He remembered his telephone call to Sibyl, supposedly from Mineola Field and as the plane was about to take off. He remembered the telegram poor Woller must have sent her, in his name, from Newburgh. His alibi!

Yes; it was a hole-proof alibi beyond doubt. Sibyl had heard him say the plane was about to "take off." She had heard him call out, presumably in reply to a hail from Woller. A few hours later, she must have received a telegram from him sent at Newburgh.

She would know him for the unidentified and unidentifiable passenger now lying at West Point. By this time, she must have seen the evening papers. If not, some neighbor, knowing of the Sayres' friendship for Woller, would have called or telephoned with news of the disaster.

Billy made a jump for the first 'phone he could find. Sibyl must be told he was alive and safe. He could not be so cruel as to leave her sorrowing for him until he could reach home. He must notify her at once.

But, on the instant, he paused in his hurried search and stood stock-still, gasping and shaky. How could he tell Sibyl he had not been with Woller at all? How could he say he had called her up, not from Mineola but from the Grand Central? How could he account for the telegram from Newburgh? Oh, the alibi was holding as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar!



## No Need to Dread This Task

*Sani-Flush* is made for just one thing—to clean your closet bowl easily and efficiently. Just sprinkle a little of it into the bowl according to directions; rust stains, markings, and sediment all disappear without scrubbing or scouring. *Sani-Flush* does its work so thoroughly that it leaves the bowl and trap as glistening white and odorless as new. This simple way of performing an otherwise unpleasant task should appeal to you.

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**HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto**

*Sani-Flush* is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send us 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)



**Sani-Flush**  
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE  
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring





Here is another fellow fussin' around his gas buggy with a lot of new spark plugs, new coils, new this and new t'other — when a couple of dollars worth of Effecto Auto Finishes would make it contented for life! Isn't it so?

Haven't you at times done a lot of unnecessary fooling around your car? And at other times didn't the old boat seem to show signs of new life after you had washed her all up?

**Effecto  
AUTO  
FINISHES**

quickly, easily and without trouble. It is easy-working, self-leveling and quick-drying because it is the *genuine, original* auto enamel which will last longer than the finish on most

new cars — not a paint, wax or polish. Made in nine snappy colors: Black, Blue, Green, Red, Brown, Yellow, Gray, Cream and White; also clear Finishing varnish and Top & Seat Dressing, which renews and waterproofs fabric or imitation leather tops of all kinds, as well as upholstery.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer Effecto is sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers everywhere. If you have any trouble getting the *genuine* Effecto Auto Enamel write us at once. We will see that you are supplied.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc. 149 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. Canadian address: 95 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

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There is a big demand for short stories, photoplays and feature articles. You can learn how to write at home in spare time. Each London said so. He and other great writers have endorsed our home study course. Course is fascinating and takes only a few of your spare hours. Write for free book and details of our Limited Introduction Offer. No obligations. Hoosier Institute, S. S. Dept 1045 St. Wayne, Ind.

*Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.*

UP to the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous probably at the very moment when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has at last perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also astringent, discouraging flabbiness, crow's feet and



wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only twenty-five cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. N, 16 East 18th St., New York.

Forcing himself to calm thought, Sayre faced the problem. If he should tell his wife that he had lied to her, that he had prepared the lie with cold deliberation, and had taken another man into his confidence to help in the deception—what then? She was neither an imbecile nor a baby. And she could not help knowing at once that men do not plan such alibis unless some woman is involved.

Would she, or any other sane woman, credit him if he should say: "I got Woller to help me fool you into thinking I was with him, because I wanted to spend the day alone with a woman. I went with her to an out-of-the-way place up in Westchester. There we stayed for less than ten minutes, quarreling all the time. After that, I went alone to a hotel, and slept till half-past five, and came on home."

The story was as wabbly as the alibi was strong. No; he couldn't tell her the truth. And there was no lie he could tell her that would cover a single point of the known facts. The man raged at his own utter impotence.

Setting his teeth, he turned his face homeward. He would not telephone. Far better let Sibyl go on for another hour believing him dead—and true to her. Soon enough, she would have the far bitter conviction that he was alive—and false to her.

The Maytide dusk was settling down over the quiet street as Billy Sayre turned in at his own gateway. Except for the usual light in the hall, the front of the house was dark.

The hall was empty. Mechanically, Sayre tossed his hat on the table, preparatory to marching to his doom. Then, as his hat fell on the table, he saw lying there a yellow envelop. It was a telegram addressed to Sibyl. And it was unopened!

Before he could grasp this fact, a maid appeared.

"If you please, sir," she said, not at all astonished at sight of her supposedly dead employer, "Mrs. Sayre left word would you mind waiting dinner a minute or two if you got back before she did? I was to tell you Miss Dingwell had taken her motoring—up to Goshen to lunch and to see the races, and—"

The maid checked herself and stared in disapproving surprise at the wontedly sedate Mr. Sayre. Billy, with a warwhoop, had flung himself upon the telegram and was cramming it into his pocket.

"No, indeed, darling," he babbled, when Sibyl came in, ten minutes later. "I didn't mind waiting one bit. I—I didn't go to Newburgh after all. I had one of my vile headaches. So, at the very last minute—"

"I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "But why didn't you come home and rest?"

"Oh," he said airily, "I met a beautiful girl and ran away with her. But her nose shone. So I deserted her and went to sleep. Then—"

"If you want to keep me from scolding you for working all day at the office with a sick-headache," she chided tenderly, "there are other ways and better ways than by telling such a silly story."

"Other ways," assented Billy cryptically, "but not better ways. As a liar, I'm no good. But as a truth-teller,—well!" Only, he said it in his innermost heart, not aloud.



# Ivory Pyralin



Adds to the charm  
of the dressing table

**T**HERE is about Ivory Pyralin that atmosphere of good taste which delightful design and exquisite coloring always give. Its constant usefulness is an added reason for its immediate appeal.

Ivory Pyralin comes in complete sets with every latest accessory for the dressing table. All of its exclusive designs are standard so that, if preferred, one can obtain a few pieces and add to the set later.

Each piece is marked with the name "Ivory Pyralin," in tiny letters. It will not tarnish, chip or break; it is easily cleaned and is quite the finest in every respect. You will find it at the leading merchants'.

*The La Belle Pattern—featuring the transverse handle, exclusive in Ivory Pyralin.*



## How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

### Study this Chart

**Acne Cream**—for pimples and blackheads.

**Astringent Cream**—for oily skins and shiny noses.

**Combination Cream**—for dry and sallow skins.

**Foundation Cream**—for use before face powder.

**Lettuce Cream**—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

**Motor Cream**—for skin protection, before exposure.

**Tissue Cream**—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

**Whitening Cream**—for freckles and bleaching.

You do not experiment when you use Marinello Creams. Their value has been established by use in more than 4000 Beauty Shops and employment by millions of women.

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**MARINELLO**  
*A Beauty Aid for Every Need*

Marinello Toilet Preparations may be had at all Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.



## Star-Dust

(Continued from page 37)

"You had better sit quiet there, my young miss, and get yourself together. One-eighth of an inch nearer that bicycle-trapeze in the wings, and that smooth head of yours might not be so smooth right now."

"I'm so ashamed!"

"I'll call a cab and take you home."

"I'd rather you didn't—trouble."

"But I'd rather I did."

She smiled through an impulse to dig her nails into her palms and weep her sense of ignominy. While he procured the cab, she hurriedly changed from the pink into the coffee-colored linen, and, frightened at her pallor with the rouge removed, tried to pinch her cheeks back to pinkness.

In the hansom and behind the wooden apron, his hand crept over to hers.

"Poor little sick girl!" he said.

"She tried to withdraw, but the black spots were swimming before her, and, to save herself from their engulfing her, she sat suddenly erect, blinking, and shaking her head.

"Oh, I say now!"

"Why, I—I'm all right——"

His one arm was at her waist, and with the other he was poking open the little trap-door.

"Stop at the corner."

"No—please!"

"Yes, please."

She closed her eyes, and almost immediately they drew up at a corner drug store adjoining a long row of brownstone fronts deep in brown studies. He helped her down, reading up at one of them:

"Doctor Barney Lee. He leaves his name at the box-office once in a while. Suppose you stop in here instead of the drug store. Don't like the idea of soda-fountain cures. You've a little sunstroke, I think."

"No, no, Mr. Visigoth! Why, I've hardly ever had a doctor in my life——"

"One, two, three, march!"

"Please——"

"March! Got money? Good! I'll have a smoke in the cab. If he's not in, then I'll drive you round to our house-doctor."

He was in. But for ten minutes she sat in a leather-and-oak waiting-room, beneath a fly-specked Rembrandt's "Night Watch," a clock ticking spang into the gas-lit silence, and the very chairs seeming to meditate as they stood.

Then a pair of black-walnut doors slid back, and, on a puff of ether, Lily passed between them and they clicked shut again.

When she emerged, Robert Visigoth's cigar was smoked two-thirds its length.

He sprang out to help her in.

"Well?"

Her smile was drawn across her face almost like a gash.

"Tired waiting?" she said.

"Fix you up?"

"You were right. A little sunstroke. A good night's rest will fix me up."

"You've been playing 'possum."

"That's it," she said, with the plating of hired gaiety over her tones.

"Just for punishment, I'm going to drive you round the park."

"No! No! No! I don't feel quite up to it. He said rest—a good night's rest."

Cosmopolitan for May, 1920

### Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

(Continued from page 12)

#### Schools for Backward Children

**The Hedley School**—For children of slightly retarded mentalities. Latent abilities developed. Ideal Home Life. Association with normal children. J. ROGER HEDLEY, M.D., Resident Physician. Mrs. J. ROGER HEDLEY (N. Y. Univ.) Prin. PENNSYLVANIA, Box C, Glenside (12 miles from Phila.)

**Acerwood Tutoring School** For boys and girls who need individual instruction to make normal progress. Kindergarten to High School: Industrial Arts. Domestic Science. Music. Gymnastics. Home Life. Medical Supervision. Adequate Buildings. Large Campus. 16 miles from Phila. Booklet. PENNSYLVANIA, Devon, Box C. MISS DEVEREUX, Principal.

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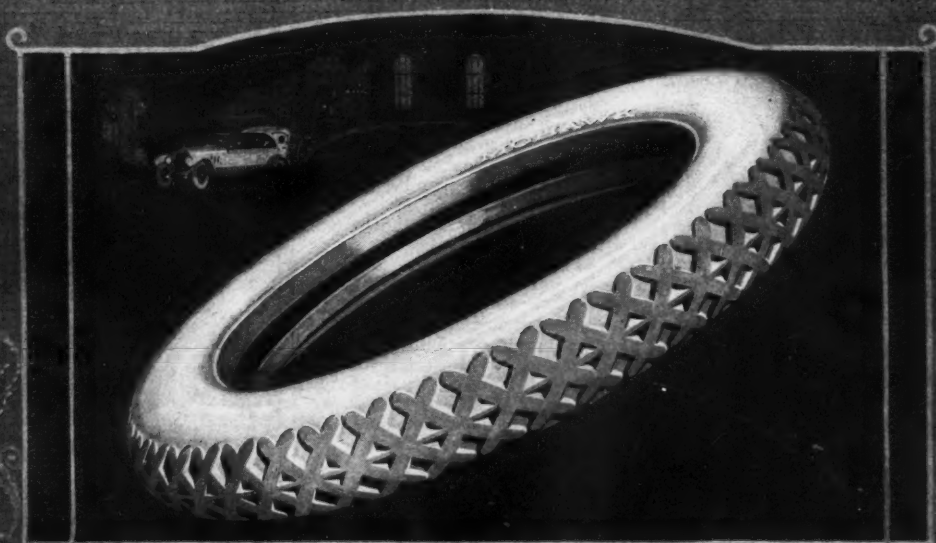
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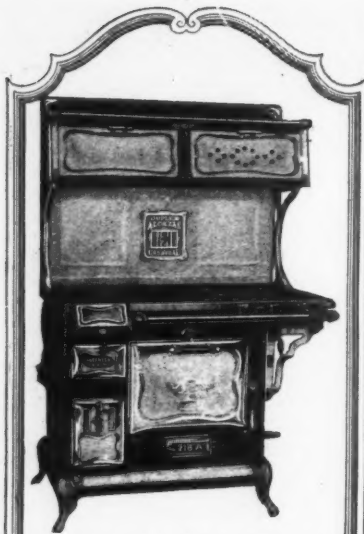
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He regarded her unmistakable pallor. "Oh, all right"—sulkily—"you tantalizing enigma, you! Gad, you—you'd drive a man crazy! There's something over your face. A veil. I'd like to tear it off—"

"You—you're talking like a Third Avenue melodrama."

"I suppose I am," he said, subsiding and regarding the hooked top of his cane the remaining ten minutes of the drive.

He dismissed the cab at her curb. To escape his arm, she even ran up the steps, and, to prove how complete her recovery, calling down over one shoulder:

"You've been kind, and I'm grateful. Good-night."

"Prove it," he said, up and after her, his arm at her waist.

"What?" she said, his meaning flashing as she spoke. She was crowding away from his nearness against one of the storm-doors which folded back against the entrance. His face twisted out of repose, flooded darker and darker with red.

"You devil!" he said. "You knew you'd get me!"

"You go!" she cried.

He grasped her so that the breath jumped out of her.

"Oh!" she cried, wrenching herself free. "Don't you dare put your foot in this house—"

"Then the Cameron, Lily—it's quiet and first-class there—we can have a talk. I'll call a cab—the Cameron—or my place—I live alone."

"If you do I—I'll bite! I'll bite—you hear?"

"Do it," he said, his face the color that was Iago's, grasping her then in the shadow of the storm-door, and kissing her so on the open lips that, to evade him, she had to wriggle down to her knees and out of his clasp. The shamefulness of the scene not to be endured, she held her hand with the key in it behind her back, then suddenly let it fly up for her hatpin.

"If you come near me!"

He stood back from her upflung arm, his refinement of feature incongruous under the rush of ox-blood red, his teeth showing whiter as he darkened.

"What the devil do you want, then? You devil! Who are you? There's only one woman in a thousand I'd follow to a joint like this. I'm afraid of them. Now, I've had enough of this baby-talk from you. It doesn't match this house. What's your game?"

"House?"

"What do you expect with an address like this? There's two kinds of women. You can't be the kind you pretend to be and live here. What is the comedy? I like you, Lily. Let me up. Put that little arm down. What do you want?"

With a wrench that threw him backward, a frenzied instant of struggle for lock, and she was in, slamming the door behind her, and up the two flights with such a sense of pursuit that her breath turned to moans in her throat.

Once within her room, locking her door on its very slam, and her hat sliding down on her unpinned hair, she dropped down on her bed-edge so that the springs coughed, seeming to bleed her tears, so roundly and full of agony they came.

Half the night through, she paced the narrow aisle of the room, repeating and repeating until the darkness seemed filled

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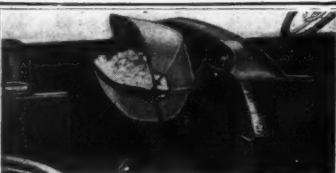
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with the rushing of a million frantic little wings:

“O God! O God! Help me, God! Make it a lie. Tell me that doctor lied. God, I need you! Where are you? Save me! Where are you? Help me, God! Help me!” Thus did Lily Penny greet the coming of her child.

## XVIII

THERE was no egress for Lily's state of panic. It hurled itself into this and that *cul-de-sac* only to dash into a black, a colossal wall of ignorance built on the sands of false and revolting modesty, and which, as it tottered, threatened to crush her.

Around and around spun her terror in its trap. Each pore of her body might have been a mouth screaming. Distaste for her physical awareness mounted upon her old peculiar aversion. The maternal did not even lift its head. One alternative after another flickered into her consciousness, only to die out again into blackness. Home! But, by the merest flash of the incongruous, not to say absurd vision of Albert Penny's wilted collar on the chifonier, or his shirt-sleeves held back with pink rubber garters, she knew how impossible that!

There were long hours of dizzying and fascinated contemplation down into the cypress-sided vale of self-destruction, that ravine which gets its glance from most and even the best of us. It seemed to her that she could not think for the rush of its dark waters pressing against her reason, but love of life was strongest of all in Lily. It was the sweep of her own vitality which she felt pressing.

She prayed to desire what had befallen her, to think in terms of beauty, to feel the miracle of her state and the age-old throbs that make maternity seem sublime. The sense of her aversion debased while it immersed her. She reasoned how valiantly whole eternities of women had gone down to meet motherhood, and how proudly those eternities of women had worn the moment.

She buried her head into her pillow, tried to think in terms of God, to intimidate her rebellion. Finally, she did cool to a sort of leaden despair, through which slow determination began to percolate.

At nine o'clock the following morning, a Sunday that wrapped the city windily in the first cold gray of autumn, without having undressed the night through, she ventured as far as Broadway for a newspaper, the dark halls of the house and the rows of closed doors suddenly sinister. The wind caught at her flimsy skirts, blowing them forward, and she was forced to clutch the wide brim of her hat. Summer was gone.

But, more than that, it seemed to Lily that a black gauze lay across her gaze; the very complexion of the streets had darkened, the hurried, wind-blown clouds stamping the whole aspect of things with turbulence. She could not keep the run out of her steps, and her palms were full of the half-moons impressed there by her finger nails. The city, as joyous as Chloe, had suddenly turned a frightening grimace upon her.

She bought a Sunday paper, letting the prankish gale scurry the bulk of it through the streets while she stood in the shelter of the news-stand, unfolding the “furnished



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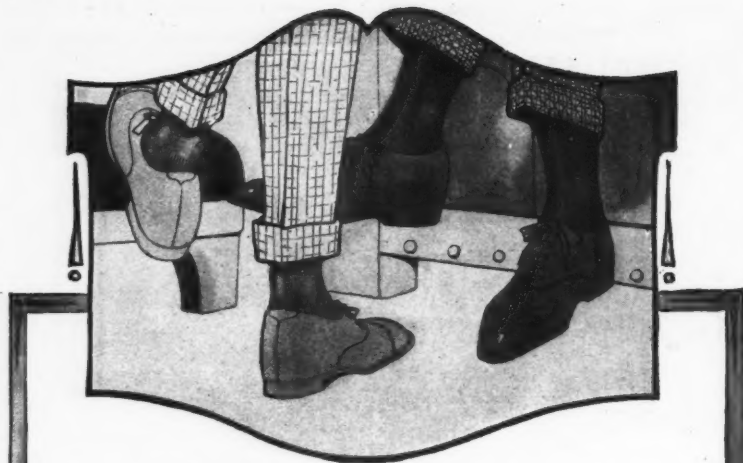
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room" section. Wind puffed the sheets up into her face, and finally she crossed to a white-tiled lunch-room, ordering coffee and rolls more for the temporary shelter than for appetite. Scanning column after column, occasionally she poked a toothpick through the page, and once tore out a little segment, dropping it into her hand-bag. It read:

Neatly furnished room near Columbia University and Kroeg School of Music. Three dollars and a half a week, and breakfast if desired. Ideal for refined young lady. Inquire at 4992 Amsterdam Avenue.

She paid her check, inquired direction of the cashier, and, hurrying out, boarded a north-bound Amsterdam Avenue car, riding for half an hour through streets lined with petty shops and presenting the peculiar swept look of Sunday.

The Amsterdam Avenue address was a drug store sidled in between a bake shop that six days a week poured forth sweet, hot breath, and an undertaking establishment, with a white-satin infant's coffin *de luxe* tilted in the window. The sight of it caught Lilly like a pain.

She hurried into the drug store. Isaac Neugass—Chemist.

It was the older-style pharmacy. With a gilt mortar and pestle for a sign, and, as she entered, a bell attached by a pulley rang somewhere in a thin, tattling voice. The soda-fountain, fountain pen, the picture post-card, the umbrella, and the face-powder demonstrator had not yet invaded here. Isaac Neugass—chemist—was just that. His walls were lined in labeled jars of panacea. The pungency of valerate of ammonia smote the entrant. He pommelled his own pills, percolated his own paregoric, prescribed for neighborhood miseries from an invariable bottle that was slow, sluggish, and malodorous in the pouring, anointed the neighborhood bruises, and extracted, always gratis, neighborhood cinders from neighborhood eyes.

At Lily's entrance, Isaac Neugass came shuffling round the ground-glass prescription-partition, his hands at their perpetual dry-washing of each other. There was something of a dressed-up wish-bone about him—in the way his clothing hardly suggested the thin body within them. They had hardly a point of contact, even with his angles. He was a mere inner tubing to what he wore. A skull-cap hid his baldness, a fringe of gray below it suggesting what was not beneath. His little eyes were like steel, humorously glinting gimlets in the process of boring. When he laughed, his little chin with the tip of beard curled up like one of those rubber toy faces where chin kicks brow.

"Well," he said, with a great dip of nose down into his smile, "what can I do for you?" He reminded Lily of a great auk, something alcedine in the thin cheeks with the mouth cutting so widely toward the ears.

She had not realized it, but suddenly the terrible, the impersonal detachment of the past weeks smote her. There had been voiceless days and days when the sound of herself asking direction or ordering from a menu-card had an element of surprise in it, and the toneless voice of public service was the only one directed to her. "Step lively." "Two blocks east." "Don't mention it." "No more rice pudding left, ma'am."





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constantly compared with others. We wear out over 1,000 tires yearly, to make sure that Millers are kept constantly supreme.

Our new-type tread, by these factory tests, outwears the best of others by 25 per cent.

We spend \$1,000 daily to insure uniformity. Materials are constantly tested. Every lot of tread stock is first vulcanized in our laboratory.

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Tests were made by Green & Swett Co. of Boston on some hundreds of large cars. Miller Tires added from 50% to 75% to the previous tire mileage. And blowouts were eliminated.

Every tire is signed both by maker and inspector, and both are penalized if a tire falls down.

Thus we are getting a mileage—a uniform mileage—which will amaze most users.

### See What They Save

We are making these super-grade tires to cut the tire cost. If they do that you will want them. Make a test and see.

Don't buy tires blindly, or on any vague impression. Don't be satisfied with old-time service. Learn what Miller methods have accomplished, in fairness to yourself and us.

You'll buy Millers when you do that. In buying a new car you'll insist on Miller equipment. Twenty makers now supply it without extra cost.

**Tread Patented**  
Center tread smooth, with suction cups to firmly grasp wet asphalt. Geared-to-the-Road side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.



# Miller Tires

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Geared-to-the-Road  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Fabrics

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Makers of Miller Uniform Geared-to-the-Road Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.



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*Carmen Brunette*—the new and popular shade will be sent in a purse size box containing two or three weeks' supply for 12c to pay postage and packing or we will send any other shade you prefer.

**Stafford-Miller Company**  
St. Louis, Mo.



*The Final Touch*

*Cosmopolitan for May, 1920*

When Isaac Neugass said, "Well, whad can I do for you?" something within her thawed so that she could have cried.

"I'm looking for this furnished room," she said, and held out the slip toward him.

"You want my wife," he said, waving her the direction. "Go rigld outside to the next stop and ring the bell over Neugass. It's a nize room. I could wish it to an early bird to gatch it."

"That's what I want—a nice, quiet room."

"Then you got it!" he cried. "It's a room for a needle"—his thumb and forefinger indicating an infinitesimally fine point.

"A needle?"

"So it could hear itself fall."

In his own way, Mr. Neugass was a jokester, insisting upon the laugh, sitting back upon his figurative haunches, waiting.

"Then it just is what I want," said Lily, giving him his smile; "only, I hope it isn't too—"

He took to waggling his head, his little kindly eyes illuminated with a sunburst of wrinkles and his voice a festooned chant of rising and falling inflections.

"Sa-y, if you can't pay three-fifty, she'll make it three. You don't need to tell her I told you, but for such a young lady like you—sa-y, the brice in the newspaper don't always got to be the brice in the hand, ain't it?"

She laughed, the irises that had crowded out the gray in her eyes suddenly smaller and back to normal.

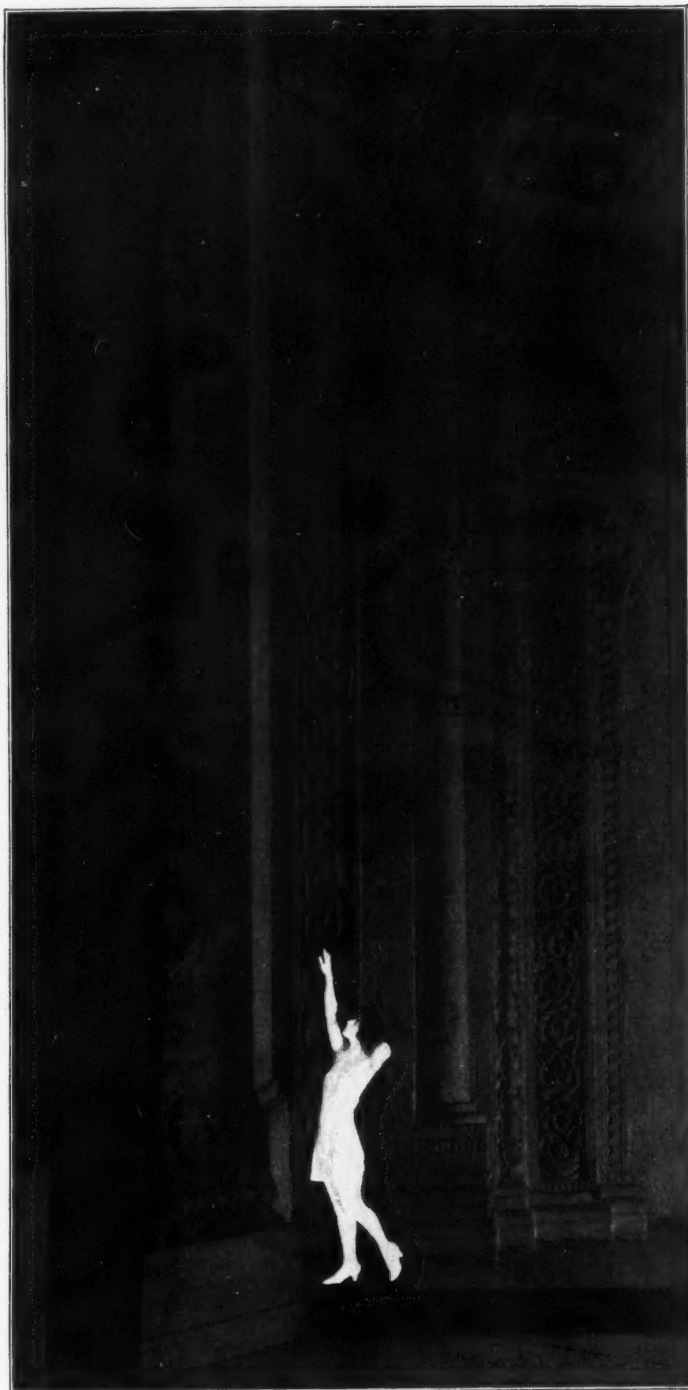
In the little entrance adjoining, with its line-up of door-bells, she pressed the button as directed. A clicking answered her ring, and she had to learn from a child who entered with a dangling pail of milk that she was to speak upward through a tube above the bell.

"About the room?" Yes; she was to come up. She climbed two flights of dark, clean-smelling stairs, and Mrs. Neugass herself opened the door.

Mary, Rizpah, Cornelia, Monica, Martha Washington, Mrs. Whistler, Margaret Ogilvy, and Mrs. Neugass—blessed be their tribe!—must all have about the same look about the eyes. Masha Neugass was sixty, and looked it. A blue-gingham apron held her in at the waist so that she bulged softly and fatly above and below.

Thirty minutes and one hundred years removed from Millionaires' Row, the apartment was just another of those paradoxes which the city can shake from its spangled sleeve. Built like a coach, each room opening off a strip of hallway, it was a scoured chromo of Victoria's age of horrors. The brilliantly flower-splashed wall-paper and carpeting. A front room that smelled and pricked of horsehair. The little patch of dining-room brightened by a red tablecloth, two canaries, and a window-sill array of turnips sprouting in bottles. The rush of bead portières as you walked through them. Hassocks. A freshly washed and ironed ribbon bow on a chair-back. Pillow-shams. Nottingham-lace curtains with a sham drape woven into them. A pair of bisque pugs.

The room to let was the size of a freight-elevator and crammed with a fine old walnut bed where there was hardly room for a cot. Also, an overflow of curlicue divan, and a wash-stand. It was clean to coolness, as if the very air was washed, but, entering it, Mrs. Neugass flecked an



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—Cool as the morning breeze*

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imaginary dust particle from the divan with her apron, then wrapping it, muff-fashion, about her hands.

"It ain't big, but it's gumfortable."

"Indeed it is!" said Lily.

"We don't got to rent this room, miss. It's our first time. My husband, if he had his way, wouldn't. But I say it's a shame for the waste since our youngest daughter ain't in it no more."

"It's lovely."

"You see out there between those two chimneys? That's Columbia University. You're from the college? Yes? We prefer it should be a student."

"I—I'm a high-school graduate but not exactly a college student. I mean—I'm a music student. Voice."

"You don't tell me. Now, ain't that a coinstidance? For why you think I should have this room empty if not my own baby daughter is in Europe with her voice. For three years already with her gone, miss, and my husband's daughter down to her bookkeeping all day, as I tell him, it's like my heart will burst from the silence."

"There is something I had better explain——"

"I want a young girl in the house again, I tell him."

Standing there, the words pressing for utterance against her very teeth, Lily swallowed them back again.

"I see," she said, smiling her misery; "then I'm afraid—I——"

"We're used to a young girl. You read maybe of our daughter only in last Sunday's papers. Millie du Gass, with the Milan opera?"

Lily had.

"Millie Du Gass—your daughter?"

"We got more only last night from her in 'Traviata.' They pulled her carriage after the opera. Felix Auchinloss went special from Vienna to conduct for her. That's her picture there and there and there. Say, ain't that a coinstidance you should be a voice?"

Lily stood regarding one of the framed photographs. A lifted young profile ever so slightly of the father's aquilinity, a vocal-looking swell to the bosom, and a chin that locked up to the prettily protuberant upper lip.

Regarding her, such a nausea of bitterness flowed over Lily that her lips were too wry to speak, and she could have sobbed out her plight to the simple soul there, with her hands in the muff of her apron and her gaze soft to tears upon the photograph.

"That ain't so good of her, miss, as some her papa keeps down in the store. In Milan, they call her the 'American Beauty.' Auchinloss won't conduct 'Faust' without our Millie's Marguerite. How she used to practise it, miss, right on that piano you seen in the front room! It's worth all the sacrifices we made for such a success like hers. I don't know who you study with, but if you come to us here, I wane once you should let her old teacher, Ballman, hear you. He's the man that can find your voice if you got it."

"Oh, I do want to come here, Mrs. Neugass! I—if only—will you—will you let me talk to you as I would to my own mother? I—somehow—I—I think you will understand."

Then Mrs. Neugass came closer, her eyes screwed to conniving.

"Sa-y, miss, you don't need to worry. Don't tell it to my husband that the re-



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duction came from me, but if three dollars is all you can pay, since it's for some one who will use the piano and liven up things a little, it's worth the difference to me in pleasure."

"Oh, Mrs. Neugass, if you knew what a place like this would mean to me—now!"

"All right then, for a few cents we don't dicker. Say we make it three dollars, and on rainy mornings coffee and rolls so you don't get your feet wet."

"But I——"

"We're blain beoble, miss, but we got a respectable standing in the neighborhood for fifteen years. My husband's daughter by his first marriage is sixteen years book-keeper down by Aaron Schmoll paper-box company in Greene Street. We don't got to rent, miss, unless it should be to the right person."

"But what if I were to tell you, Mrs. Neugass, that I'm a mar——"

"You got references? It ain't I don't trust, but business is business, ain't it?"

"I'm afraid I haven't. You see, I'm a stranger. Here from—the West to study. I don't quite like it where I am."

"Say, don't I know how things can happen. For two months after she arrived in Munich, where she went first, my Millie used to write home, 'Mamma, I can't get myself settled right.' In one place bugs and in another they complained of her practising. I got sympathy for a girl trying to get settled. You can come right away up into a room of mine, miss. There's no extra cleaning to be done."

"Oh, Mrs. Neugass, if I may! I've only my valise and suitcase."

A complete shrugging of Mrs. Neugass took place, her voice, brow, and manner lifting.

"'Valise and suitcase.' Is that a baggage?"

"I'm sending for my trunks later."

"You'm Goyem—not?"

"Beg pardon?"

"You're Gentiles, ain't it? Well, with Goyem, such things ain't so important. I'll show you sometimes the way my Millie left home, complete even to hand-crocheted wash-rags. You'm Goyem—not?"

"I was reared in the Unitarian Church, if that's what you mean, until—well, I guess, until I sort of figured out my own religion for myself."

"We're Jews, you know, miss, in case you should have any *Richas*."

"*Richas*?"

"Prejudices against us, like some."

"No, no, Mrs. Neugass; I just love Jewish people. Some of the nicest folks we knew in St. Lou—I ever knew have been Jews!" cried Lily, with the colossal, the unconscious patronage of race-consciousness.

It left no welt, however, across the sensibilities of Mrs. Neugass. The centuries had seen to that. She was craven, and she was superb in her heritage.

"I always say, thank God for whad I am, but it don't matter to me whad anybody else is just so she is that with the best she has in her."

"Exactly. There—there is something I ought to say to you, Mrs. Neugass; you've made it so difficult, with your kindness, but I—well, I—there are certain conditions I want you to know about. I—not a—I

Lily must soon face a grave situation. Will she, a girl of eighteen, be able to hold out in her determination to make her way alone? See the next instalment of

**Star-Dust, in June Cosmopolitan.**

could only take the room for a few months, Mrs. Neugass, because I——"

"Say, don't I know how it is with students——"

"No, no——"

"They go home when it comes summer. You don't got to worry. It ain't like we need it to pay rent with. You got my word it's all right, Miss—the name, please?—Miss what?"

"Par—Parlow. Lily Parlow."

"All right, Miss Parlow; that makes everything fine."

She opened her purse, unfolding a bill. "I'll pay now," she said, calm with sudden decision.

"Sa-y, I would have trusted you. But you're like me—I always say money speaks louder than words."

"I'll be right back, Mrs. Neugass."

"That's good. I'll have out fresh towels. That's one thing I don't expect from nobody is to stint on towels."

And so it came about that, at the moment Robert Visigoth was confronted with a sudden gap in his program, Lily Penny, with almost the week's lodging still to her credit, was tiptoeing through the moldy halls of the house in Forty-fourth Street, her luggage hitting against wall and banisters and a palpitating fear fuddling her haste.

At the first flight down, Lily experienced her first and by no means fragrant encounter in these hallways. A door flew open with a rush, and, her thin body wrapped in something orange and flowing that was like a quick sheaf of flame round her, a woman dragged suddenly out to the head of the stairs, by the actual scruff of the neck, the ridiculous figure of a male, his collar, the necktie streaming from it, in his hand.

She spat then a bombardment of screaming profanity that sickened Lily as she stood, unseen and flattened, against the wall. A further shove sent the man sprawling down the remaining stairs, and from the open doorway a flung waistcoat and coat draped him ludicrously as they struck.

"Cheap skate! Piker! Skinfint!"

Then a slamming, reverberating door, and, while she stood trembling and waiting, the creature on the stairs, a hulk of Swede, scrambled into his coat, stumbling out the front door, collar still in his clutch.

Then Lily wound her weak-kneed way down the flight after him, softly, to save the creak, her luggage held out before her.

The air outside seemed cleansing as water to her. She could not breathe deeply enough of it. For a long and indeterminate period, she stood at the corner, car after car rumbling past.

Indecision buffeted her. Even Mrs. Neugass and her apartment had suddenly become abhorrent, Broadway as barren as any granite gully and somehow terrifying. She strolled a block toward the station; yet it is doubtful whether, in the back of her head, Lily did not know the impulse of home to be a mock one.

The tremendous trifles began their running fire. Her mother pulling her corsets in so that they bottled her up more and more into the shape of an hour-glass! Those interminable discussions over that caster for the brass bed!

She boarded an Amsterdam Avenue car.





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## In Chancery

(Continued from page 64)

her lips; but she did not answer. "You are still my wife," said Soames. Why he said that, what he meant by it, he knew neither when he spoke nor after. It was a truism almost preposterous, but its effect was startling. She rose from the window-seat and stood for a moment perfectly still, looking at him. He could see her bosom heaving. Then she turned to the window and threw it open.

"Why do that?" he said sharply. "You'll catch cold in that dress. I'm not dangerous." And he uttered a little sad laugh.

She echoed it—faintly, bitterly.

"It was—habit."

"Rather odd habit," said Soames absently. "Shut the window."

She shut it and sat down again. She had developed power, this woman—this—wife of his! He felt it issuing from her as she sat there in a sort of armor. And almost unconsciously he rose and moved nearer; he wanted to see the expression on her face. Her eyes met his, unflinching. Heavens! How clear they were, and what a dark brown against that white skin, and that burnt-amber hair! And how white her shoulders! Funny sensation, this! He ought to hate her.

"You had better tell me," he said; "it's your advantage to be free as well as mine. That old matter is too old."

"I have told you."

"Do you mean to say there has been nothing—nobody?"

"Nobody. You must go to your own life."

Stung by that retort, Soames moved toward the piano and back to the hearth, to and fro, as he had been wont in the old days in their drawing-room, when his feelings were too much for him.

"That won't do," he said. "You deserted me. In common justice, it's for you—"

He saw her shrug those white shoulders, and heard her murmur:

"Yes. Why didn't you divorce me then? Should I have cared?"

He stopped, and looked at her intently, with a sort of curiosity. What on earth did she do with herself if she really lived quite alone? And why had he not divorced her? The old feeling that she had never quite understood him, never done him justice, bit him while he stared at her.

"Why couldn't you have made me a good wife?" he said.

"Yes; it was a crime to marry you. I have paid for it. You will find some way, perhaps. You needn't mind my name; I have none to lose. Now I think you had better go."

A sense of defeat—of being defrauded of his self-justification, and of something else, beyond power of explanation to himself, beset Soames like the breath of a cold fog. Mechanically he reached up, took from the mantel-shelf a little china bowl, reversed it, and said:

"Lowestoft. Where did you get this? I bought it with Jobson's." And, visited by the sudden memory of how, those many years ago, he and she had bought china together, he remained staring at the little bowl as if it contained all the past.

Her voice roused him.

"Take it. I don't want it."

Soames put it back on the shelf.

"Will you shake hands?" he said.

A faint smile curved her lips. She held out her hand. It was cold to his rather feverish touch. "She's made of ice," he thought; "she was always made of ice!"

But even as that thought darted through him, his senses were assailed by the perfume of her dress and body, as though the warmth within her, which had never been for him, were struggling to show its presence. And he turned on his heel.

He walked out and away, as if some one with a whip were after him, not even looking for a cab, glad of the empty Embankment and the cold river, and the thick-strewn shadows of the plane-tree leaves—confused, flurried, sore at heart, and vaguely disturbed, as though he had made some deep mistake, whose consequences he could not foresee. And the fantastic thought suddenly assailed him: "If, instead of, 'I think you had better go,' she had said, 'I think you had better stay,' what should I have felt, what should I have done?" That cursed attraction of her was there for him even now, after all these years of estrangement and bitter thoughts. It was there, ready to mount to his head at a sign, a touch. "I was a fool to go there," he muttered. "I've advanced nothing. Who could imagine? I never thought—"

Memory, flown back to the first years of his marriage, played him torturing tricks. She had not deserved to keep her beauty—the beauty he had owned and known so well. And a kind of bitterness at the tenacity of his own admiration welled up in him. Most men would have hated the sight of her, as she had deserved. She had spoiled his life, wounded his pride to death, defrauded him of a son. And yet the mere sight of her, cold and resisting as ever, had this power to upset him utterly! It was some damned magnetism she had! And no wonder if, as she asserted, she had lived untouched these last twelve years. So Bosinney—cursed be his memory!—had lived on all this time with her! Soames could not tell whether he was glad of that knowledge or no.

Nearing his club at last, he stopped to buy a paper. A head-line ran, "Boers reported to repudiate suzerainty!" Suzerainty—nonsense! "Just like her!" he thought queerly. "She always did. Suzerainty! I still have it by rights. She must be awfully lonely in that wretched little flat."

### XII

#### ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE

SOAMES belonged to two clubs, the Connoisseurs, which he put on his cards and seldom visited, and the Remove, which he did not put on his cards and frequented. He had joined this Liberal institution five years ago, having made sure that its members were now nearly all sound Conservatives in heart and pocket, if not in principle. Uncle Nicholas had put him up. The



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SANITARY

fine reading-room was decorated in the Adam style.

On entering that evening, he glanced at the tape for any news about the Transvaal, and noted that consols were down seven-sixteenths since the morning. He was turning away to seek the reading-room when a voice behind him said,

"Well, Soames, that went off all right."

It was uncle Nicholas in a frock coat, and his special cutaway collar, with a black tie passed through a ring. Heavens! How young and dapper he looked at eighty-three!

"I think Roger'd have been pleased," his uncle went on. "The thing was very well done. Blackley's? I'll make a note of them. Buxton's done me no good. These Boers are upsetting me—that fellow Chamberlain's driving the country into war. What do you think?"

"Bound to come," murmured Soames.

Nicholas passed his hand over his thin, clean-shaven cheeks, very rosy after his summer cure; a slight pout had gathered on his lips. This business had revived all his Liberal principles.

"I mistrust that chap; he's a stormy petrel. House-property will go down if there's war. You'll have trouble with Roger's estate. I often told him he ought to get out of some of his houses. He was an opinionated beggar."

"There was a pair of you!" thought Soames. But he never argued with an uncle, in that way preserving their opinion of him as "a long-headed chap," and the legal care of their property.

"They tell me at Timothy's," said Nicholas, lowering his voice, "that Dartie has gone off at last. That'll be a relief to your father. He was a rotten egg."

Again Soames nodded. If there was a subject on which the Forsytes really agreed, it was the character of Montagu Dartie.

"You take care," said Nicholas, "or he'll turn up again. Winifred had better have the tooth out, I should say. No use preserving what's gone bad."

Soames looked at him sideways. His nerves, exacerbated by the interview he had just come through, disposed him to see a personal allusion in those words.

"I'm advising her," he said shortly.

"Well," said Nicholas, "the brougham's waiting; I must get home. I'm very poorly. Remember me to your father."

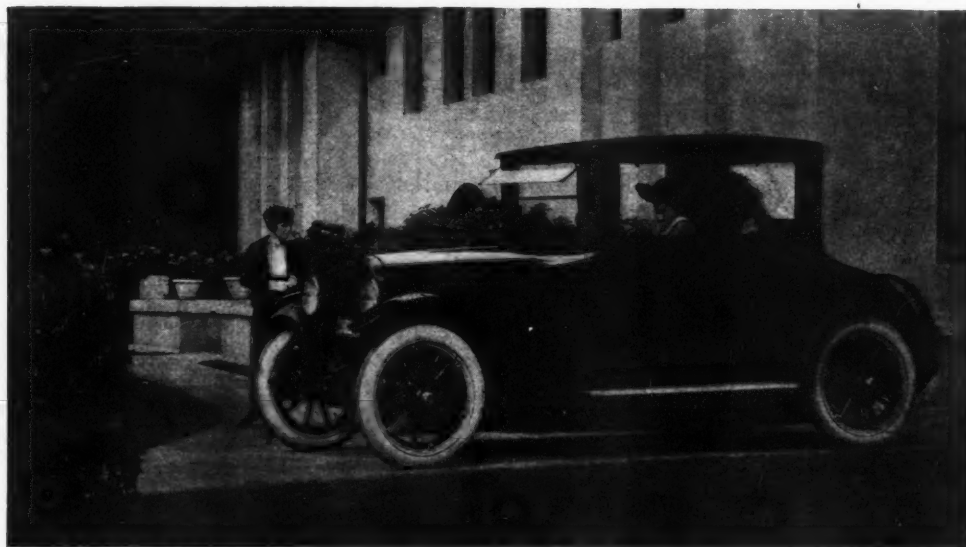
And having thus reconsecrated the ties of blood, he passed down the steps at his youthful gait and was wrapped into his fur coat by the junior porter.

"I've never known uncle Nicholas other than 'very poorly,'" mused Soames, "or seen him look other than everlasting. What a family! Judging by him, I've got thirty-eight years of health before me. Well, I'm not going to waste them." And going over to a mirror, he stood looking at his face. Except for a line or two, and three or four gray hairs in his little dark mustache, had he aged any more than Irene? The prime of life—he and she in the very prime of life! And a fantastic thought shot into his mind. Absurd! Idiotic! But again it came. And genuinely alarmed by the recurrence, as one is by the second fit of shivering which presages a feverish cold, he sat down on the weighing-machine. Eleven stone! He had not varied two pounds in twenty years. What age was she—thirty-seven—



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*Cosmopolitan for May, 1920*

not too old to have a child—not at all! Thirty-seven on the ninth of next month. He remembered her birthday well—he had always observed it religiously, even that last birthday so soon before she left him, when he was almost certain she was faithless. Four birthdays in his house. He had looked forward to them, because his gifts had meant a semblance of gratitude, a certain attempt at warmth. Except, indeed, that last birthday—which had tempted him to be too religious! And he shied away in thought. Memory heaps dead leaves on corpse-like deeds, from under which they do but vaguely offend the sense.

And then he thought suddenly: "I could send her a present for her birthday. After all, we're Christians. Couldn't I—couldn't we join up again?" And he uttered a deep grunt sitting there. Annette! Yes; but between him and Annette there was the need for that divorce. And how? Of course, Jolyon had said, "A man can always work these things, if he'll take it on himself." But why should he take the scandal on himself with his whole career as a pillar of the law at stake? It was not fair! It was quixotic!

And as to her—that twelve years' separation, in which he had done nothing to free himself, put out of court the possibility of using her conduct with Bosinney as grounds for divorcing her now. By doing nothing to secure relief, he had put himself in a position of acquiescence, even if the evidence could now be gathered, which was more than doubtful. Besides, his own pride would never let him use that old incident—he had suffered from it too much. No! Nothing but fresh misconduct on her part—but she had denied it; and—almost—he had believed her. Hung up! Utterly hung up!

He rose from the scooped-out red-velvet seat with a feeling of constriction about his vitals. He would never sleep with this going on in him! And taking coat and hat again, he went on, moving eastward. In Trafalgar Square, he became aware of some special commotion traveling toward him out of the mouth of the Strand. It materialized in newspaper men calling out so loudly that no words whatever could be heard. He stopped to listen, and one came by.

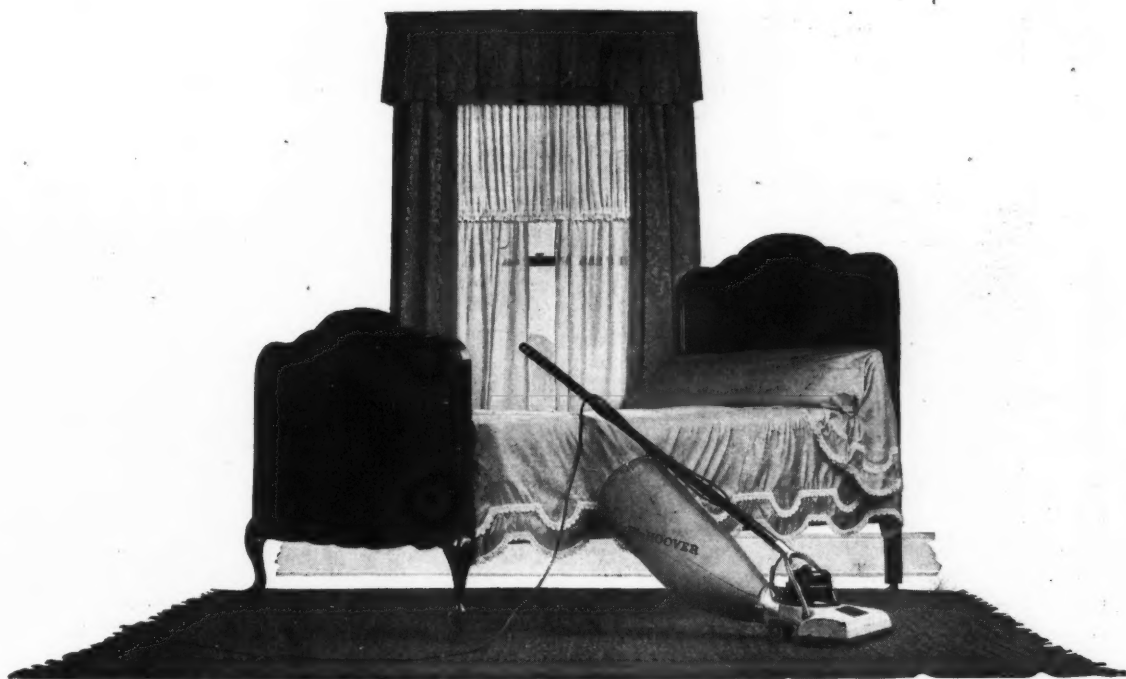
"Payper! Special! Ultimatum by Kroeger. Declaration of war."

Soames bought the paper. There it was in the stop-press. His first thought was, "They're committing suicide." His second, "Is there anything still I ought to sell?" If so, he had missed the chance—there would certainly be a slump in the City to-morrow. He swallowed this thought with a nod of defiance. That ultimatum was insolent—sooner than let it pass, he was prepared to lose money. They wanted a lesson, and they would get it; but it would take three months at least to bring them to heel. There weren't the troops out there—always behind time—the government! Confound those newspaper rats! What was the use of waking everybody up? Breakfast to-morrow was quite soon enough. And he thought, with alarm, of his father. They would cry it down Park Lane.

Hailing a hansom, he got in and told the man to drive there.

James and Emily had just gone up to bed, and after communicating the news to

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Warmson, Soames prepared to follow. He paused by afterthought to say,

"What do you think of it, Warmson?"

The butler stopped passing a hat-brush over the silk hat Soames had taken off and, inclining his face a little forward, said, in a low voice:

"Well, sir, they 'aven't a chance, of course; but I'm told they're very good shots. I've got a son in the Inniskillings."

"You, Warmson? Why, I didn't know you were married."

"No, sir; I don't talk of it. I expect he'll be going out."

The slighter shock Soames had felt on discovering that he knew so little of one whom he thought he knew so well was lost in the slight shock of discovering that the war might touch one personally. Born in the year of the Crimean War, he had only come to consciousness by the time the Indian mutiny was over; since then, the many little wars of the British empire had been entirely professional, quite unconnected with the Forsytes and all they stood for in the body politic. This war would surely be no exception. But his mind ran hastily over his family. Two of the Haymans, he had heard, were in some yeomanry or other—it had always been a pleasant thought; there was a certain distinction about the yeomanry—they wore, or used to wear, a blue uniform with silver about it, and rode horses. And Archibald, he remembered, had once on a time joined the militia, but had given it up because his father, Nicholas, had made such a fuss about his "wasting his time peacocking about in a uniform." Recently he had heard somewhere that young Nicholas's eldest, very young Nicholas, had become a volunteer. "No," thought Soames, mounting the stairs slowly; "there's nothing in that."

He stood on the landing outside his parents' bed- and dressing-rooms, debating whether or not to put his nose in and say a reassuring word. Opening the landing window, he listened. The rumble from Piccadilly was all the sound he heard, and with the thought: "If these motor-cars increase, it'll affect house-property," he was about to pass on up to the room always kept ready for him when he heard, distant as yet, the hoarse, rushing call of a news-vender. There it was—and coming past the house! He knocked on his mother's door and went in.

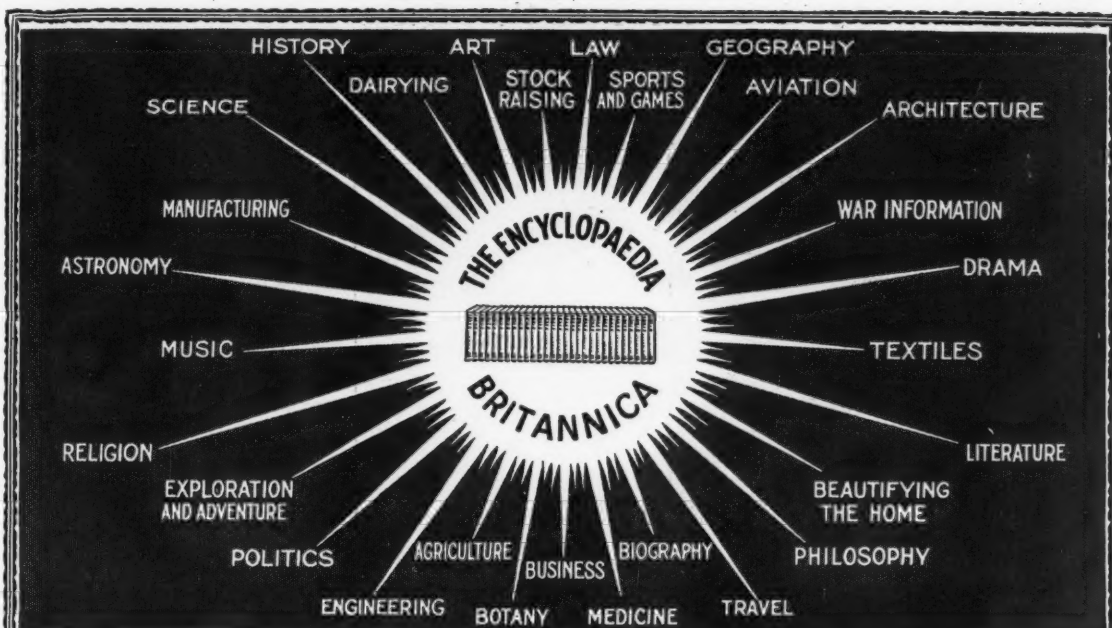
His father was sitting up in bed, with his ears pricked under the white hair which Emily kept so beautifully cut. He looked pink and extraordinarily clean in his setting of white sheet and pillow, out of which the points of his high, thin, nightgowned shoulders emerged in small peaks. His eyes alone, gray and distrustful under their withered lids, were moving from the window to Emily, who, in a wrapper, was walking up and down, squeezing a rubber ball attached to a scent-bottle. The room reeked faintly of the eau de Cologne she was spraying.

"All right!" said Soames. "It's not a fire. The Boers have declared war—that's all."

Emily stopped her spraying.

"Oh!" was all she said, and looked at James.

Soames, too, looked at his father. He was taking it differently from their expectation, as if some thought, strange to them, were working in him.



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"Hm," he muttered suddenly. "I sha'n't live to see the end of this."

"Nonsense, James! It'll be over by Christmas."

"What do you know about it?" James answered her, with asperity. "It's a pretty mess—at this time of night, too!" He lapsed into silence, and his wife and son, as if hypnotized, waited for the expected words: "I can't tell—I don't know; I knew how it would be!" But they did not come. The gray eyes shifted, evidently seeing nothing in the room; but movement occurred under the bedclothes, and the knees were drawn up suddenly to a great height.

"They ought to send Wolseley or Roberts. It all comes from that fellow Gladstone and his Majuba."

The two listeners noted something beyond the usual in his voice, something of real anxiety. It was as if he had said: "I shall never see the old country peaceful and safe again. I shall have to die before I know she's won." And in spite of the feeling that James must not be encouraged to be fussy, they were touched. Soames went up to the bedside and stroked his father's hand, which had emerged from under the bedclothes, long, and wrinkled with veins.

"Mark my words," said James; "consols will go to par. For all I know, Val may go and enlist."

"Oh, come, James!" cried Emily. "You talk as if there were danger."

Her comfortable voice seemed to fix James's eyes.

"Well," he muttered, "I told you how it would be. I don't know, I'm sure—no body tells me anything. Are you sleeping here, my boy?"

The crisis was past; James would now compose himself to his normal degree of anxiety, and, assuring his father that he was sleeping in the house, Soames pressed that thin hand and went up to his room.

The following afternoon witnessed the greatest crowd Timothy's had known for many a year. On national occasions, such as this, it was, indeed, almost impossible to avoid going there. Not that there was any danger, or, rather, only just enough to make it necessary to assure each other that there was none.

Nicholas was there early. He had seen Soames the night before—Soames had said it was bound to come. This old Kruger was in his dotage—why, he must be seventy-five if he was a day! (Nicholas was eighty-three.) What had Timothy said? He had had a fit after Majuba. These Boers were a grasping lot! Francie, who had arrived on his heels, with the contradictory touch which became her free spirit, chimed in:

"Kettle and pot, uncle Nicholas! What about the Uitlanders?"

Aunt Juley thought Francie ought not to say that. Dear little Mrs. MacAnder's boy, Charlie MacAnder, was one, and no one could call him grasping. At this, Francie uttered one of her *mots*, scandalizing, and so frequently repeated:

"Well, his father's a Scotchman and his mother's a cat."

Aunt Juley covered her ears—too late, but aunt Hester smiled; as for Nicholas, he pouted—witticism of which he was not the author was not to his taste. Just then, Marian Twetyman arrived, followed



almost immediately by young Nicholas. On seeing his son, Nicholas rose.

"Well, I must be going," he said. "Nick, here, will tell you what'll win the race." And with this hit at his eldest, who was no more addicted to sport than his father had ever been, he departed. Dear Nicholas! What race was that; or was it only one of his jokes? He was a wonderful man of his age.

How many lumps would dear Marian take? And how were Giles and Jesse? Aunt Juley supposed their yeomanry would be very busy now, guarding the coast, though, of course, the Boers had no ships. But one never knew what the French might do if they had the chance, especially since that dreadful Fashoda scare, which had upset Timothy so terribly that he had made no investments for months afterward. It was the ingratitude of the Boers that was so dreadful—after everything had been done for them—Doctor Jameson imprisoned; and he was so nice, Mrs. MacAnder had always said. And Sir Alfred Milner sent out to talk to them—such a clever man! She didn't know what they wanted.

But, at this moment, occurred one of those sensations—so precious at Timothy's—which great occasions sometimes bring forth.

"Miss June Forsyte."

Aunts Juley and Hester were on their feet at once, trembling from smothered resentment, and old affection bubbling up, and pride at the return of a prodigal June! Well, this was a surprise! Dear June—after all these years! And how well she was looking! Not changed at all. It was almost on their lips to add, "And how was her dear grandfather?" forgetting, in that giddy moment, that poor dear Jolyon had been in his grave for eight years now.

Ever the most courageous and downright of all the Forsytes, June, with her decided chin and her spirited eyes, and her hair like flames, sat down, slight and short, on a gilt chair with a bead-worked seat, for all the world as if twelve years had not elapsed since she had been to see them—twelve years of travel and independence, and devotion to lame ducks. Those ducks of late years had been all definitely painters, etchers, or sculptors; so that her impatience with the Forsytes and their hopelessly inartistic outlook had become intense. Indeed, she had almost ceased to believe that her family existed, and looked round her now with a sort of challenging directness which brought exquisite discomfort to the roomful. She had not expected to meet any of them but "the dear old things;" and why she had come to see them, she hardly knew, except that, while on her way from Oxford Street to a studio in Latimer Road, she had suddenly remembered them, with compunction, as two long-neglected, old lame ducks.

Aunt Juley broke the hush again.

"We've just been saying, dear, how dreadful it is about these Boers! And what an impudent thing of that old Kruger!"

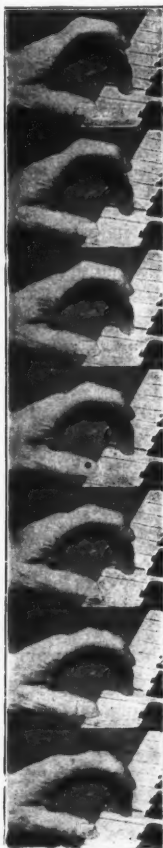
"Impudent!" said June. "I think he's quite right. What business have we to meddle with them? If he turned out all those wretched Uitlanders, it would serve them right. They're only after money."

The silence of sensation was broken by Francie saying:

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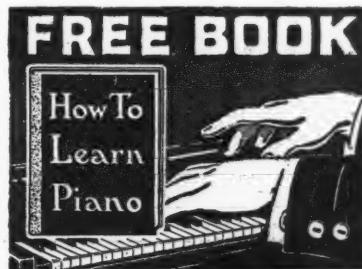


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"What? Are you a pro-Boer?" (Un-  
doubtedly the first use of that expression.)

"Well, why can't we leave them alone?"  
said June, as the door was again opened  
and the maid said:

"Mr. Soames Forsythe."

Sensation on sensation! Greeting was  
almost held up by curiosity to see how  
June and he would take this encounter,  
for it was shrewdly suspected, if not quite  
known, that they had not met since that  
old and lamentable affair of her fiancé,  
Bosinney, with Soames's wife. Breath-  
lessly they were watched just touching each  
other's hands and looking each at the  
other's left eye only. Aunt Juley came  
at once to the rescue.

"Dear June is so original. Fancy,  
she thinks the Boers are not to blame,  
Soames."

"They only want their independence,"  
said June. "And why shouldn't they  
have it?"

"Because," answered Soames, with his  
smile a little on one side, "they happen to  
have agreed to our suzerainty."

"Suzerainty!" repeated June scorn-  
fully. "We shouldn't like anyone's suzer-  
ainty over us."

"They got advantages in payment,"  
replied Soames; "a contract is a contract."

"Contracts are not always just," flamed  
June. "They're much the weaker. We  
ought to be generous."

Soames sniffed.

"That's mere sentiment," he said.

Aunt Hester, to whom nothing was  
more awful than any kind of disagreement,  
here leaned forward and remarked deci-  
sively,

"What lovely weather it has been for  
the time of year?"

But June was not to be diverted.

"I don't know why sentiment should be  
sneered at. It's the best thing in the  
world."

She looked defiantly round, and aunt  
Juley had to intervene again.

"Have you bought any pictures lately,  
Soames?"

Her incomparable instinct for the wrong  
subject had not failed her. Soames  
flushed. To disclose the name of his latest  
purchase would be like walking into the  
jaws of disdain. For, somehow, they all  
knew of June's predilection for "genius"  
not yet on its legs, and her contempt for  
"success" unless she had had a finger in  
securing it.

"One or two," he muttered.

But June's face changed; the Forsythe  
within her had seen its chance. Why  
should not Soames buy some of the pic-  
tures of Eric Cobbley, her last lame duck?  
And she promptly opened her attack.  
Did Soames know his work? It was so  
wonderful. He was the coming man.

Oh, yes; Soames knew his work. It was,  
in his view, "splashy," and would never  
get hold of the public.

June blazed up.

"Of course it won't—that's the last  
thing one would wish for! I thought you  
were a connoisseur, not a picture-dealer."

"Of course Soames is a connoisseur,"  
aunt Juley said hastily; "he has wonderful  
taste—he can always tell beforehand  
what's going to be successful."

"Oh!" gasped June, and sprang up from  
the bead-covered chair. "I hate that  
standard of success. Why can't people  
buy things because they like them?"



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"You mean," said Francie, "because you like them."

And in the slight pause young Nicholas was heard saying gently that Violet (his third) was taking lessons in pastel—he didn't know if they were any use.

"Well, good-by, auntie," said June; "I must get on." And, kissing her aunts, she looked defiantly round the room, said, "Good-by" again, and went. A breeze seemed to pass out with her, as if everyone had sighed.

The third sensation came before anyone had time to speak.

"Mr. James Forsyte."

James came in, using a stick slightly, and wrapped in a fur coat which gave him a fictitious bulk.

Everyone stood up. James was so old; and he had not been at Timothy's for over a year.

"It's hot in here," he said.

Soames divested him of his coat, and, as he did so, could not help admiring the glossy way his father was turned out. James sat down, all knees, elbows, frock coat, and long white whiskers.

"What's the meaning of that?" he said.

Though there was no apparent sense in his words, they all knew somehow that he was referring to June. His eyes searched his son's face.

"I thought I'd come and see for myself. What have they answered Kruger?"

Soames took out an evening paper and read the head-line.

"Instant action by our government—state of war existing."

"Ah!" said James, and sighed. "I was afraid they'd cut and run like old Gladstone. We shall finish with them this time."

All stared at him. James! Always fussy, nervous, anxious! James, with his continual: "I told you how it would be," and his pessimism, and his cautious investments. There was something uncanny about such resolution in this, the oldest living Forsyte.

"Where's Timothy?" said James. "He ought to pay attention to this."

Aunt Juley said she didn't know; Timothy had not said much at lunch to-day. Aunt Hester rose and threaded her way out of the room, and Francie said rather maliciously,

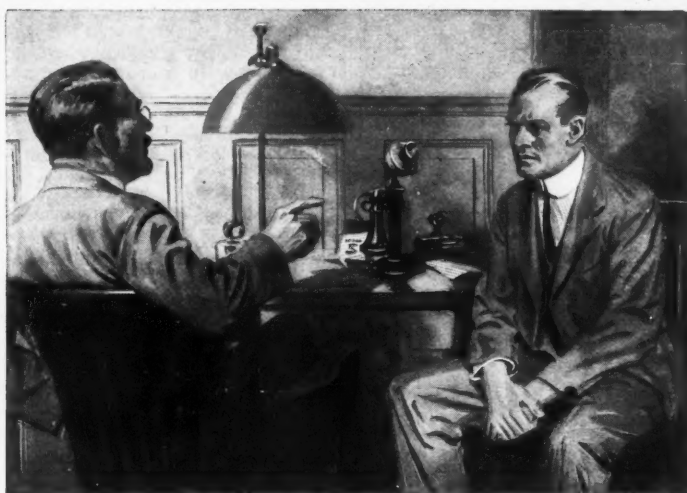
"The Boers are a hard nut to crack, uncle James."

"Hm," muttered James. "Where do you get your information? Nobody tells me anything."

Young Nicholas remarked in his mild voice that Nick (his eldest) was now going to drill regularly.

"Hm," muttered James again, and stared before him—his thoughts were on Val. "He's got to look after his mother," he said; "he's got no time for drilling and that, with that father of his." This cryptic saying produced silence until he spoke again.

"What did June want here?" And his eyes rested with suspicion on all of them in turn. "Her father's a rich man now." The conversation turned on Jolyon, and when he had been seen last. It was supposed that he went abroad and saw all sorts of people now that his wife was dead; his water-colors were on the line, and he was a successful man. Francie went so far as to say,



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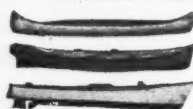
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"I should like to see him again; he was rather a dear."

Aunt Juley recalled how he had gone to sleep on the sofa one day, where James was sitting. He had always been very amiable; what did Soames think?

Knowing that Jolyon was Irene's trustee, all felt the delicacy of this question and looked at Soames with interest. A faint pink had come up in his cheeks.

"He's going gray," he said.

Indeed! Had Soames seen him? Soames nodded, and the pink vanished.

James said suddenly,

"Well—I don't know; I can't tell."

It so exactly expressed the sentiment of everybody present that there was something behind everything that nobody responded. But, at this moment, aunt Hester returned.

"Timothy," she said, in a low voice, "Timothy has bought a map of the Transvaal, and he's put in—he's put in three flags."

Timothy had! A sigh went round the company.

If Timothy had indeed put in three flags already, it showed what the nation could do when it was roused. The war was as good as over.

## XIII

### JOLYON FINDS OUT WHERE HE IS

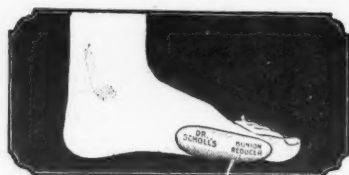
JOLYON stood, restless, at the window in his studio, Holly's old night nursery, converted, not because it had a north light but for its view over the prospect away to the grand stand at Epsom. He shifted to the side window which overlooked the stableyard and whistled down to the dog Balthasar, who lay forever under the clock-tower. The old dog looked up and wagged his tail.

"Poor old boy!" thought Jolyon. "I can't get on."

He had been restless all this last week, ever since his attempt to prosecute trusteeship, uneasy in his conscience, which was ever acute, disturbed in his sense of compassion, which was easily excited, and with a queer feeling, as if his sense of beauty had received some definite embodiment.

He shifted back to the main window. Autumn was already getting hold of the oak tree—the leaves were browning. Sunshine had been plentiful and hot this summer. As with trees, so with men's lives! "I ought to live long," thought Jolyon. "I'm getting mildewed for want of heat. If I can't work, I shall be off to Paris."

But memory of Paris gave him no particular pleasure. And how could he go? He must stay and see what Soames was going to do. "I'm her trustee. I can't leave her unprotected," he thought. It struck him, sometimes, how very easily he could picture her in her little drawing-room, which he had only twice entered. Her beauty surely had a sort of poignant harmony! No literal portrait would ever do her justice; the essence of her was—yes; what was it? The noise of hoofs called him back to the other window. Holly was riding into the yard on her long-tailed palfrey. She looked up, and he waved to her. She had been rather silent lately; getting old, he supposed, beginning to want her future, as they all did—young



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things! Time was the devil! And with the feeling that to waste this swift-traveling commodity was the unforgivable folly, he took up his brush. No good! "I'll go out," he thought, "and walk it off." But what—what was he going to walk off? In the hall, a servant met him.

"A lady to see you, sir—Mrs. Heron."

What an extraordinary coincidence! Passing into the picture-gallery, as it was still called, he saw Irene standing over by the window.

"I was just thinking of you!" he exclaimed for greeting.

She was flushed as if she had been walking fast.

"You know," she said, "I've been trespassing; I came up through the copse and garden. I always used to come that way to see uncle Jolyon."

"You couldn't trespass here," replied Jolyon; "history makes that impossible."

"History?" Ah, I've just been finding out! I once told uncle Jolyon that love was forever. Well, it isn't. Only aversion lasts."

She had spoken very slowly, with a bitter little smile. And Jolyon gazed at her, wondering. What did she mean? Had she got over Bosinney at last?

"Yes," he said; "aversion's deeper than love or hate. It's a natural product of the nerves, you see, and we don't change them."

For the first time, it occurred to him how similar, in a way, their experiences had been. Both of them had conceived an aversion for the partners of their lives. Neither could explain it, or persuade anyone else that they could not have helped it. Both had fallen into real deep love; both those loves were dead. She seemed to know what he was thinking.

"It died very hard, cousin Jolyon—very hard. I came through the copse to make quite sure. Because it was there we first knew. Well, it's gone." She was standing very still, and Jolyon respected with silence this interment of her old passion, which had lived on so long and faithfully, it seemed. "Soames has been to see me," she said suddenly.

"The deuce he has!"

"He has not changed."

"It's an unpardonable question," said Jolyon, with sudden irritation of the nerves that he could not control, "but why did you ever marry him?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He said a thing that frightened me last evening—he said, 'You are still my wife.'"

"That?" ejaculated Jolyon. "What the devil did he mean?"

"Yes—what?"

"You ought not to live alone."

"With whom should I live?"

Jolyon looked at her.

"Did it ever strike you," he said, "that where Beauty is, nothing ever runs quite straight? That's why we English regard it as immoral."

"He asked me to shake hands."

"Did you?"

"Yes. When he came in, I'm sure he did not want to. He changed while he was there."

"Ah," said Jolyon again, "you certainly ought not to go on living there alone."

"I know no woman I could ask, and I can't take a lover to order."

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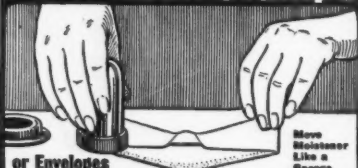
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"Heaven forbid!" said Jolyon. "Would you come here? There are June and Holly."

She shook her head.

"You are very kind, cousin Jolyon."

"As you will, but it's always a possibility, remember. And in any case, keep in touch with us. And, by the way—plain 'Jolyon,' do you mind? I dislike my cousinship."

"Thank you."

"Will you stay to dinner? No? Well, let me see you back to town; I wanted to go up this evening, anyway."

"Truly?"

"Truly," answered Jolyon. "I'll be ready in five minutes."

On that walk to the station, they talked of pictures and music, contrasting the English and French characters and the difference in their attitude to art. But, to Jolyon, the colors in the hedges of the long, straight lane, the twittering of chaffinches who kept pace with them, the perfume of weeds already being burned, the turn of her neck, the fascination of those dark eyes bent on him now and then, the lure of her whole figure made deeper impression than the remarks they exchanged. Unconsciously he held himself straighter, walked with a more elastic step than usual.

In the train, he put her through a sort of catechism.

What did she do with her days?

Shopped, visited a hospital, played her piano, translated from the French. She had regular work from a publisher, it seemed, which supplemented her income a little. She seldom went out in the evening.

"I've been living alone so long, you see, that I don't mind it a bit."

Did she know many people?

Very few.

At Waterloo, they took a hansom, and he drove with her to the door of her Mansions.

Squeezing her hand hard at parting, he said:

"Come to us at any time you want; and always let me know what happens. Good-by, Irene."

"Good-by, Jolyon."

"To the Hotch-Potch Club," said Jolyon through the trap-door.

Why had he not asked her to dine and go to the theater with him? Because he had wanted to so much. Queer reason! A solitary, starved, and hung-up life she had!

As his hansom debouched onto the Embankment, a man in top-hat and overcoat passed walking quickly, and so close to the wall that he seemed to be scraping it.

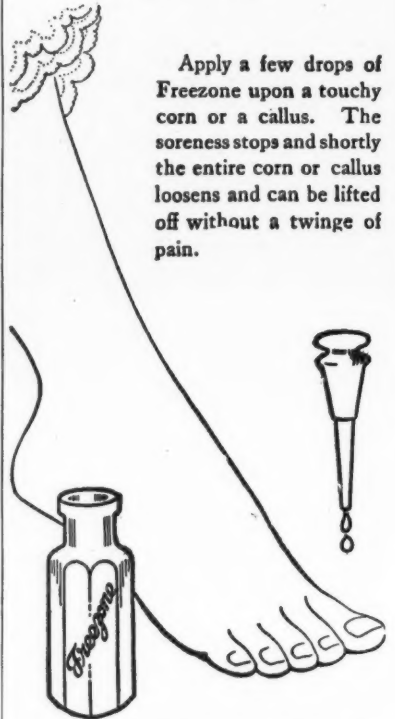
"By Jove!" thought Jolyon. "Soames! What's he up to now?"

And, stopping the cab round the corner, he got out and retraced his steps to where he could see the entrance to the Mansions. Soames had halted in front of them and was looking up at the light in her windows.

"If he goes in," thought Jolyon, "what shall I do? What have I the right to do?" What the fellow had said was true. She was still his wife, absolutely without protection from annoyance! "Well, if he goes in," he thought, "I follow." And he began moving toward the Mansions. Again Soames advanced; he was in the very entrance now. But suddenly he

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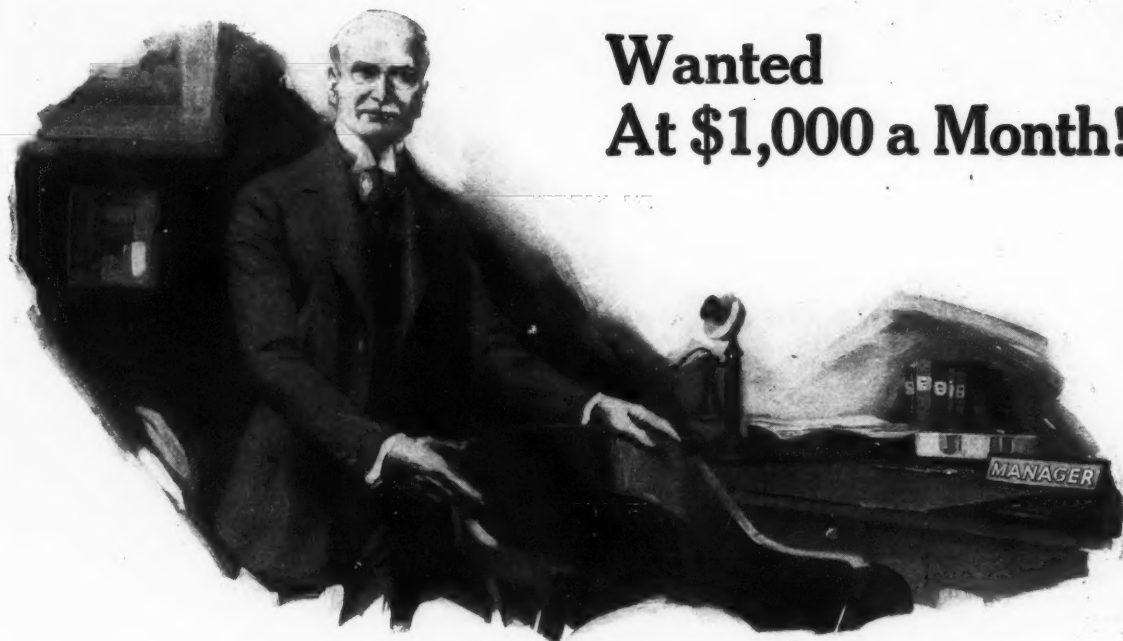


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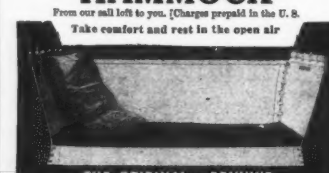
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stopped, spun round on his heel, and came back toward the river. "What now?" thought Jolyon. "In a dozen steps, he'll recognize me. Shall I meet him—turn tail—what?" And he turned. His cousin's footsteps kept pace with his own. But he reached his cab and got in before Soames had turned the corner.

"Go on!" he said, through the trap. He heard a hail of, "Hansom!" and Soames's figure ranged up alongside.

"Engaged?" he said. "Hullo!" "Hullo!" answered Jolyon. "You?" The quick suspicion on his cousin's face, white in the lamplight, the tone of that "Hullo!" decided him.

"I can give you a lift," he said, "if you're going west."

"Thanks," answered Soames, and got in. "I've been seeing Irene," said Jolyon, when the cab had started.

"Indeed!" "You want to see her yesterday yourself, I understand."

"I did," said Soames. "She's my wife, you know."

The tone, the half-lifted, sneering lip roused sudden anger in Jolyon, but he subdued it.

"You ought to know best," he said; "but if you want a divorce, it's not very wise to go seeing her, is it? One can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds."

"You're very good to warn me," said Soames, "but I have not made up my mind."

"She has," said Jolyon, looking straight before him, and clenching his hands; "you can't take things up as they were twelve years ago."

"That remains to be seen." "Look here," said Jolyon: "She's in a damnable position, and I am the only person with any legal say in her affairs."

"Except myself," said Soames, "who am also in a damnable position. He is what she made for herself. Mine what she made for me. I am not at all sure that I sha'n't require her to return to me—in her own interest."

"What!" exclaimed Jolyon, and a shiver went through his whole body. "What?"

"I don't know what you may mean by 'What!'" answered Soames coldly; "your say in her affairs is confined to paying out her income—please bear that in mind. In choosing not to disgrace her by a divorce, I retained my rights, and, as I say, I am not at all sure that I sha'n't require to exercise them."

"My God!" ejaculated Jolyon, and he uttered a short laugh.

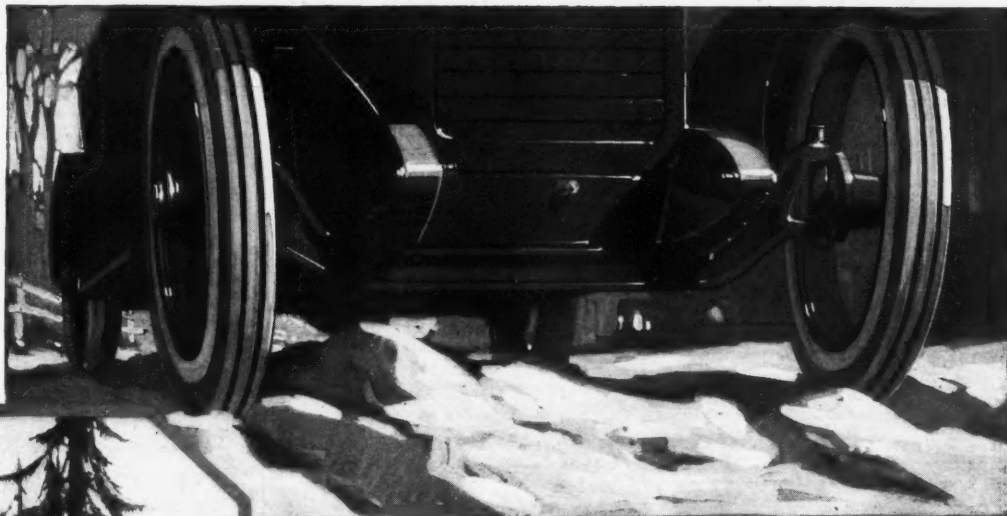
"Yes," said Soames, and there was a deadly quality in his voice. "I've heard the nickname your father gave me: 'The man of property; I don't forget. I'm not called names for nothing.'"

"This is fantastic," murmured Jolyon. "Luckily, you can't force a wife to live with you. We have got that far about property." And he looked round at Soames with the thought: "Is he real, this man?"

Soames looked very real, sitting square yet almost elegant with the clipped mustache on his pale face, and a tooth showing where a lip was lifted in a fixed smile.

There was a long silence. Jolyon was thinking. "Instead of helping her, I've made things worse." Suddenly Soames said,

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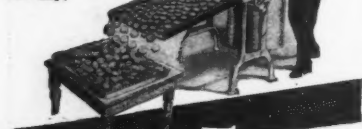




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"It would be the best thing that could happen to her, in many ways."

At those words, such a turmoil began taking place in Jolyon that he could barely sit still in the cab. It was as if he were boxed up with hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, boxed up with that something in the national character which had always been to him revolting, something which he knew to be extremely natural and yet which seemed to him inexplicable—their intense belief in contracts and vested rights, their complacent sense of virtue in the exaction of those rights. Here, beside him in the cab, was the very embodiment, the corporeal sum of the possessive instinct—his own kinsman, too! It seemed uncanny, and intolerable! "But there's something more in it than that," he thought, with a sick feeling. "The dog, they say, returns to his vomit. The sight of her has reawakened something. Beauty! The devil's in it!"

"As I say," continued Soames, "I have not made up my mind. I shall be obliged if you will kindly leave her quite alone."

Jolyon bit his lips; he who had always hated rows almost welcomed the thought of one now.

"I can give you no such promise," he said shortly.

"Very well," said Soames; "then we know where we are. I'll get down here." And stopping the cab, he got out without word or sign of farewell. Jolyon traveled on to the Hotch-Potch Club.

The first news of the war was being called in the streets as he got out, but he paid no attention. What could he do to help her? If only his father were here! He could have done so much. But why could he not do all that his father could have done? Why? Was he not old enough—turned fifty and twice married, with grown-up daughters and a son. "Queer!" he thought. "If she were plain, I shouldn't be thinking twice about it. Beauty! Beauty is the devil when you are sensitive to it!" And into the reading-room he went with a disturbed heart.

In that very room, he and Bosinney had talked one summer afternoon; he remembered vividly the disguised and secret lecture he had given that young man in the interests of June, the warning diagnosis of the Forsytes he had hazarded, and how he had wondered what sort of woman it was he was warning him against. And now! He was in want of a warning himself.

"It's deuced funny," he thought; "really deuced funny!"

## XIV

### SOAMES DISCOVERS WHAT HE WANTS

It is so much easier to say, "Then we know where we are" than to mean anything particular by the words. And in saying them, Soames did but vent the jealous ranking of his instincts. He got out of the cab in a state of wary anger—with himself for not having seen Irene, with Jolyon for having seen her, with his insufferable position—"in irons," as he phrased it—with his inability to tell exactly what he wanted.

He had abandoned the cab because he could not bear to remain seated beside his cousin, and, walking briskly eastward, he thought: "I wouldn't trust that fellow

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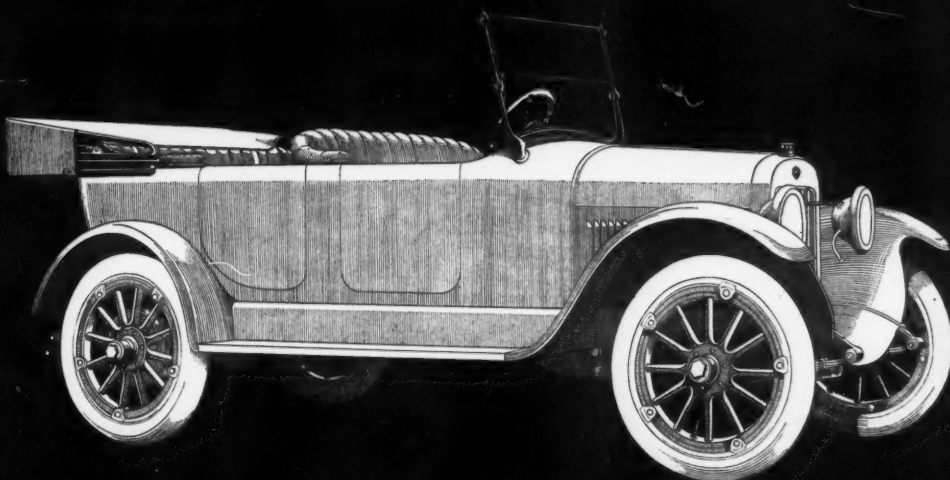
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Jolyon one yard. Once outcast, always outcast!" The chap had a natural sympathy with—with—laxity—(he had shied at the word "sin," because it was too melodramatic for use by a Forsyte).

Indecision in desire was to him a new feeling. He was like a child between a promised toy and an old one which had been taken away from him; and he was astonished at himself. Only last Sunday, desire had seemed so simple—just his freedom and Annette. "I'll go and dine there," he thought. To see her might quiet his exasperation and clear his mind!

The restaurant was fairly full—a good many foreigners and folk whom, from their appearance, he took to be literary or artistic. Scraps of conversation came his way through the clatter of plates and glasses. He distinctly heard the Boers sympathized with, the British government blamed. "Hm," he thought: "I don't think much of their clientele." He went stolidly through his dinner and special coffee without making his presence known, and when at last he had finished, was careful not to be seen going toward the sanctum of Madame Lamotte. They were, as he expected, having supper—such a much nicer-looking supper than the dinner he had eaten that he felt a kind of grief; and they greeted him with a surprise so seemingly genuine that he thought, with sudden suspicion, "I believe they knew I was here all the time." He gave Annette a look furtive and searching. So pretty, seemingly so candid; could she be angling for him? He turned to Madame Lamotte and said,

"I've been dining here."

Vraiment! If she had only known! There were plats she could have recommended—what a pity! Soames was confirmed in his suspicion. "I must look out what I'm doing!" he thought sharply.

"Another little cup of very special coffee, monsieur, a liqueur, Grand Marrier?" And Madame Lamotte rose to order these delicacies.

Alone with Annette, Soames said, "Well, Annette?" with a defensive little smile about his lips.

The girl blushed. This, which last Sunday would have set his nerves tingling, now gave him much the same feeling a man has when a dog that he own wriggles and looks at him. He had a curious sense of power, as if he could have said to her, "Come and kiss me," and she would have come. And yet—it was strange—but there seemed another face and form in the room, too; and the itch in his nerves—was it for that—or for this? He jerked his head toward the restaurant and said:


"You have some queer customers. Do you like this life?"

Annette looked up at him for a moment, looked down, and played with her fork.

"No," she said; "I don't like it."

"I've got her," thought Soames, "if I want her. Do I want her?" She was graceful; she was pretty—very pretty; she was fresh; she had taste of a kind. His eyes traveled round the little room; but the eyes of his mind went another journey—a half-light, and silvery walls, a satinwood piano, a woman standing against it, reined back, as it were, from him—a woman with white shoulders that he knew, and dark eyes that he had sought to know, and hair like dull, dark amber. And as in an artist who strives for the

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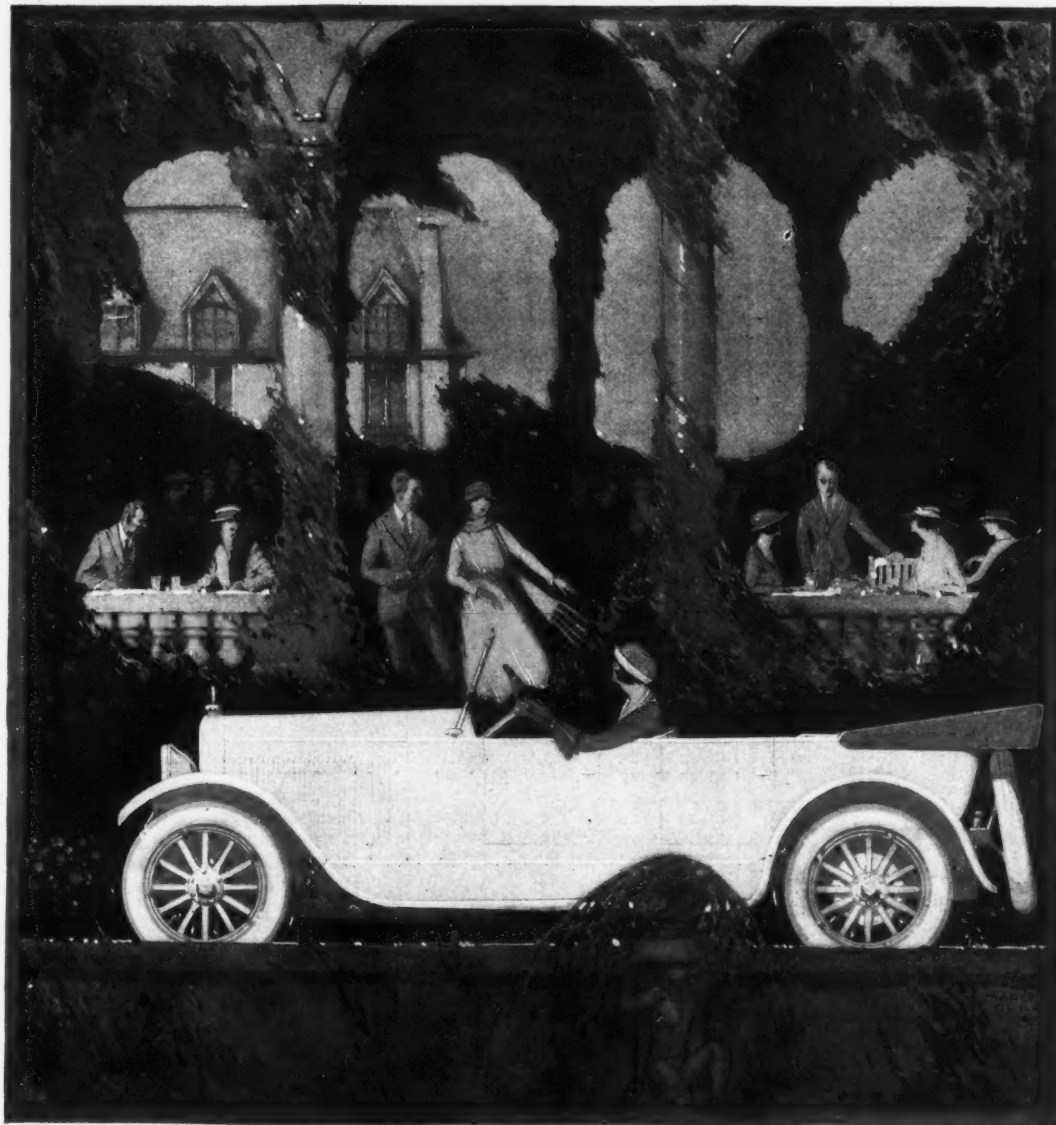
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unrealizable and is ever thirsty, so there rose in him at that moment the thirst of the old passion he had never satisfied.

"Well," he said calmly, "you're young. There's everything before you."

Annette shook her head.

"I think sometimes there is nothing before me but hard work. I am not so in love with work as *maman*."

"Your mother is a wonder," said Soames, faintly mocking. "She will never let failure lodge in her house."

Annette sighed.

"It must be wonderful to be rich."

"Oh, you'll be rich some day," answered Soames, still with that faint mockery; "don't be afraid."

Annette shrugged her shoulders.

"Monsieur is very kind." And between her pouting lips she put a chocolate.

"Yes, my dear," thought Soames, "they're very pretty."

Madame Lamotte, with coffee and liqueur, put an end to that colloquy. Soames did not stay long.

Outside, in the streets of Soho, which always gave him such a feeling of property improperly owned, he mused, "If only Irene had given me a son, I shouldn't now be squirming after these women." The thought surprised him; it had jumped so suddenly out of some little dark sentry-box in his inner consciousness. Yes; a son—something to look forward to, something to make the rest of life worth while, something to leave himself to, some perpetuity of self. "If I had a son," he thought bitterly, "a proper, legal son, I could make shift to go on as I used. One woman's much the same as another, after all." But as he walked, he shook his head. No! One woman was not the same as another. Many a time had he tried to think that in the old days of his thwarted married life; and he had always failed. He was failing now. He was trying to think Annette the same as that other. But she was not; she had not the lure of that old passion.

"And Irene's my wife," he thought, "my legal wife. I have done nothing to put her away from me. Why should she not still do her duty and give me a son? It's the right thing, the lawful thing. It makes no scandal, no disturbance. If it's disagreeable to her—but why *should* it be? I'm not a leper, and she's no longer in love." Why should he be put to the shifts and the sordid disgraces and the lurking defeats and horrors of divorce when there she was, like an empty house, only waiting to be retaken into use and possession by him who legally owned her? "No," he mused; "I'm glad I went to see that girl. I know now what I want most. If Irene will only give me a son, I'll be as considerate as she wishes; she could live her own life. But perhaps—perhaps she would come round to me then," he thought, with a little choke, for there was a lump in his throat. And doggedly along the railings of the Green Park, toward his father's house, he tried to tread upon his shadow walking before him in the brilliant moonlight.

Soames Forsyte thinks he has found the path that will lead to the restoration of his happiness and content. He will set out upon it, for he is a man who has always gone resolutely after what he has wanted. The next instalment of *In Chancery*, in *June Cosmopolitan*, relates what he encounters in the initial step of his progress.



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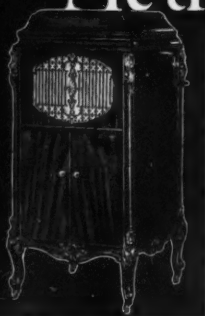
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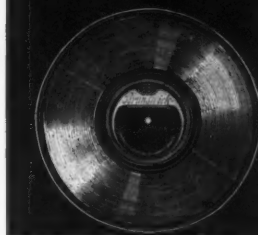
# The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



What music lovers  
discover in

**Brunswick**

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



When all is said and done, when every comparison is made, final judgment of any phonograph rests in the tone. All else is secondary.

And it is in this important particular that the Brunswick Phonograph won its fame.

Its cabinet work was taken for granted as of the finest, for the House of Brunswick has been noted for its craftsmanship in wood-working for 76 years.

That Brunswick would make its phonograph complete, rather than assembled, was a foregone conclusion.

But many had thought that tone had reached its best, that little could be done to better it.

## *A surprise for all*

What a revelation, however, came when music lovers became acquainted with The Brunswick!

For tone improvement was noted instantly. Several basic inventions have attained for The Brunswick new tone qualities. Old harshness is gone.

Much of the improvement is due to the Brunswick Tone Amplifier, built entirely of selected, seasoned wood, moulded to conform with acoustic laws. Brunswick avoided cast-metal throughout, as was the common connection between the reproducer and the expansion chamber.

Another great advancement, and exclusively Brunswick today, is the Ultona, an all-record reproducer. This plays each make of record exactly as intended—the proper diaphragm, the proper needle. It does away with makeshift attachments.

These and other advancements have been combined and related in an instrument made entirely by the House of Brunswick, not assembled.

## *A triumph in records*

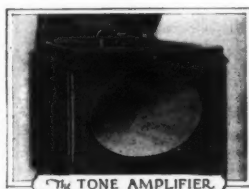
While the fame of The Brunswick was mounting in spectacular proportions, we were busy developing the Brunswick Record, recently put in distribution.

Here, again, we were not content with old standards, but spent a fortune in improvements. While we bring the foremost artists, with their personal interpretations of the great classics,

we have brought a new idea in concerted music. And that is supervision by noted directors.

Thus you find in orchestral, band and dance numbers that spirit of some guiding master.

Proof of the superiority of Brunswick Phonographs and Records is coming in, hearing them and making comparisons. A Brunswick dealer will be delighted to give you this new experience.



*The Brunswick Tone Amplifier, with grill of phonograph removed.*



*The Ultona—plays all records properly at a turn of the hand.*

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY  
General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

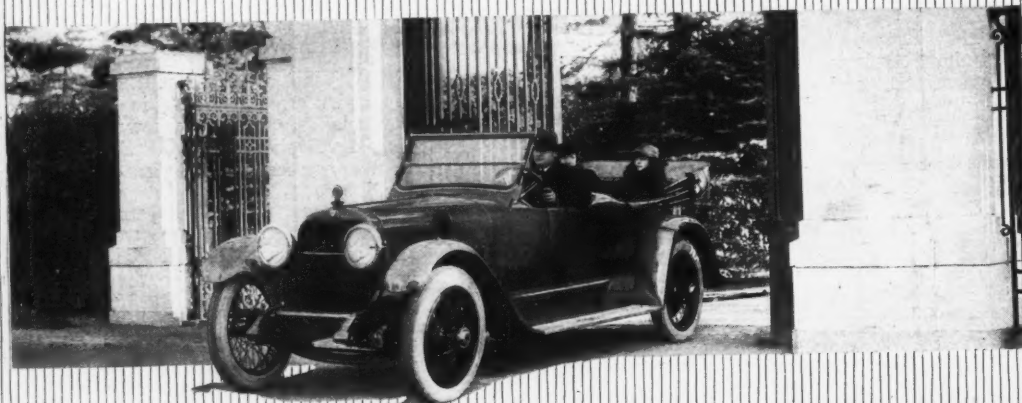
Branch Houses in Principal Cities of  
United States, Mexico and Canada

**Brunswick**  
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

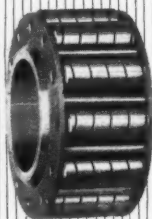
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